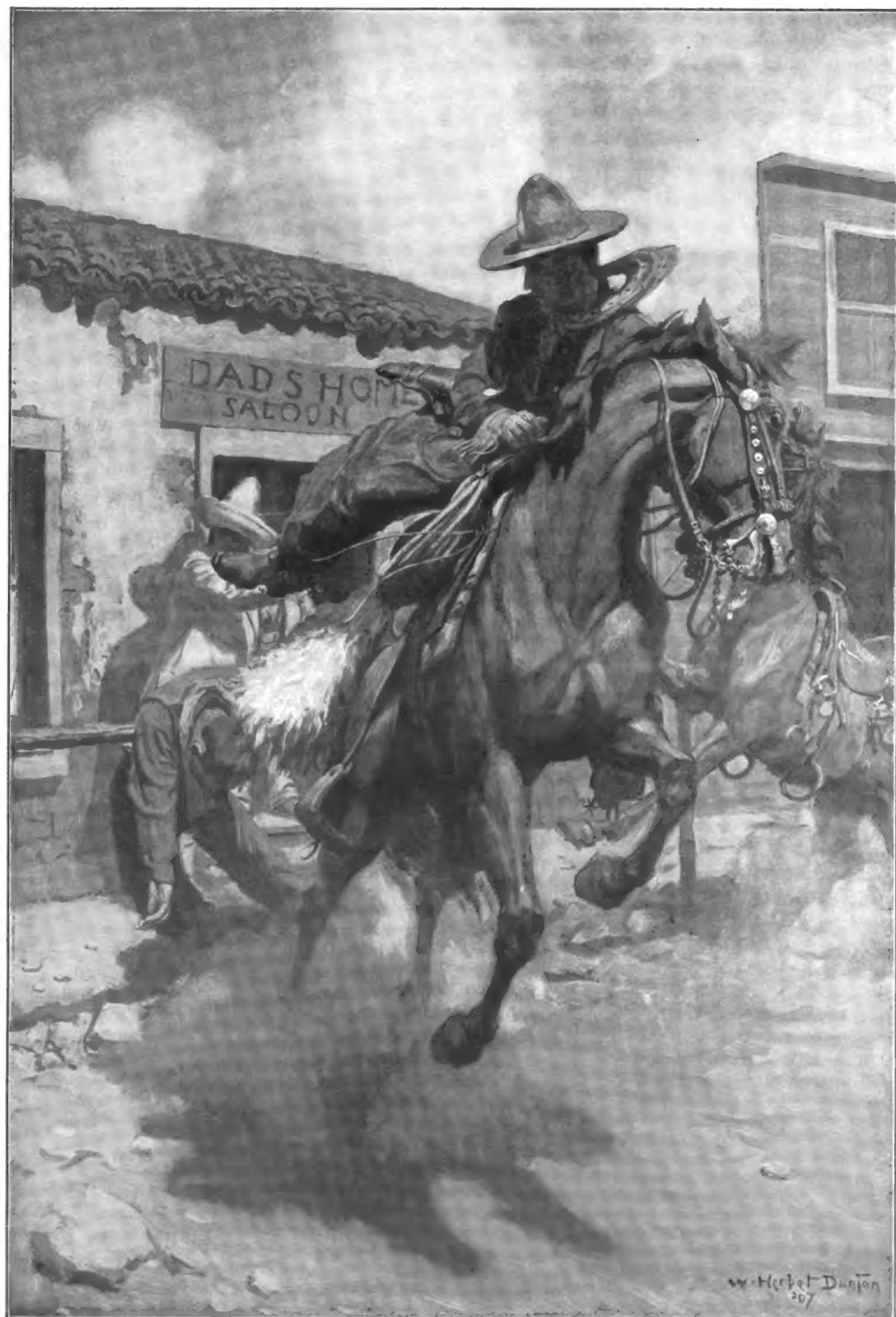




July 1907



HE SHOT UP A SALOON, KILLED THE TOWN MARSHAL AND THEN RODE AWAY.

—*"The Caballero's Way,"* page 86.

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The Forgiveness of Sins

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Illustrations by Hermann C. Wall

THE black-browed doctor, introspective of gaze, keen of glance, stared thoughtfully at the end of his cigar as he knocked the ash from the rail into the St. Lawrence River. The panorama of great hills swept slowly backward to the sound of the ship's steaming.

"That would be all very well," he said, "if you were sure of the equality of human responsibility. But to my mind that's one of the things of whose negation we may be sure. Your argument claims that all human beings must be answerable alike. You might as well set the first dozen of men picked from a city street to a scratch high-jumping contest. The chance is that you would strike a cripple on crutches and a boy of ten and a chap with heart-disease—perhaps three out of twelve would be approximately on a level. It's my business to do with men's bodies, and I find that a perfectly straight and healthy one after

twenty is the exception. I've run over a bit into the business of souls, which is your affair."

A swift glance shot from the dreamy eyes and rested a moment on the younger man's clean-shaven face—in spite of the tweed suit that clothed the large limbs inconspicuously one knew that he was a clergyman. The doctor went on:

"I consider that a straight and sound soul without twist or disease is as rare as that sort of body. And I hold"—he stopped and puffed slowly—"I hold that the moral sickness is often as blameless, as much to be pitied, as little to be condemned, as the physical." He hesitated a second and spoke deliberately. "I believe in two or three things that some men of science do not: a personal God—forgiveness of sins—a life to come. I am glad to think, and I think of it rather often, that if a limited view of such

more sadness than horror in the criminal records, it is quite likely that an infinite intelligence—the good Lord—knowing causes and excuses that we miss, may find mighty few cases beyond pardon. I believe in a forgiveness of sins and a life everlasting broader than we dream. I believe that more than the saints get to heaven.”

The big young clergyman had pulled the hat from his blond head as if to leave his brain free to catch the doctor's thought. The curve of his powerful elbow supported him on the rail as he tilted forward; his brows were dissenting; he took up the thread quickly as the other's voice dropped. The Calvinistic tradition and training that ruled his kindly personality, like a backbone of iron in a human frame, might not bend at once to the older man's broad doctrine. The white heat of a close knowledge of suffering is needed, perhaps, to melt such iron to flesh and bone.

“You're taking away all moral responsibility,” he answered, and the sweeping disapproval in his look and tone carried the weight of his friendly, large being. “You're eliminating right and wrong and faith and repentance. You're reducing life to a race run by puppets, pulled by unseen strings, who, however they run, must all receive the prize.”

“I think”—the doctor spoke slowly—“I'm only appreciating the fact that we are not puppets who might all be carved alike; I'm only enunciating the theory that the starter makes the handicaps balance for the race. You're an athlete, to look at you: isn't that

the fair way with mixed entries?” The long silver of the cigar ash, knocked against the rail, fell into the sliding river. “I hope”—he added swiftly, and the odd, impersonal eyes gathered a sudden suffusion of light—

“I hope indeed we may all win the prize, every pitiful soul of us, poor beggars. You hope so, too,” he challenged the clergyman, and as he said it he flung the last word from him, as if to get to a thought farther along. “There's a circumstance I remember at this moment which illustrates. A man, a patient of mine, appeared to change his entire moral nature in the course of a few years. He married a woman who was high-bred and gentle—no one ever doubted her loveliness of character. And he seemed at first to be a good fellow and devoted to her. Without apparent reason of any sort the man developed into a fiend of refined cruelty. It is no use telling you what he did, but no devil from hell could have been more ingenious and more merciless, and it was his wife around whom centered his diabolical brilliancy. There was such shading, such subtlety—so skilfully did he play up and down the scale of the woman's conscience and heart and breeding to make her suffer the



A STRONG SWIMMER, SURE OF HIS STRENGTH.

keenest anguish, that you couldn't help admiring the working of his brain, while your instincts made it difficult to keep your hands off him. This was no secret; he humiliated her publicly and privately, though always, I believe, with a poised discretion—there never was a scene—there never was even an awkward moment. He slipped from a knife-

thrust that turned her white to a good story so easily told that you followed him fascinated. He seemed inspired of an evil spirit. Of course I, being the family physician, got closer to this than others, and gradually I came to have a theory concerning his physical condition, although he went about his business and seemed in fair health. I'm making a long story—you're bored?" the doctor demanded suddenly, his unexpected luminous glance flashing on his listener.

The young man's shake of the head, the annoyed blink of his interrupted, intent gaze answered. The strident voice went on:

"The end was this: the man was accidentally killed. His body was sent home and I asked permission for an autopsy. His father and brother allowed it, and I discovered a condition of brain that turned my disgust of him into pity. He was as irresponsible as any patient in Bloomingdale. It happened merely that his mania was an extreme variety of a vice too common to lock up. Against my judgment this finding of mine was not told—even his wife never knew it. She had been through much, and the father and brother believed this new thought would merely bring new agitation—she might blame herself for not having found out in time. I think they were wrong, for it would have given her husband's memory to her, but it was not my affair. There's Malbaie," the doctor announced quietly, dropping the entire conversation behind him as he dropped his burned cigar into the river. "You're getting off here?"

The younger man's gaze was still on the impenetrable face, and he held it there for a moment as if he could not at once follow the sharp tangent. Then he sprang to his feet.

"Good-by," he said and caught the other's hand in a big grasp. "This 'passing in the night' has been a great pleasure to me. You've not convinced me, you know—I still believe there's a difference between good people and bad people. But you've interested me so much that I forgot about Malbaie. I shall have to hurry now. Good-by."

Ten minutes later, as the doctor lifted his hat with his slow-coming, swift-vanishing smile, the broad-shouldered, fair giant saluted with a wide wave of his own hat from the dock, and swung away wondering why he had not asked the name of this man who had so impressed him. That the unasked name was known to two continents he did not sus-

pect, and before he reached the end of the long quay, the spell of the indefinite gaze, with its lightning flashes of keenness, had dissolved in the joy of a new sight of old friends. It was six years since he had seen Malbaie, and he had loved the place for years before that. It was easy to forget a passing stranger in the sight of it. Yet once again David Gillespie was to see as if in reality, for a sharp intense moment, that inscrutable, notable face, black-browed, dreamy-eyed.

Of a January evening a person who goes to Malbaie for his summer playtime will fall to staring at the fire with a misty tenderness, reminiscent, smiling. Then those who know him enough to guess, have a suspicion that his waking dream is of crisp August days; of reaches of blue and silver river; of steep mountains and quaint habitation cottages and the jingling of a calèche jolting up and down hilly roads; in a word, such a midwinter dream is likely to be of a midsummer Malbaie picnic.

On a blue and silver day, in such a picnic David Gillespie was engulfed the morning after his arrival. With his sister he set off at ten o'clock for a jog of ten miles to the Fraser River. Strapped to the wagons were tea-baskets and provisions against drought and famine; the carters sat on the mitigated dashboards that are the box-seats; little Canadian horses tugged at old harnesses mended with rope; the sun shone; the water glistened; all was right with the world.

In its hurry to get to the St. Lawrence the little river called the Fraser scooped in past ages a tunnel through the mountain. Over the gorge of it black cedars hang; down the sides of it tumble square-jawed rocks; through the bottom of it brawls the yellow clear stream, and splashes impetuously against boulders, and whirls into foam-dotted pools in deep hollows. It is the fiercest, most uncontrolled of little rivers, so full of shadows and so set in sunny woods and sudden chasms, that picnics go all of ten miles to watch its spirited performances.

David Gillespie, having eaten broiled chicken and stuffed eggs with a sincere happiness, wandered into the path that followed the bold assertion of the stream. For a time the way led along a shadowy level, to debouch on a mass of rocks, bold and final. Yet a thread of path lay down the descent, and down scrambled Gillespie, his big weight dropping light from foothold to foothold. Half-way of



"IT WAS YOU WHO SAVED ME," HE WHISPERED.

the fall a makeshift bridge sprang across six feet of emptiness, and over this went the adventurer—on and on. The spirit of the mountain seemed calling him—and moreover he had a plan. The day was warm, and the scramble had heated him—when he had left the picnic well behind, when he should find a pool large enough, he would get rid of his clothes and plunge, and let the running water wrap him with sweet sharpness.

Around a turn he came upon the place. In a white curtain the river fell forty feet; like a curtain, too, its noise, steady, unhurried, shut out the world. Closed on three sides with sunlit rock walls, the pool lay in brown shadow in the hollow, swift, and a hundred feet across. Gillespie saw that the current might well be dangerous, but, a strong swimmer, sure of his strength, did not think of hesitation. In five minutes he was playing like a great fish, diving, floating, treading water.

Suddenly something happened. There was a sharp pain—he tried to kick out, and the leg would not go. In alarm he put the force of his body into the other leg, but the cramp had got it—it was more than he could do to take a stroke. Beating the water with his hands he shouted—and knew that his voice was as nothing against the fall; that it might not by any chance reach his friends up the river. Yet he sent the cry frantically against the pitiless sound of the stream—he could not, would not die in this useless way, he with his soul and body filled with life and energy for half a century's work.

With the torture of the cramp locking every muscle, he shouted again, and knew that he was going under, and then as his head sank—did he dream it, or was there an answer? As he came up, half conscious, did his eyes see the figure of a man bounding down the bank where the rocks gave way to woods? Darkness shut over him.

When, half an hour later, the young man groped back to consciousness, he looked up into a face that did not belong to any one of the picnic, that he did not know—yet that seemed to him vaguely familiar. The stranger was caring for him efficiently, and he lay quiet for moments, exhausted, without curiosity. Then, as strength flowed back, he gazed about in surprise.

He was lying in a rough log room, yet plainly not the room of a French-Canadian farmhouse, which he might have expected. It was barer than any habitant room he had seen, but the air of it—the handful of books

in the rough shelf on the wall, the writing table with its large ink-well, its orderly litter of recent use—he turned his eyes in surprise to the man who bent over him. At once he saw that he had happened upon something extraordinary, for the face, whose lines worked this way and that with painful nervousness, whose blood rushed at Gillespie's look and ebbed as swiftly, was that of a gentleman, of a student—and again a dim likeness, a familiarity stirred Gillespie with a vanishing memory.

"It was you who saved me," he whispered.

"I was so glad of the chance," the stranger stammered, and his speech was the speech of breeding, but Gillespie had trouble not to stare again when he saw the muscles of the mouth twist spasmodically with the effort of the few words. The man's features were of uncommon chiseling and in themselves handsome, intellectual, but this exaggerated nervousness made him dreadful to see.

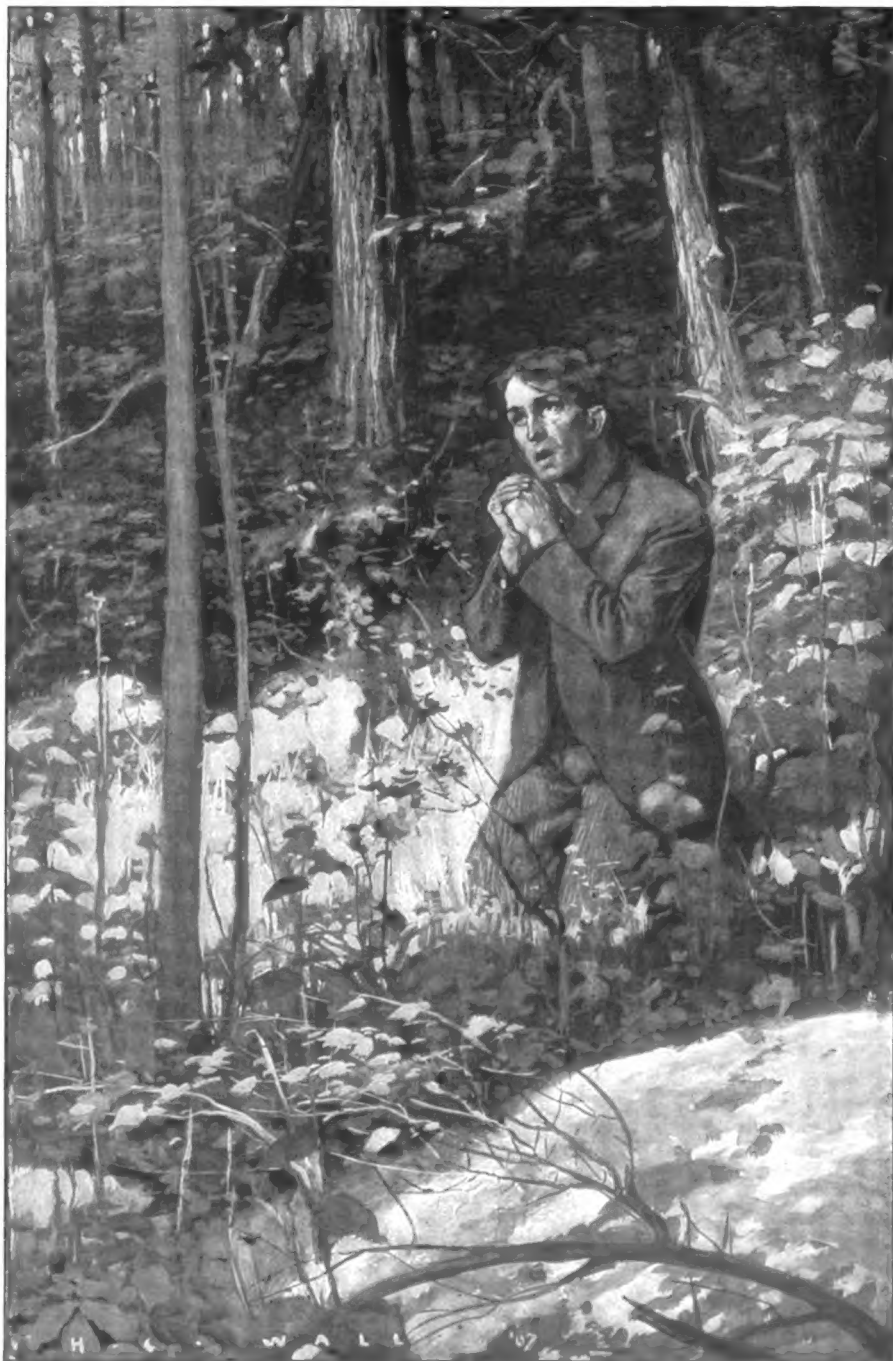
In less than half an hour the young clergyman, a trifle shaken, but clothed again and fit for exertion, stood outside the cabin, and, looking about, took in the situation. The house was of two rooms only and was built of logs with the bark left on; it stood so hidden in the wood that it could not be seen from anywhere twenty feet away, nor from the water; yet the water almost lapped its wide gallery, and standing there one saw all of the shadowy pool.

"You have a lovely place for your camp," David Gillespie said in his great, musical, friendly voice; and turned for his host's answer, and stood astonished.

There was no one there. The man had disappeared as suddenly as he had come, while Gillespie thought him but a few feet away. "He has probably gone to get wood, or something of the sort," the young man considered, and sat down to wait. Five minutes he waited, fifteen, twenty; consulting his watch he knew that he could not delay longer; the picnic would be starting home; his sister would be alarmed. He stood up and hailed the hills in tones of thunder.

"Hello there! Hello, hello!" he shouted.

There was no answer. Once more he sent out a call, and again—but without response. Then he started up-stream with a puzzled mind. There was a turn of the path about a little bay which brought him back close to the camp, but above it and across water. Gillespie halted here for a moment and looking down tried to see the cabin. It was hidden in



"LET THE LIGHT COME! O LORD, LET THE LIGHT COME!"

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trees, but he could place the spot, and suddenly, as he looked, there arose to him thence the sound of a voice. Clear, powerful, sweet as a trumpet-call it carried above the unflagging roar of the rapids.

"Such as sit in darkness and in the shadow of death," came the words, "being fast bound in misery and iron." And then, slow and distinct and twice repeated, "Let the light come! Let the light come!"

Gillespie was aware of cold creeping over him as at something unearthly. The voice, as had the face, caught at a sleeping memory that it could not reach. It seemed to him that he had heard this voice before. What sort of an adventure was this that he had lighted upon? He hurried along with his whole soul given to the question. That the man was American and of the higher classes was evident from his speech; of a scholarly calling seemed likely from the fact that a room bare of furnishing should have in it books and writing materials. What struck him more than all else was the quality of the man's voice. That it should carry with such ease above the muffling boom of the rapids was significant not only of power but of training. The young clergyman's own big musical tone was a gift of heaven, and he had made the most of it, knowing how fine a tool it might be in his craft of shaping souls; he had spoken in large places and to large audiences; and he knew that the effortless purity of a tone that so lifted words across the noise of water meant a knowledge of the play of sounds that had become second nature; it meant a man used to public speaking. There was more: the personal element of it sent a thrill to his heart fibers; this voice which was strong and carrying like a general's, was reedy like a child's, appealing like a woman's—it was of such a quality, of such a combination of qualities, as set Gillespie unawares to reviewing the names of the famous speakers of the day. By a subconscious argument it seemed to him that a man might not own this voice and be unknown. Moreover the vague familiarity of it haunted him. As he climbed up and down the rocky hill-sides, below his thought the words echoed: "Let the light come! Let the light come!"

With noisy relief his party greeted him, but at his story the clamor quieted.

"I can't imagine who such a man can be—does any one know him?" he demanded, and two or three voices answered:

"Of course—it's the mad hermit. We all

know about him, but no one has ever got close enough to talk to him before—at least, only the habitants, and not many of them. Mark Martel—here he is——"

The sharp face of the French carter smiled from a near background. Mark Martel liked to be considered as knowing everything, and he had been listening no farther away than respect demanded. He shook his head wisely.

"M'sieur is fortunate to have encountered the hermit. It is known that there is danger in that pool—three men have been drowned there in my memory. But yes, M'sieur. It is true that I have spoken to the hermit—the mad hermit one calls him. Only a few have done that, for when one goes to his cabin he hides himself—*il se cache*—in the woods. He will not encounter persons—yet he is not savage—*farouche*—not he. He is most gentle and of a harmlessness. And if any one is ill on the farms, for miles about, he seems to know it at once—one says that the spirits tell him—and he appears, and cares for that sick person like the doctor—better than the doctor, many say. But yes, it is a good lunatic. As for me, I hurt my back once carrying baskets down for a picnic party. I was alone, and I lay and groaned, for it hurt, though I was little injured. And the hermit came suddenly and rubbed me so that the pain went like magic—it may well be that it was a sort of magic—it was curious how that pain went. When the others came, before I heard them, he had slipped into the woods. *Comment*, M'sieur—how long? *Eh bien*, it is something like three years he lives there—yes, quite three or four years."

In a few days David Gillespie came again, alone, to the headland that looked down to the hermit's cabin, and stood hidden there in the trees and halted to plan his approach. The heavy roar of the fall, impersonal, inevitable, crowded the air; there seemed no room for other sound. Suddenly—easily, clearly—over the volume of it there came to David's hearing the tones that had thrilled him before. Every word, now as then, distinct, every accent pure and effortless, the sentences lifted to him.

"Clouds and darkness are round about me—clouds and darkness—clouds and darkness," the voice repeated, and then as before: "Let the light come! O Lord, let the light come!"

There was no hurry or passion in the cry—the tones were calm with a dreadful calm—

ness, as if hope were too far away to stir the pulse of them. Gillespie, heated from his walk, felt a chill as he listened. This voice, coming out of the dense woods, dominating the voice of the river, seemed supernatural.

He crashed out of the shadow and swung down headlong around the trail and to the camp. The door stood wide; he went in; there was no one there. Quietly he sat down and waited in the empty place, which yet was alert with recent occupation. There was the same litter of papers on the table by the window; the uncovered inkstand; the pen lying as if just fallen from a hand; a book turned face downward, open. He did not look at the books, the handful of books on the shelf; one may look at every one's books in common life, but to do it here would be stealing the man's secret. In this bare place where were hardly the small necessities, the books must mean their owner's soul. David turned away his eyes, and respected the helplessness of the absent.

So he waited, gazing from the door, from the window, at the pool outside, at the high rock wall encircling it. From everywhere in this camp one saw the pool; the building was so placed that one might not step outside, one might not look through door nor window without seeing that constant picture of dark water. David waited. An hour went past, and he sat patiently, for he had come with fixed purpose, but at the end of the second hour he began to believe it hopeless, and another thought came to him. He went across to the table and sat down to write a note to his invisible host, pushing away, with an effort not to see the words on them, the papers scattered to right and left. But he could not help being aware of a clear, square writing, finished, individual; and suddenly, against his will he caught the words large at the top of a page—a big page such as he himself used for his sermons:

"They grope in the dark without light. XII Chapter Job, 25th verse."

His hand dropped. The pencil fell from it to the floor. He knew with a certainty not founded on logic that this was a sermon, and that this madman was of his own profession. If it had come to him that here was a brother of his flesh and blood, his heart could not have leaped with a hotter shock of longing to help him. Then, as if by right of a brother, he lifted his eyes to the pathetic little library and, reading the titles, knew that he was right. The madman, the furtive outcast of mankind,

living a shadowy under-life in this wild place, was a scholar who read Greek and Latin and Hebrew, was a servant of the church even as himself.

He turned from the rough shelves weighted with so extraordinary, so plain a story, and standing by the window, his hands deep in his pockets, the big fellow, with his heart stirred to its depths, stared out at the omnipresent dark pool. What shipwreck could have come to this bark built to carry good tidings, what shipwreck utter, final, to have so battered and overturned it and torn away its white sails, and left it floating, a helmless derelict, in strange seas? He might not conjecture—he put the question from him. What he could do to right the battered hull, to help it move once more on its course, this was a nearer question—he must answer this. As if breathed into his mind, inspired, words came to him that he must say now, at this moment. He strode across the floor and stood outside on the gallery, and facing the silent woods he threw his great voice toward them.

"The Lord has sent help out of Zion," he announced loud and clear. "The Lord has sent help out of His sanctuary."

There was a moment of hush, as it seemed to Gillespie, and then, without sound, on the edge of the wood the man stood. The two gazed at each other for a long moment of time, and David, moving slowly over the rocks and through the underbrush, was close to him, held his hand.

When he lay in his bed at the cottage on the Malbaie bluff that night, the young clergyman wondered what had happened next. He never remembered. His every faculty was so absorbed in the delicate task of keeping the strange confidence so hardly won that his memory forgot to write down the record. The next thing that he could think of, going back over the day's events, was a quiet half-hour in the cabin, rational and friendly. The man said little enough, but it was said in a manner of charming gentleness, with an evident, frightened joy to be in speech with Gillespie which went to the visitor's heart. There was tragedy here, no doubt, but that it came from misfortune, not from wrong-doing, seemed certain. Gillespie kept the talk at an everyday level, doing most of it himself. He spoke of the woods, of the little animals living in them; of the birds of Canada that he had studied; he referred to a book of those on the shelf, and offered to bring another of the same sort; but at this suggestion of a second visit

the man stirred restlessly and his brilliant dark eyes fixed themselves on his guest's face with a question, a terror. He could not bear the pressure of human touch, even from the large, gentle nature that had made him for a moment forget himself. David rose quietly and stood holding the thin, twitching hand.

"Good-by," he said. "I am coming to see you again. I am coming Thursday morning."

The man's face worked as he looked up into the calmness of David's, but he did not draw away his hand nor say a word, and so Gillespie left him, heavy-hearted to leave him, standing in the cabin.

To Gillespie his vacation was now inspired by an object, and every few days found him in the lonely home of the strange being who had saved him from death. Little by little, with many retrogressions, with delicate care, he built up a friendship between them, a friendship with such reserves that in three weeks he did not know, did not dream of asking his friend's name. That the man was ill and needed him physically as well as mentally was a strong tie. David dared once to suggest bringing a physician, but the idea was met by an attack of nervous trembling, and at a second attempt the hermit without a word vanished into the forest, not to reappear that day. The young man learned that he must make shift to heal body as well as soul. That the one as the other was beyond his skill he feared more than once, yet he had at times the joy of seeing steadiness of speech and of thought for perhaps an hour; control of the twitching muscles giving back strength and poise to the spiritual and beautiful face. The conviction grew on him that this personality, gifted, full of charm even in its ruin, must have held a notable place in the world before the blow came that shattered the machine and left only bits, brilliant and finished, yet working no more together. There was about him, with all his shrinking annihilation of self, an unconscious air of one used to having his words weigh, and the deepest note of tragedy to the man of thought and study was the evident fact that unreason had here overturned a mind of the clearest reason. The pleasure of discussion of the abstract questions that formed the larger part of their talk was so keen to the hermit that often Gillespie feared its effect on his slight strength; often he stood astonished at the straight,

pure line of thought that went unhampered and swift from premise to conclusion as if on wings which rose above the clouds that obscure most men's logic. What a mind, the clergyman reflected—his profession ever first in his thoughts—what a mind in a pulpit! what a force lost for good! And against his will the question pressed upward in his consciousness more than once—who could this madman be? One day David was telling a story about himself in the course of which he used his own name. He stopped, considering that his hearer did not know it as his.

"My name is Gillespie, David Gillespie," he explained.

The dark, sad eyes looked quietly at him. "Yes," he answered. "I think you know mine, for you mentioned it the other day. I am Hector Hampton."

For all the watch that he kept over himself David caught his breath. Of course! How had he missed it? Hector Hampton! The wonderful young priest, the orator, writer, a meteor that had swung in a glowing path across the sky to be suddenly quenched. This explained all, even the vague note of familiarity, for David remembered well when he had heard Hampton preach. He had traveled three hundred miles to hear him; he recalled the crowded church, the intent multitude, the white-robed, slender figure and inspired young face that dominated the scene. The voice with its flexibility, its character as of all human natures, child, man, woman; its close touch on the stuff of a heart; its extraordinary, unexpected intonations, as if it rang from a soul lightly tied to the things of earth—Gillespie had thought he could not forget that voice. Hector Hampton! Five years before he had suddenly resigned his parish—given up his work; the papers said he was traveling for his health. David had heard nothing of him since; persons whom he had asked had known nothing. There was hardly any one in the United States who had not been familiar with his name, and yet he had sunk into the sea of past things with only a ripple to mark his going. Hector Hampton!

"I heard you preach once," Gillespie said, and hesitated, and added, "I have always been glad that I heard you, and I have never forgotten it. You must have done more good in a few years than most men in a lifetime."

The painful flush, the twisting muscles warned him. He rose swiftly, his manner changing to an every-day tone.

"I wish you would remember to take the medicine," he went on. "I take pride in my new practise, and it is unfair of you not to help me. Try to remember."

Two days later he came again, of an afternoon, and Hampton's face so lit up at the sight of him that he felt a glow of joy. No one could know this man, broken, more than half mad, without loving him, and that he seemed better to-day meant happiness to Gillespie. The unbalanced mind was in a clearer, more rational state than at any time before. Hampton spoke calmly of his former work, of its scope and aim, and, in easy sequence, of its abrupt ending. Suddenly, with a quiet sentence, he made David's heart stand still.

"I want to tell you what happened," he said. "No one has ever known, but I should like you to know."

"Are you sure you want to tell me to-day?" his friend asked gently. "Won't it upset you to talk about it? I am coming again and again—I will gladly listen at any time."

But the other smiled his radiant, transparent smile. "No." He shook his head with decision. "I should like to tell you to-day if you don't mind listening to a painful story. I am not going to live long and I want you to talk to me. It may help me to cross the water when the time comes."

He paused, and David laid his great hand on the wasted shoulder. Never in the four weeks of their friendship had Hampton seemed more composed, more as he must have been in former days; the pitiful working of the muscles of his face had stopped; his dark, melancholy eyes were sane; his hands lay quiet. It startled Gillespie the more to hear, when it came, the vehemence of his low speech.

"We talk of elemental passions, we civilized people," he began, plunging at random into the heart of his narrative, "and we think we speak intelligently, but I tell you there is not a man dreams what it means except the man who has been for a moment a brute beast. A brute beast, with one blind, savage instinct that has got him in its grip. Heaven help you if that thing, an elemental passion, catches you off your guard, for it's only heaven then that can. Not civilization nor tradition is going to help you. If you're to be saved, it's by the grace of God and the soul that you are. It's the final test of how much heaven is in you. I didn't stand the test. What St. Paul warned our profession against

happened to me—I preached to others, and I myself am a castaway. It was an awfully sudden flood, Gillespie. I saw red and my hands went out—that was all. I didn't know I'd killed the man for five minutes after."

As if under a weight of cold iron David's heart sank. Hector Hampton a murderer! He drew a gasp of relief as the thought flashed upon him that this was part of the madness—hallucination.

"Hampton," he said, and tried to speak convincingly, "this isn't true. You've wrought yourself up over some painful memory until you've come to accept as fact a thing that is only a nightmare. Tell it all to me—it will relieve the pressure—but try to believe me that it is merely a bad dream." And he knew as he spoke that his words were inadequate.

The eyes of the hermit flamed. "Don't make me argue that," he pleaded. And then, "But there's no need. You'll understand in a minute. The thing happened. I killed a man. And I know that I could not have done it had not the evil in me been stronger than the good. That is clear reason—you see it? That moment was the test—it was the duel, the death-grapple between the holiness I had selfishly labored for and the wickedness that was in me. The right went down. It is not in me to do the right against an instant's temptation—that is proved. Therefore, as I am weighed and found wanting, I am lost beyond saving. That I know."

David stumbled over rushing words of protest, and the other stopped him.

"Don't argue that—I know. I *know* that. If you should argue till doomsday it wouldn't affect me. You'll call it insanity, probably, a phase of mental disease. Whatever it is, it's so. But it isn't that which has made me a madman. Did you think I didn't know I was mad?" he asked, and his face and his smile were like the smile and the face of a sorrowful child, and an icy shaft struck to David's soul. Hampton went on. "I didn't even know I'd killed him at first." He stopped and seemed to pull up his plunging thoughts. "I must talk more coherently or you won't understand. To-day is my chance—I can do it to-day—my brain is clear. Mostly, you know, it is that lack which is unbearable—the lack of light—I can't think—my mind seems in thick darkness. But just now there's unusual light. I can see, and I can tell you, I believe, plainly."

He lifted a hand and pushed back the hair

that had grown long over his forehead, as if to give the struggling brain room; then he clasped his fingers tightly together—to hold the nerves firm, David thought.

"The man was my sister's husband—my twin sister. She and I had been close together all our lives, and I felt her joy and sorrow as keenly, I think almost as quickly, as my own. The man was"—he shuddered uncontrollably—"was a fiend to her, to my sister. Not at first, but by slow degrees, till at last her life was a long agony, and I suffered with her, helplessly. We were at Malbaie together that summer, five years ago, and finally I couldn't bear it. I made up my mind that I must have it out with him, and I asked him to come for a day's fishing here, on the Fraser, with me alone. I meant to talk to him, to use all the force that was in me, and I hoped I should be given a power beyond what I had ever had. I had helped men out of evil as fixed as his—I hoped that this time, when I cared most, the power might be in me. So we came here. On the bank, where this cabin stands, we sat and talked, and he jeered at me for my helplessness and cursed me for my interference. I am not a stolid man by nature—"

David's big hand went without his volition over the locked fingers.

"—and I felt his insults to the reach of every nerve. But I pulled myself together, and changed the subject. I thought that later, perhaps, I might have more success—I might be inspired to say what would touch him. He might see that I was patient, and take some account of that, and listen more kindly. I suggested that we should go into the pool for a swim before lunch. I knew it to be dangerous water, but I was an expert swimmer—better and stronger than he—and I had no fear for either of us. We went in, he singing a vaudeville song that set my nerves on edge, that he meant to set my nerves on edge—I, still shivering from his last speech. He dived, and as he came up close to me the words he said—"

The fingers under David's suddenly threw off his clasp and flung themselves aloft.

"The words he said—" Hampton cried and gave a gasping groan. Then, with instantaneous reaction, "I must not lose my head," he whispered, catching his breath. "I must tell it all to you. I cannot repeat those words, and it is not necessary. They were an insult to his wife, to my sister, too horrible to be thought. When I heard them,

suddenly the world reeled. I knew what men mean when they say they see blood. There were scarlet lightnings before my eyes—but I saw him—I saw only that man. It was as I told you just now. A primeval passion swept me and my will like atoms on a tidal wave, and the sea wall in me of good and heaven was too flimsy a thing to resist it. I did what it made me do. I caught him as he swam near me, and pushed him down and held him under water till his body became limp. Then I dragged him ashore, and then, only then, I knew that I had killed him. For an hour I could not believe it, and I worked, trying to revive him. But he was dead—I had killed him. I dressed him in his clothes and took him back to Malbaie, and there was no need of a word of explanation. No one ever suspected me. That he was drowned while swimming in a place known to be dangerous was enough. 'Accidentally killed while swimming with his brother-in-law'—that was what the papers said. Even my sister never dreamed the truth. I could not, of course, go back to my work—I, a criminal—so I traveled for a year, not knowing what I could do, trying to find how I could go on living. Then the thought came to me that this was the expiation, to bring my wrecked soul and body and stay always here, seeing that water by day, hearing it by night. If I could have given myself up to justice it would have made me almost happy, but I could not bring shame on the church. Perhaps I was wrong to think so, perhaps it was part of the darkness that thickened on me, but that way seemed closed. So I have made my own punishment—it has been harder than electrocution, Gillespie." He turned wistful, tragic eyes on his hearer.

As the man told his story it recalled an unformed memory to David's mind. He could not place the association, but the thought seized him strongly and held through the horror of the tale—yet the horror was first and most.

Staring at him, dazed, he tried to believe that what he had been told was not true; that it was part of the man's insanity. But there had been truth and fact in every accent of the story—it was one that must be believed. And at length he gave up—this was not the way out. He laid his hand again on the bent shoulder.

"Hampton," he said, "you mustn't despair. This life may be wrecked, as you say,

but this life is only a bit of a long eternity. And while there's faith and repentance possible, the happiness of eternity is possible. If I, knowing this, can yet forgive you and love you, don't you know that God can do so infinitely more easily? You mustn't despair—your soul may yet be saved alive."

Then Gillespie had a shock. The dark eyes met his with a smile. "My soul?" Hampton repeated in surprise. "I'm not worrying about my soul, Gillespie. That's lost forever—I have reasoned it out over and over—over and over—long, long nights," he whispered, his eyes glowing with a retrospective pain. "God will forgive me—I know my Master. But the power isn't in me to be forgiven. That moment showed I was sinful at the core—I could never trust now any longing for goodness that I might seem to have—any sorrow for my crime. I can bear my punishment, Gillespie; I always could bear my own punishments, even as a child. But even then it was a possession with me to go wild at seeing another child punished; it wasn't unselfishness, it was a temperamental peculiarity. I think it was that feeling which led me into the ministry—I was driven by an intense desire to save souls from the consequences of their sins—all the souls I could. I could not bear to let one go. It grew to be a manner of madness with me—I was unbalanced at my best, I'm afraid," and he smiled again with an appeal in his eyes, as they lifted to his friend. "I know—I've preached it—what you say—that God will forgive us till we lose the power of repentance. I've lost it. I seem to have no feeling about my future—I've been in eternal misery five years, you see. I'm in it now—I can bear it. But the unbearable thought is that he is lost—the man I killed. O God! O God! the darkness and the suffering!" he wailed, sending his voice out like the peal of a mournful bell. Then he caught himself sternly. "I will not let my brain go. I must talk to you, and know what you say. But don't you see, Gillespie, my salvation isn't the point. It's that lost soul that drags me down. It was my affair to save souls—for that I was trained—for that I worked and hoped—it was my high business—the highest a man can assume. And I sent a being black with sin straight to damnation. The man was steeped in vice, steeped in selfishness and cruelty worse than vice—he went with that rotten soul from my hand to judgment. How is there a chance for him? If I were in highest heaven what could

I do but think all the time of that man making his own hell, through the ages—that sick soul that I should have cured, that I killed."

The shattered nerves had lost their hold now; the muscles of his face worked frightfully; the eyes closed and opened with unmeaning rapidity; the lucid interval was ending. David, astonished at the man's attitude toward his own fate, yet felt humility before the high unselfishness that could put aside his everlasting future in an all-absorbing anxiety for that of another. And suddenly as he searched in his mind for help, in the dark places of memory he came upon the association that had baffled him. The story of the unknown doctor on the boat—it was the story of Hampton. The two sides fitted together without a jar. In his own mind he was certain, from the moment that the memory recurred to him, of the identity of the cases. The bearing of the doctor's evidence on Hampton's tragedy flashed clearly before him—the murdered man had been insane—the autopsy had proved it. He was irresponsible—the doctor had used the words "as irresponsible as any patient in Bloomingdale"—and the statement carried authority. This would be medicine indeed. Gillespie turned to the hermit impulsively, joyfully, and stopped with the words on his lips. Could he prove his certainty? Could he risk a mistake? Was Hampton in condition to be questioned, on the chance that two stories were identical whose identity would seem a miracle? The thought stopped him. He must think it out; he must reason out as far as he might its effect on his friend; not for anything in the world would he add to his suffering, nor raise a hope to be disappointed. With that, clutching desperately after a thought of comfort, he found himself saying words that seemed to come from beyond himself, the very words over which he had taken issue with the strange doctor. Without conscious volition they flew to him out of dimness like birds from the sky.

"You speak the word of hope yourself, Hampton," he began. "'A sick soul,' you say. There lies the chance for him. Isn't it possible that the man was as helpless to live right as a cripple is helpless to walk straight? Isn't moral disease often as blameless, as much to be pitied, as little to be condemned as physical? Can't we believe that an infinite intelligence—the good Lord—knowing the causes and excuses that we miss, may find few cases beyond pardon?"

Saying such words, he wondered. Did

he believe these ideas that he was offering earnestly to a desperate need? As he considered, his heart sank, for his conscience questioned him. But when he saw Hampton's face he could not but be glad that from an unknown heaven the winged message had descended upon him. The quivering fingers stiffened to stillness, the eyes fixed their gaze, intent, inquiring, on David's.

"I have never had that thought," he said slowly. "Do you mean that it is possible that the man was so warped—mentally, morally—perhaps by physical causes, that he wasn't responsible? That his sin was in that case not sin, but in a manner insanity? That, being so, he was not wicked but only pitiful, not to be judged but to be forgiven, not condemned but——"

He stopped, gasping. Slowly there was dawning on his face a radiance such as David had not seen on a man's face before.

"The light, the light!" he whispered, and then, throwing the pure, great tones of his voice from him he filled the small room, filled the gorge of the rushing river with hope, with jubilation. "Let the light come! O Lord, let the light come!"

His head fell back; the luminous eyes closed. David, leaning over him in anxiety, saw that the strain had been great, and that he was indeed very ill. There was desperate need of a doctor here, but there was no time now to get one. Tenderly he put Hampton into his cot bed, and the afternoon wore on and it came to be evening as he cared for him. He saw that he could not leave him that night, and as it grew late he lighted candles about the darkening room, and marshaled the bare resources of the place as efficiently as he could for a night of anxious care.

The long hours were crowded with such incidents as a man might not forget—no moment of that night ever grew dim in Gillespie's memory. At times the dying man put out his hand and held David's coat sleeve as if he clung to his only anchor; at times he smiled radiantly at him and blessed him for his friendship—more than all for the thought that had brought hope, going back to it over and over; but at times the blackness again held him, and the wonderful voice, calm, hopeless, as Gillespie had first known it, rang from the little cabin into the night.

"Clouds and darkness! Clouds and darkness are round about me," he announced over and over as if from the pulpit, to David and the still hills. "Let the light come!

O Lord, let the light come!" And the rapids thundered a passionless amen.

At times also he came back to the story he had told, and wandered pathetically in the mire. But it was always that other lost soul, never his own, for which he sorrowed. Part of his madness it must have been, yet it was a heavenly distortion of reason by which a man forgot his own eternity in another's. "I sent a soul to hell—a lost soul—a lost soul. It is dark. I can see but a lost soul that sits in darkness and in the shadow of death—in the shadow of death."

And David, agonized, did not know if he might tell him what he believed, did not dare hold the cup of healing to his parched lips for fear that the draught within might prove to be not healing, but poison. Yet he kept the thought that had brought comfort insistent before the sufferer's mind.

"Listen, dear Hampton," and he took the jerking hands in his strong hold. "Listen! He may be forgiven—he may be happy. Try to think that." That other question of Hampton's own eternity, so great to his own mind, he did not even touch upon to this tortured unselfishness.

"You mean he may have been irresponsible?" The invalid harked back to the idea as eagerly as if it were the first time.

"Surely, surely I mean it! Souls cannot be equally responsible any more than bodies can be equally strong. The great starter makes the handicaps balance." The words astonished him as he spoke them. They were not his—his whole belief had been otherwise. But he went on: "He may have been as blameless as you or I. Try to remember that."

"Bless you, Gillespie. Thank you for saying it over and over. Thank you for being so patient. He may be blameless," he whispered to himself as if to fix the thought.

And David had ceased to ask himself sternly, "Do I believe this?" He only asked anxiously, "Can I make him believe it?"

About midnight, after a troubled, short sleep, the dark eyes opened wide and stared at David, brilliant, questioning. "Clouds and darkness are over me," he whispered, and his friend bent and said clearly:

"The light is coming, Hampton—surely it is coming."

With the flash of a smile the thin hand slipped to David's face. "Let the light come," and again, with a last breath of the voice that had swayed multitudes, "O Lord, let the light come." The hand fell.

And David stood, and with arms lifted said a prayer for the soul so close, so far, and a prayer for his own soul. Had he lied to this pitiful dead—did he believe what he had told him, what the other had clung to as he went under the dark waters; did he believe it? As if another's voice spoke through his lips he said aloud:

"I believe in a forgiveness of sins and a life everlasting broader than we dream. I believe that more than the saints get to heaven."

His nerves were keyed to their highest note and it was as if in reality that there arose before him, for a tense, sharp moment, a vivid picture of a face, dark-browed, strong, introspective of gaze, keen of glance—the face of the unknown doctor on the boat—whose words had been on his lips through the drama of the evening, whose words, as he remembered them, he believed. He had lived through experience to conviction; theory and logic were as winds powerless to shake foundations that had been sunk into the deep reality of his being. Then and after he believed that no human being may judge another, that God alone knows the secret springs, and, knowing, forgives.

When he had done the little that might be done that night, he wandered about the small place for a few minutes in a great restlessness and loneliness. He went out on the gallery and gazed at the serene stars questioningly as though to find if the freed soul had risen to their distance and their calmness. That the one black moment of a white life was forgiven, he trusted, yet he felt such an urgent need to know how it was with his friend that he went back and took a listless hand in both his and bent over, asking. The worn face was at rest, but an unspeakable sadness lay on it, and he turned away heartsick. "If you would come back for only one minute to tell me," he cried, as others have cried through all centuries. It seemed unendurable that he might not know what lay beyond that shadow into whose depths he had gone down, where his friend had slipped from him. That the light so longed for was there he hoped, but he wanted passionately to know.

The candles had burned low, and he wandered vaguely about trying to find others, but he could not see where they were in the dark. A roll of birch bark gleamed from a rough seat by the open door—he tore a curl from the end of it, dripping silver slivers, put a match to it and held it above him, and the light flared over the gallery and turned

the near-by bushes white and ghostly. With that, to his overstrung imagination rose a picture of himself as he must look standing in the doorway of this solitary cabin, facing dark mountains, with his momentary torch of birch bark tossing over him—what was life itself but a lonely flame of a moment—what did it matter to him if he had light or not to guard the broken lamp of life that had gone out? He threw down the bark and stamped it out. All at once he knew he did not care. He was too tired to make another effort for any reason.

There was no chair in the bare little room where Hampton lay, and David went into the farther room, setting the door wide between, but closing carefully the outside door to the gallery. There must be no chance that any wild thing of the forest might enter here. He dropped, worn out, into a seat; his arms stretched over the table, he laid his head on them and fell deeply asleep.

He never knew how long he lay there, but, waking suddenly, as if a hand had been pressed on him, he was aware of a current of cold air, and he lifted his head, startled, and looked up. The dying candles had gone out, the place was dark, but there in the open outer door, facing him, stood Hampton, one hand lifted high holding a bright light, and on his face such a glory as David had not known how to dream. For a long moment the two looked at each other, and then the man who was of the earth stirred, and the vision was gone.

Shivering with cold he got up and made his way, stumbling, to the spot where his friend had stood. The door indeed was open, the door that he had himself latched firmly, and gazing out he saw that over the mountains was creeping a gray brightness of dawn. At his feet gleamed the curl of birch bark that he had left. For moments he stood motionless, watching the day rise steadily behind the giant outlines of the hills. Then with a peace beyond understanding in his heart, he turned, and stepping softly, as if not to waken a quiet sleeper, he went to Hampton. The pale pure morning came in now at the window and flooded the place with a dim radiance, and by that brightness he saw his friend's wasted face glorified. The tragedy of sadness had faded and in its place lay that which those who have seen it may not forget, the benediction of the smile of the dead.

David knelt softly by the bed with a thanksgiving, for Hampton had answered his question. The light had come.

The Cheat of Overcapitalization

By WILL PAYNE

II

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Who gives to individuals the right to dispose of posterity? When the Billion Dollar Steel Trust took over Andrew Carnegie's Steel Company, worth eighty millions, and issued upon it 500 millions of stocks and bonds, what were these securities but solemn pledges that as long as law and order shall endure, so long shall thousands and thousands of human beings toil so many hours a day, so many days a week, until death or incapacity releases them, and that the product of this toil shall be the property of these holders of pieces of paper? When the Moore Brothers and their associates sold to the public 189 millions of similar pieces of paper upon seventy millions of Rock Island stock, it meant that the farmers and merchants through all the Rock Island territory must continue for years to come to yield tribute in the shape of extortionate freight and passenger tolls to the holders of these pieces of paper. By the mere fiat of some great financier, the product of unborn thousands is pledged to the descendants and beneficiaries of the present holders of those bits of paper. Aladdin's lamp could do no more.

MR. A. B. STICKNEY, president of the Chicago Great Western, recently discussed railway rates before the Transportation Club of St. Paul. Taking the complete statistics for 1905, he found that the average rate of interest paid on all the railroad bonds in the United States was 3.65 per cent., and the average rate of dividends paid on all the railroad stock was 3.02 per cent.

"Here," said Mr. Stickney, "is the average margin of profit of all the railways in the United States. . . . There is no other business in the country which is done on so small a margin of profits as 3.02 per cent. dividend. No other invested capital gets such small returns as the capital invested in railroads."

Obviously, if the capital invested in railroads can now earn only a little over three per cent. a year, railroad rates are as low as they ought to be. When anybody mentions freight rates, the railroads always trot out these average dividend statistics—and prove thereby that rates are already so low that there's no profit at all in railroading.

If anybody asks how much of the stock upon which average dividends of 3.02 per cent. are paid is water and therefore entitled to no dividend whatever, they reply that there can't be any water because the capitalization per mile of American railroads is much less than that of English railroads—which is exactly like arguing that Florida is an ideal

summer resort because it is much less disagreeable than Panama.

I think every kindly person is sad when he hears railroad men allege that their business is upon a competitive basis. The falsehood is so palpable. Until recently there was some competition—that is, one road might offer a big shipper a larger illegal rebate than another had offered. As to the small, local shipper, the business was always a monopoly. It is now a monopoly to everybody. Being a monopoly it is entitled to earn only a fair return upon the investment. How anybody can determine whether rates are reasonable without knowing what the investment is, is beyond merely mundane comprehension. Yet nobody does know what the investment is. Railroad men do not wish to know and they do not wish anybody else to know. Only by an elaborate and costly federal investigation can the amount of bogus capitalization that the railroads are carrying be discovered. But one fact is rather significant. *That is, there are not many spots in the vast mass of capitalization where you can sink a drill without striking water.*

Take, for instance, that conspicuous group of railroads known as the "hard coalers."

The anthracite industry naturally invited monopolistic ambition. The supply is confined to a region in Pennsylvania all of which could be put within an area twenty-two miles

square. This region, roughly speaking, is only a hundred miles from Philadelphia and a hundred and fifty from New York. Transportation, of course, is the key.

Eight railroads tap the territory—namely, the Reading, Erie, Pennsylvania, Lehigh Valley, Delaware & Hudson, Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, New York, Ontario & Western, and the Central of New Jersey. There were, early, various fragile pools and gentlemen's agreements; but the first really important step toward monopoly was made in 1871 by F. B. Gowen, then president of Reading. He began buying all the independent coal lands he could get hold of.

He seems to have had the right idea—namely, that it doesn't make any particular difference what price you pay for property provided it enables you to get a monopoly of a staple commodity. Having a monopoly, you can easily make consumers pay dividends on the purchase price. He bought about a hundred thousand acres of undeveloped coal lands, therefore, or a third of the amount in sight. In so doing he loaded up Reading with an increased debt to the amount of \$50,000,000. Hereafter there existed 50,000,000 additional motives for monopolizing hard coal.

The result was a pool in 1873, among the hard coalers, limiting output and fixing prices. This continued, with many vicissitudes, until 1884, when the Pennsylvania broke away. The price of coal fell, and Reading, with its load of debt representing undeveloped coal lands, went into the hands of receivers.

When an individual goes into bankruptcy the water is squeezed out of him. When a railroad goes into bankruptcy not only is the water not squeezed out, but more is put in. The process is called "reorganization." Every important railroad reorganization involves an inflation of capital.

Reading was reorganized and set going again. A. A. McLeod came into control, and promptly took up the plan to monopolize hard coal. Some brilliant financiering followed. Unfortunately the courts upset some of the McLeod leases. The whole structure fell. The fall touched off the panic of 1893.

Once more Reading went into the hands of receivers and was reorganized. Of course none of the water was let out. On the contrary, true to the basic principle of reorganization, more was put in. This time the capitalization was lifted above \$300,000,000, or about \$316,000 per mile of road.

This reorganization, however, brought in

the powerful friendship of Mr. Morgan. Thanks largely to him, a spirit of amity began to pervade the hard-coal roads; but this better understanding among the carriers did not increase the happiness of the "independent" operators who depended upon them for transportation. Certain of these operators projected an independent railroad to tidewater. But the project failed.

Still the independents were dissatisfied with freight rates. Presently, led by the Pennsylvania Coal Company, they projected another road, to be built along the old Delaware and Hudson Canal. The Pennsylvania Coal Company was a comparatively small concern. Its output amounted to only five per cent. of the total. It had \$5,000,000 capital stock—a good deal of it scattered in rather small holdings. Morgan & Co. quietly gathered in the majority of the stock.

Now just what Morgan & Co. paid for that \$5,000,000 of Pennsylvania Coal Company stock has never been disclosed; but the house turned the stock over to the Erie Railroad, which issued therefor \$32,000,000 of four-per-cent. bonds and \$5,000,000 of four-per-cent. preferred stock. It was supposed that this \$5,000,000 of preferred stock represented the bankers' commissions, or bonus; but that is neither here nor there. The Pennsylvania Coal Company was the key to a monopoly of hard coal. The monopoly has been in perfect working order ever since. Interest and dividends on the securities issued by the Erie road in payment for Pennsylvania Coal Company stock amount to sixty cents on each ton of that company's output. But what of that? They might as well have amounted to \$1.60. Consumers of monopolized hard coal would have had to pay it.

THE WATER-LOGGED ERIE

Reading had been staggering for years under a debt created to buy undeveloped coal lands in the hope of a monopoly. As soon as this Morgan deal made monopoly effective, Reading figured that on the basis of the price paid for the Pennsylvania Coal Company's lands, its own coal lands were worth \$125,000,000—so it wasn't overcapitalized at all!

Erie's previous experiences in the stock-watering line had been extensive and picturesque. From 1868 to 1872, in the able hands of Daniel Drew, Jay Gould, and James Fisk, its share capital was increased from \$17,000,000 to \$78,000,000. Nearly all of this in-

crease was mere fiat, put out for speculative purposes and with scarcely a pretense that any actual value lay behind the issue. Reams of stock were printed and put out by night for the pious purpose of breaking Commodore Vanderbilt's corner in the shares.

In 1895 the road, being bankrupt, underwent a typical reorganization, conducted by Mr. Morgan. There were outstanding, for example, \$33,597,000 second-mortgage bonds. In the reorganization these bonds received seventy-five per cent. of their face value in new four per cent. bonds, and fifty-five per cent. in new four per cent. preferred stock, or 130 per cent. in all. The old \$77,837,000 bogus common stock was converted into a like amount of new common stock. There was issued \$63,000,000 of first and second preferred stock, a large part of which was distributed as sweeteners and bonuses to reconcile the old security holders.

MR. MORGAN'S GAME

This preferred stock entailed no fixed charge upon the road. Dividends were to be paid on it only if earned. So Mr. Morgan was liberal in handing it out. The principle upon which he proceeded was thus explained by an admirer: "In reorganizing a road Mr. Morgan takes care to cut down fixed charges to an amount within the minimum earning power. After that is accomplished everybody can pretty much help himself."

In defending the capitalization of the hard-coal roads in 1901, Mr. McLeod pointed out that four of them—namely, Reading, Erie, New York, Ontario & Western, and Lehigh Valley—had outstanding \$382,554,000 of stock upon which no dividend had ever been paid and which had a merely nominal value in the market.

So, if this was water, who was hurt by it—no dividends being paid and the stuff being of little value? Why bother about the old-rags heap? But to-day dividends are paid upon all of this stock with the exception of Erie common. Last year the prospect of a dividend on Erie common seemed so bright that the stock sold at above \$50 a share, while Reading's watered common sold at \$164 a share. The Baltimore & Ohio and the Lake Shore roads have jointly bought over sixty million dollars of Reading stock, out of a total of \$140,000,000—thereby passing it on toward a form of capitalization with fixed charges. The New York, New Haven &

Hartford has bought \$29,000,000, or one-half, of the common stock of the New York, Ontario & Western, thereby putting it also in the way of becoming a form of capitalization bearing fixed charges—for these purchases by one road of the stock of another are generally financed in the end by an issue of bonds.

THE LOOT IN UNION PACIFIC

How could all this watered stock be so handsomely supported and become so agreeably valuable unless the railroads were charging the public for coal and for transportation much more than enough to yield a reasonable return upon the actual investment?

It is true, as Mr. Stickney says, that the average investor in railroad securities gets only a moderate return. The railroad monopolizes the commodity and charges more for it than it is fairly worth; it issues four per cent. stocks and bonds to the full amount that the monopolistic earning power will support, and sells them to the public; then it argues that the charges cannot possibly be too high because the investor is getting only 3.65 or 3.02 per cent.

After the Credit Mobilier scandal, Congress investigated the Union Pacific and found that

It had cost the contractors a little under \$51,000,000 to build the road.

For this there was issued,

\$27,000,000	Government Subsidy Bonds
\$27,000,000	First Mortgage Bonds
\$18,000,000	Land Grant and Income Bonds
\$36,000,000	Common Stock
\$108,000,000	

The government and first-mortgage bonds covered the cost of building the line. The other \$54,000,000 of securities represented profits. Presently Jay Gould took a hand in Union Pacific. He controlled the Kansas Pacific and Denver Pacific, which together had \$25,000,000 of common stock—all water and of little current value. He persuaded the directors of Union Pacific to buy these lines and to exchange Union Pacific stock at par for their bogus shares.

Overloaded Union Pacific went into bankruptcy in 1893, and was reorganized. Hold-

ers of the old bonds received in most cases par in new four per cent. bonds with a bonus of fifty per cent. in new preferred stock. There was issued \$75,000,000 of new preferred stock, practically all of which was given in bonuses to the old security holders and to the reorganization syndicate. The \$61,000,000 of old common stock was converted into the same amount of new common. Dividends of ten per cent. a year are now paid on this new common stock. Some part of this is due to Mr. Harriman's brilliant speculations in the stock of other roads. The rest of it is due to a heavy traffic carried at rates higher than would yield a fair return upon the investment. Incidentally, the road received the gift of an empire in public lands. The moiety remaining unsold at the time of the reorganization was valued at \$13,358,500.

The Northern Pacific fared even better in this regard. The government gave it 40,000,000 acres of public lands—a piece of generosity which in no wise restrained the stock-watering proclivities of the builders and reorganizers.

NORTHERN PACIFIC'S WATER-CURE

The road has been reorganized three times, and is now capitalized at more than \$65,000 a mile, excluding the bonds that it issued jointly with the Great Northern to pay for Chicago, Burlington & Quincy stock. Canadian Pacific is capitalized at only \$29,000 a mile. Northern Pacific's funded debt per mile, excluding the Burlington bonds, is greater than the entire capitalization per mile of the Canadian road. To understand how Northern Pacific's capitalization has been boosted to this figure we need only glance at the last reorganization. There were \$42,000,000 of first-mortgage bonds outstanding. In the reorganization

Each \$1,000 Bond	Received	\$1,350 in New Prior Lien Bonds
All Second and Third Mortgage Bonds	Received	118½% of face value in New Prior Lien Bonds 50% face value in Preferred Stock

Each \$1,000 Bond received \$1,685 in New Securities.

The old stock, practically all water, was exchanged for new stock of the same amount.

The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé has been reorganized twice. In the last reorganization

The Old General Mortgage 4% Bonds	Received	75% in New General Mortgage 4s 40% in New Adjustment 4s
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Thus \$129,320,770 was converted into \$148,718,983 in New 4%.

Old Second Mortgage "A" Bonds	Received	113% in New Preferred Stock
Second Mortgage "B" Bonds	Received	118% in New Preferred Stock

Of the "A" and "B" bonds there were \$87,937,500 outstanding, and they drew four per cent. a year interest. The holders paid in a cash assessment of four per cent., and received \$99,869,375 of new preferred stock which draws five per cent. a year in dividends. The old common stock, about all water and of very little value at the time of the reorganization, was exchanged for the same amount—\$102,000,000—of new common stock. This new common stock now draws five per cent. a year in dividends, and until the recent deplorable slump in stocks it sold above par.

They will tell you that it would not be fair to squeeze out the water in a reorganization. For example, a great many small investors had bought Union Pacific, Northern Pacific, and Atchison stocks during boom times. Times turned bad. The roads could no longer carry the overcapitalization and the profitless branch lines with which financial geniuses had loaded them. Bankruptcy followed. But the small, innocent investors must not be frozen out. They must be permitted to exchange their old stock for new, and so given a chance to recoup when good times come again. Such is the argument.

As a matter of fact, it doesn't work that way. The ordinary innocent investor gets frightened when he sees the road approaching insolvency, and dumps his stock on a falling market for what little it will fetch; or he is pinched in his own small business and has to sell; or he can't pay the assessment. In any event, he throws over the stock. The opulent

"reorganization syndicate" or individual financiers scoop it in. Thus Kuhn-Loeb and their reorganizing associates, including Hariman, emerged from the Union Pacific reorganization with great blocks of the stock, which they had taken in at bottom prices. Northern Pacific reorganization landed almost half the stock in the hands of Morgan, Hill, and their crowd.

ALWAYS WALL STREET WINS

After the panic of 1893, about thirty thousand miles of road underwent reorganization. One might mention Baltimore & Ohio, in which old first preferred stock got 52½ per cent. of face value in new preferred and 75 per cent. in new common; the old second preferred received 20 per cent. in new preferred and 150 per cent. in new common; and the old common got 20 per cent. in new preferred and 100 per cent. in new common. The general effect of the reorganizations was to inflate further capitalizations that already contained water and to concentrate stock ownership in the hands of Wall Street syndicates and big operators. Of course, the syndicates and the operators have since, in many cases, sold out the stocks, to their own vast profit. If ever hard times come again, or other conditions arise that made it impossible for the roads to support the overcapitalization, the same syndicates, with the same machinery, will kindly intervene and put the concerns through reorganization, incidentally gathering in the stocks again at bottom prices.

The four famous builders of the Central Pacific came out of that enterprise with four large fortunes. There is only one way in which they could have made these fortunes—that is, by causing the railroad to issue to them securities vastly in excess of the money they put in, and then by charging such rates for transportation as would make the artificial securities valuable. The common stock, certainly, was all water. In 1899, when the Central Pacific settled its debt to the government by giving three per cent. notes, it was deemed expedient to "readjust" its capitalization and its relationship with the Southern Pacific. So holders of \$67,275,500 Central Pacific stock exchanged their shares for the same amount of Southern Pacific stock and received in addition a bonus of twenty-five per cent. in four per cent. bonds. The old bonds were exchanged for new securities,

each \$1,000 receiving from \$1,050 to \$1,400, according to priority.

The Southern Pacific railroad was originally a quite modest enterprise. To build the road from which the present flourishing system grew, cost, according to testimony, less than \$7,000,000, while the syndicate that did the building issued to itself \$40,000,000 in various securities. The Southern Pacific, which is a holding company, at present has over nine thousand miles of road. Its funded debt and preferred stock issue amount to \$44,000 per mile of road—which, in all human probability, is more than was ever actually invested in constructing and equipping the lines. In addition, it has \$197,849,253 common stock. On this common stock dividends are paid at the rate of five per cent. a year. Last year, after meeting all expenses and charges, the road earned more than eight per cent. on this common stock. How could it possibly do that unless it were charging higher rates for transportation than would yield a fair return upon the investment?

STILL THE SAME OLD GAME

They say that stock-watering in the railroad field, though practised with regrettable vigor in the early days, is now a thing of the past. But saying so doesn't make it so. The process continues, but, in the main, in somewhat subtler forms. The year 1901 was not an early day. Somebody then bought, in the market, great quantities of the stock of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy road—at about \$125 or \$130 a share. Presently it was announced that, under the auspices of Messrs. Hill and Morgan, the Great Northern and Northern Pacific roads would jointly buy all the Burlington stock offered at \$200 a share, payable in four per cent. bonds. Those two roads did buy \$107,000,000 of Burlington stock, out of a total of \$110,000,000, and issued therefor \$214,000,000 of four per cent. bonds—which were then sold to investors, who, to be sure, got but a modest return upon their money. Say, for the sake of the argument, that there was no water whatever in Burlington stock. The capital invested in it would then show as receiving eight per cent. a year. Thanks to the Hill-Morgan operation of converting it into double the amount in bonds, the capital invested now actually shows as earning only four per cent.—which helps out arguments before the Interstate Commerce Commission

and elsewhere that railroad rates cannot possibly be too high because the capital invested gets such a small return.

In 1902 the Messrs. Moore and their friends bought up \$70,000,000, in round numbers, of the stock of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific—which had paid from two to three and a half per cent. a year in dividends through the hard times. By the simple devices of a lease and a holding company,

They converted this \$70,000,000 of Rock Island into

\$70,000,000 4 per cent Bonds

\$49,000,000 4 per cent Preferred Stock

\$70,000,000 Common Stock

\$189,000,000

In short, a capitalization of \$70,000,000 was converted into a capitalization of \$189,000,000 out of hand and without adding a single dollar to the actual investment in the road itself.

And this \$189,000,000 enters into Mr. Stickney's calculation as part of that poor, starved railroad capital that gets hardly any return because rates are so low.

Being criticized in some quarters for this rank inflation, the Rock Island people then issued a comparative statement proving that, with \$119,000,000 of pure water just added, the capitalization of their road, per mile of line, was still decidedly smaller than that of many other Western roads—which is quite significant.

Following this inflation, Rock Island bought \$29,000,000 'Frisco common—all water; never paid a dividend—and gave in exchange 60 per cent. in bonds and 60 per cent. in stock, or 120 per cent. in all. 'Frisco bought control of Chicago & Eastern Illinois by issuing certificates at \$250 a share for the common stock and \$150 for the preferred. Mr. Morgan obligingly relieved Colonel John W. Gates of \$30,600,000 Louisville & Nashville stock and sold it to Atlantic Coast Line for \$10,000,000 cash, \$35,000,000 in four per cent. bonds, and \$5,000,000 in stock, or \$50,000,000 in all. The manner in which Mr. Harriman trebled the capitalization of Chicago & Alton has been extensively explained and commented upon of late.

Just here one is reminded of another argument on the railroad side of overcapitalization, put forth by the Chicago & Northwestern, which may as well be noticed here. They say that if there was originally a good deal of water

in railroad securities, the large sums that have been taken out of earnings and applied to permanent improvements have made this good—so no harm, finally, has been done. In the last two years Chicago & Northwestern, after meeting all expenses and charges, including very liberal appropriations for maintenance of track and equipment, has earned net and clear fifteen per cent. on its total issue of capital stock. But it has actually paid rather less than half of this in dividends. The remainder it has devoted to extensions and permanent improvements. In the last four years, the amount taken out of earnings for permanent betterments, over and above the regular and liberal appropriations for maintenance, is \$23,321,604. If one goes back eight years the amount reaches \$50,000,000, or half the total stock outstanding at the date of the last annual report. And during all that time the road has paid dividends on its stock averaging about seven per cent.—surely a fair return upon the capital invested.

In other words, the Chicago & Northwestern has charged rates for transportation in the last eight years that have plainly yielded more than \$50,000,000 over and above a fair return upon the capital invested. And it is alleged to be a signal virtue that this \$50,000,000, instead of being distributed among the stockholders in dividends, has been devoted to extensions and permanent improvements—thereby relieving stockholders, to that important extent, from the necessity of supplying the additional capital that the growth of the system and the increased demand for transportation facilities required.

TAKING IT OUT OF THE SHIPPER

The public—shippers and travelers—has been compelled to furnish the road, in eight years, with \$50,000,000 of capital. But the public gets no return upon the capital that it has thus supplied. The average rate charged per passenger per mile in 1906 was 2.05 cents against only 2.02 cents in 1903. And the average rate charged per ton per mile for freight was the same in 1906 as in 1903, namely, 8.9 mills. Probably some concessions to big shippers were cut down meanwhile, but the ordinary shipper actually paid more. The public gets no representation in the management on account of the capital that it furnishes. Clearly, it ought to control at least one-third of the board of directors.

The Chicago & Northwestern is merely one example out of many. Practically all the big roads yearly take great sums out of earnings and devote them to permanent improvements and extensions. This is held to be an exceedingly virtuous practise, and to atone in great part for whatever stock-watering has been indulged in. The idea really is that if the financiers have created great quantities of bogus stocks and palmed them off upon the public, it doesn't matter, because the same public can be made to pay such rates for transportation as will give substantial value to the watered securities.

It is not possible to trace directly the inflation of capital that has resulted from much of the financial strategy of the railroad in late years—such as the Pennsylvania Railroad's purchase of Baltimore & Ohio, Norfolk & Western, Chesapeake & Ohio; Baltimore & Ohio's purchase of Reading; Reading's purchase of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, etc., because no new issue of securities to finance each distinct purchase was immedi-

ately made. That the general effect was to inflate capitalization is obvious, however.

You can hardly bore into this subject anywhere without striking water. The last report of the Interstate Commerce Commission shows that the par value of all outstanding railroad securities was \$13,805,258,121, or \$65,926 per mile of road. I think it doubtful that more than two-thirds of this represents any legitimate investment of capital in the properties. The gross earnings of the railroads for 1906 were \$2,319,760,030, or an average of \$10,543 per mile. The dividends paid in 1906 were greater by \$34,248,605 than were paid by substantially the same roads in 1905. The gross earnings of the railroads in 1906 amounted to nearly \$30 per capita of the entire population. The gross receipts of the federal government were less than \$9 per capita. It seems worth while to inquire whether railroad rates are too high; but there can be no satisfactory answer until we know what relation outstanding securities bear to the actual investment.

The third of Mr. Payne's articles, dealing further with *Watered Railroad Securities*, will appear in the August number.

Song of the Driftweed

By JESSIE MACKAY

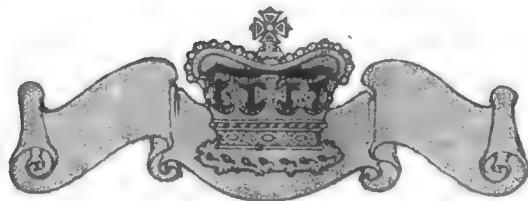
HERE'S to the home that was never, never ours!
 Toast it full and fairly when the winter lowers.
 Speak ye low, my merry men, sitting at your ease;
 Harken to the drift in the roaring of the seas.

Here's to the life we shall never live on earth!
 Cut for us awry, awry, ages ere the birth.
 Set the teeth and meet it well, wind upon the shore;
 Like a lion, in the face look the Nevermore!

Here's to the love we were never meant to win!
 What of that? A many shells have a pearl within;
 Some are mated with the gold in the light of day;
 Some are buried fathoms deep in the seas away.

Here's to the selves we shall never, never be!
 We're the drift of the world and the tangle of the sea.
 It's far beyond the Pleiad, it's out beyond the sun
 Where the rootless shall be rooted when the wander-year is done!

What is The House of Lords?



By **ARNOLD WHITE**

Author of "English Democracy," "For Efficiency," etc.

IN England we have, socially speaking, no individuals. Who plays a "lone hand," plays to lose. We are caste-ridden; the rich peer is the Brahman, the penniless commoner the pariah. Speaking broadly, we are servile to the castes above us, overbearing to inferiors. Were it not so, the fragment from the wreck of feudalism known as the House of Lords would never have floated safely into the twentieth century.

How completely the caste principle still dominates English society is clear to any competent observer. Schoolmasters, navy and army crammers, and other experts in preparing the middle and upper classes, for their careers, openly state that direct connection with the peerage gives a young man ten years' start in the handicap of life. In the political arena the cadet of a noble house who becomes a candidate for Parliament is already half a winner. Essential details concerning him are in "Debrett"—a guide-book to the peerage. His rival may have the grace of Mercury, the strength of Sandow, the tongue of Savonarola, the virtue of St. Anthony, and the wisdom of Solon; but if he be a middle-class Smith or Jones, he is required to prove himself in public for ten years before he ceases to be furtively regarded as a scheming adventurer with nefarious designs on the public. This public's desire to know who a man is, its dislike of strangers, and its reverence for caste,



partially account for the feline vitality of the House of Lords—these things, together with the reverence paid to the Upper House as representative of property, and the actual grip of the Lords on the land.

In theory indefensible, the House of Lords as a Senate seems in fact irreplaceable. England has no Supreme Court to guard the Constitution; the Royal veto has fallen into disuse; no Alexander Hamilton has planted in our constitution the fundamental principles of liberty, life, and ownership. Nothing forbids legislation that would impair faith in contracts. Any Jack Cade or Jack Straw who can secure a majority in the Commons could alter the laws of life and property—after getting rid of the House of Lords. In fact, our only existing safeguard against despotism, socialism, and extravagance, or other results of brain-storm in a demagogue who has captured the House of Commons—to our shame be it said—is the Hereditary House.

Legal power to suggest second thoughts to the omnipotent, but never unanimous proletariat belongs to the Lords alone. And—an extremely important point, since it means an assurance against arbitrary use of the veto—the one condition of existence to the Lords is that they shall always be right in the view of the majority of the people. For the hereditary principle is abhorred by sensible people, whether philoso-

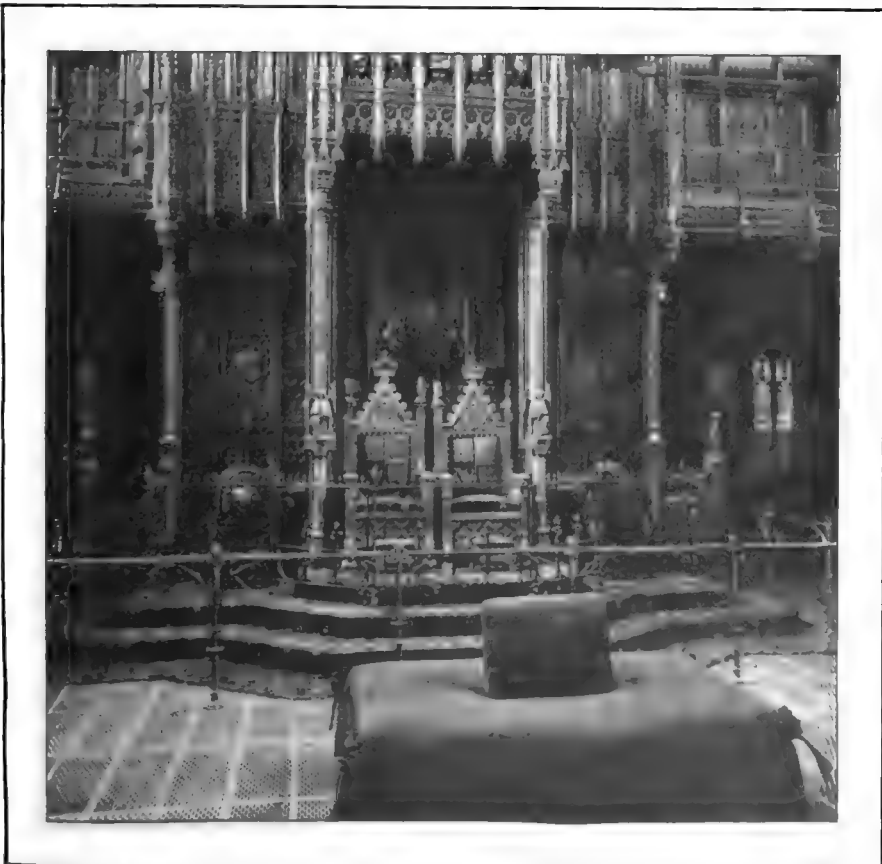
phers or demagogues, and the fact of land-ownership in town and country creates among Radicals and Socialists permanent hostility to the House of Lords; the Lords, therefore, legislate with a halter round their necks. An important bill sent up from the House of Commons can be rejected only when the political barometer is at "set fair." In other words, the Peers will sign their own death-warrant the first time they fail to discern the true feelings of the country more accurately than the House of Commons. When they err, they fall. Twice in the last fifteen years General Elections have confirmed the view taken by the Lords and have contradicted the assumption of ministers in the Lower House that they, and not the Peers, represent the people. The House of Commons represents our moods; the House of Lords our settled opinions. A Sloth when the Tories are in power, the Upper House is a Porcupine with the Liberals.

The House of Commons is about to pass a resolution abridging the powers of the Upper House. In 1886, a similar resolution was defeated by 202 to 106; in 1888, by 223 to 162; by 201 to 160 in 1889; by 201 to 139 in 1890. Even if the resolution is carried this year, unless the Commons are supported by the army and navy commanders having authority to vote, it will have no result. But the fact remains that the position of the Peers is now seriously challenged for the first time since the great Reform Bill; and the agitation gives fresh reason for an examination of the House of Lords, as it now is.

II

Battle is joined on the issue of the land.

During the nineteenth century the dedication of land to pleasure and sport advanced by leaps and bounds, greatly increasing the



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INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS, SHOWING THE THRONE AND THE OFFICIAL SEAT OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

power of the House of Lords by restoring the worst features of that feudalism which, throughout the eighteenth century, was crumbling. The Lords now own in the aggregate 15,500,000 acres of land with an annual rent roll of \$65,000,000, or an average of \$115,000 a year each. Children who are to inherit this land are labeled lawmakers in their cots. And a bankrupt, a voluptuary, or an idiot, though himself suspended, hands on to his son or successor the power of legislation. It goes without saying that no legislature so composed can act impartially in dealing with questions affecting the land laws.

It is the demand of the people for rights in this vast territory that is threatening the existence of the House of Lords. The Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, in beginning the long-pending assault on the land system, has declared that a strong demand for small holdings exists in many parts of the country, and that in one district after another official returns show that the request for land was met by a blank refusal on the part of the Lords. These assertions are, however, vigorously denied by the Marquis of Lansdowne on behalf of the Peers.

Whatever the truth as to this may prove, it is certain that the immediate hindrance to the distribution of rural land in England is, contrary to general belief, less the unwillingness of landlords to sell than the inordinate cost of transfer caused by the opposition of the lawyers to the simplification of the land system. The great leaders of the legal profession are peers themselves, and a sinister alliance exists between hereditary privilege and the trades-union instinct of ennobled lawyers.

To be sure, there is no land hunger in England of the kind with which Ireland is familiar. Almost anybody content to satisfy the attorney and the landlord can buy land in

plenty. The absence of the vine and olive in this climate simplifies the agricultural problem. No *Jacquerie* is likely to occur in our time among rural laborers who are without the revolutionary instinct, and who prefer the glow of great cities to the monotony of the spade.

Yet when all this is said, the fact remains that it is the resentment by masses of people who are neither Socialists nor Radicals, of their exclusion from the land and of the enormous unearned wealth accruing from the land to the Lords, that is prompting the efforts now being made to abridge the power of the Peers. And these efforts are not likely to fail.

The powers of the Lords already have been restricted until the control of the Commons in all the great affairs of State is practically supreme. The Lords may not meddle with money bills; have no control over the navy or army; may not interfere with the control of the House of Commons over foreign

and colonial affairs, matters relating to peace and war, treaties nor internal administration. The Lords cannot upset the Cabinet nor exercise control over the monarch. All these things are in the domain of the elected House. Practically the only power left to the Lords is that of the veto, which is now threatened. As individuals, however, the Lords have the same personal privileges as formerly—they are

free from arrest in civil process in "coming, going, or returning"; every peer has the right of access to the crown, and dukes are officially the king's cousins. A peer accused of crime may refuse to recognize the courts. He then must be tried by his fellow members of the Upper House. But this has come to be regarded as a dangerous practise, since the majority of the peers themselves seem to resent such use of privilege. A recent in-



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THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT FROM ACROSS THE THAMES.

stance of this was the trial of Earl Russell, accused of bigamy. The evidence tended to show that he had remarried after an American divorce that was proved invalid. Lord Russell demanded a jury of his peers, and although there was good reason to believe that a common jury would have dealt leniently with him, on the ground that his offense was purely technical, the House of Lords sent him to prison.

III

The title to nobility in England rests on two conditions—upon the royal summons to Parliament and, according to modern doctrine, upon taking the seat. Unlike the continental noble, therefore, who is noble by birth, children of a British Peer are commoners during the father's lifetime. Sons of the higher nobility are by courtesy permitted to use the prefix "Lord," as in the case of Lord Charles Beresford, but they are not peers. Eldest sons of peers are often given titular rank because courtesy permits them to use their fathers' lesser titles—as in the case of the Earl of Yarmouth, who is not and will not be a peer until the death of his father, the Marquis of Hertford. Irish and Scotch peerages do not of necessity give membership in the House of Lords. For instance, Lord Curzon has an Irish peerage, but is eligible to membership only in the House of Commons. In the reign of Elizabeth there were only sixty lay Peers. The Stuarts created 108, Pitt 141. Taking the whole House there are only sixty Peers who can boast of old titles. There are, in fact, two orders in the House of Lords, and the Peers themselves never forget the difference between the old and the new men—although it is concealed from the outer world. New

creations are resented by peers of ancient lineage as a dilution of the privileges that their ancestors monopolized.

If the peers are to-day ten times as numerous as they were under the Tudors, the Liberals are responsible. Mr. Gladstone, despite the fact that his farewell speech in Parliament was a solemn warning to the Hereditary House that its days were numbered, created more Peers than any one minister since the Revolution, while the secret favor with which the peerage is regarded by the rich members of the Liberal Party contrasts sharply with the menaces commonly uttered from the platform. Since the great Reform Bill, Liberals have created 232 peers to 131 created by the Conservative and Unionist governments. The Radical, Mr.



THE DUKE OF NORFOLK AT TEA, AFTER THE GOODWOOD RACES.

Cyril Flower, for instance, won a seat in the Commons by the eloquence with which he condemned the House of Lords. He then accepted a peerage—is now Lord Battersea.

Including three princes of the royal blood, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, there are now 618 peers. There are also eleven Imperial peeresses, and three Scottish peeresses in their own right, of whom Mona Josephine T. Stapleton, Baroness Beaumont, a girl of thirteen, has the most ancient title, her barony dating back to 1309.

For two decades past the peer-making power has belonged to the leading men of a party who were of much the same strain of blood. Lord Salisbury's government and that of Mr. Balfour—with the exception of Mr. Chamberlain in the Cabinet and Mr. Andrew Bonar Law, Under Secretary for the Board of Trade—consisted of a coterie of peers and peers' relations. The Lords ruled



Photograph by Messrs. Bassano, London.

LORD JAMES OF HEREFORD.



THE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

the Cabinet. So intimate was one minister with another that almost everybody was known and addressed by colleagues as Freddie, Algy, Arthur, George, Alfred, Gerald, or Victor. These ministers never mixed on terms of equality with the middle classes. They had no violent likes or dislikes; they worshiped "good form" and decorum; and regarded vice and immorality with less aversion than a breach of etiquette.

With a Cabinet that was practically a sub-committee of the Lords, the recommendations submitted to the King for the creation of peerages were governed by two considera-



THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, ONE OF THE RICHEST AND MOST INFLUENTIAL OF ENGLISH PEERS.

tions—political convenience and national advantage. It has never been denied that the late Lord Salisbury's rather sudden retirement from office was the result of a difference of opinion with the Sovereign on the subject of the elevation of a certain financier to the House of Lords. The Marquis of Salisbury is reported to have said, "I am an old man, Sir, and would ask permission to leave my successor the privilege of recommending the elevation of Sir — to the House of Lords."

Many peerages are granted as the result of bargains between party managers and aspirants to hereditary honors. In the majority of cases there is some ostensible reason which an easy-going public opinion accepts as sufficient to justify the appointment. Does a man brew an ocean of

arsenical beer, amassing a great fortune thereby—a small sum given to charity and a large sum to party funds are counted as justifying the elevation of that brewer to the red benches of the Upper House.

Occasionally the creation of a peer is accompanied by mystery. A case in point is a barony created last year. The recipient was a rich man, but there was no reason known to the public for conferring on him even the honor of knighthood. This peerage is still the subject of angry comment and may some day see the light as a *chronique scandaleuse*. The new peer is not a politician. He was



THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY AND THE BISHOP OF LONDON
AT A FULHAM PALACE GARDEN PARTY.



unknown in any of the spheres in which men acquire such distinction as is conferred in Great Britain on an admiral who has won a battle, a statesman who has ruled a great department, or a philanthropist who raises a down-trodden class. The real fact was, I am informed on good authority, that it was necessary to provide an annuity for a lady who has played a prominent part in smart society during the last few years, and that the peerage was payment to one of the two men who would consent to provide the money required to prevent a colossal scandal.

It is true, of course, that exceptional ability in science, marked success in the law, or distinction in army or navy, still qualifies a man to a place in the Upper House. But nevertheless the sale of peerages and other titles has



THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.



Photograph by Lafayette, London.

LORD WILLIAM CECIL.

now reached such a point that the man in the street has begun to grumble. Mr. Gibson Bowles has publicly declared without contradiction that a very large sum was placed at the disposal of Mr. Balfour and his chief Whip before the last election. Mr. Bowles supports his statement by saying that the election fund has been enriched by the recipients of titles who have paid sums varying between \$150,000 for a knighthood and \$1,000,000 for a new peerage. Mr. Bowles goes on to say that it was calculated a year ago that at least \$2,500,000 must have been encashed from various sources by the party fund.

IV

The Upper House, thus constituted, contains the best and the worst of the nation; the richest and the poorest. I know a peer of ancient lineage who has just been expelled from his club for not paying his annual subscription. The claims of the club committee were unmet because the peer in question did not possess the money and could not get it; yet he is not included among the "black sheep." Collectively, the Lords are a strange sight—and a rare one, for four out of five seldom attend a debate. Stand in St. Stephen's Hall and watch the demeanor of the peers as they file out into the night after a great division on a national crisis. A more extraordinary body of men to invest with the power of Constitutional veto cannot be imagined. The leaders, of course, look like other people, but among the others retreating chins and foreheads, the affectation of monocles, rickety legs, dried-up physique and vacant faces are unpleasantly numerous. Certain noble lords, of the sort who never enter the

House except in obedience to special Whips from their party, are just like average well-groomed men. Others are fusty eccentrics who might be mistaken for curio dealers in a

back street in a cathedral town. One such is the Marquis of Clanricarde, whose treatment of his Irish tenants has been a subject of Parliamentary debate for more than two decades, and who is now the subject of a disinheriting bill. Others prove in their bearing that they have risen from the ranks, like the cheerful orator at the Mansion House banquet, who began his oration in the following terms: "Sprung, my Lord, as you and I are, from the dregs of the people——"

It would be a mistake, however, in spite of appearances, to think that the House of Lords is composed largely of degenerate scions of an effete aristocracy, or that the ability displayed by its members either in debate or in the transaction of business in committee or in the Cabinet

falls below the standard of the best men in the House of Commons. Outside the land question or their own privileges, the Lords are more impartial than the Commons. I once had occasion to give evidence before a committee of the House of Commons on the alien question and before a committee of the House of Lords on the sweating system.

The impression left on my mind by the two committees was that the majority of the members of the Commons' committee were always looking over their shoulders in the direction of their own constituencies, with an eye to the effect their report might have upon their electoral prospects; while the Lords' committee seemed to have no other object than the investigation of truth. The late M. C. Bradlaugh, one of the Commons' committee,



Photograph by Lafayette, London.

THE DUKE OF ABERCORN.

for instance, used his great forensic powers to browbeat me into admissions that might be of electoral value to the party to which he belonged. On the other hand, courtesy, patience, energy, wisdom, and impartiality characterized the labors of the Lords' committee, of which such men as the late Lord Derby, Lord Dunraven, and Lord Rothschild were members. The report of the Commons' committee, being a compromise of political opinions, was worthless; even intellectually it contrasted unfavorably with the report of the Lords.

V

On the vices and follies of individual peers—the so-called “black sheep”—are founded the most telling attacks upon the Hereditary House.

It is only fair to say that “black sheep” in the House of Lords are, however, not more numerous than in other walks of life. Among the twelve apostles was a Judas—nearly nine

About two years ago one of the scandals that afflict all highly organized and wealthy societies became public in consequence of procedures before a criminal court. In the course of this trial correspondence was impounded in which the names of no less than six peers were implicated. Blackmail to the extent of \$200,000 was paid by one of them to the accused to prevent the mention of his name. As for the other five peers, the decision of a committee composed of a law officer of the Crown, a representative of the King, and a Cabinet Minister, was that it was better that no prosecution should take place, as the public scandal would be so great as to counterbalance the advantages of bringing to justice a group of coroneted debauchees.

Of the twenty-two English dukes in the peerage of England, there are only five whose circumstances, abilities, and career entitle them to be regarded as possible leaders of the nation. The Dukes of Norfolk, Bedford, Devonshire, Portland, and Richmond have maintained the best traditions of public



TEA ON THE TERRACE OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

per cent. of the apostolate. Among 618 well-fed men of leisure, there will always be a certain number who are unworthy, nor can more be expected of peers than of apostles.

Some of the blackest of the flock are those whose crimes never reach the newspapers.

service. As for the other dukes, matrimonial scandals, impecuniosity, or dissoluteness are, or should be, disqualifications for membership of an assembly that confers hereditary powers of government upon its members.

But the best of the House of Lords is very

good. Repose, straightforwardness, courtesy, coolness, and courage are the characteristics of these English gentlemen who happen to be peers. Probably as good an example as any other of what is best in the House of Lords is the Duke of Bedford. He is a middle-aged man who is without ambition, who shuns public notice and refuses office. He is very shy and silent, but buoyant in spirits, with the bearing of a man who lives much in the open air. When he was urged to take office and to come to the front in politics, the unfitness for leadership of all the other dukes was represented to him. This one was a drunkard, that one was an incompetent, the other one had a foreign wife. "Ah," said the Duke of Bedford, "you wish to act on the principle that among blind men a one-eyed man is king." But so well and so quietly has he served that shrewd judges speak of him in country houses and club smoking-rooms as a future Prime Minister when the country may be really in extremity.

In command of the smartest militia battalion in the country, the Duke of Bedford has set himself to save the militia, an institution founded a thousand years ago by Alfred the Great, and marked down for destruction by a Chancery barrister, Mr. Haldane, last March. The militia, like the House of Lords, is an institution that must have in it something harmonious with the English character, or it would not have lasted for ten centuries, surviving dynasties, revolutions, and time. Whether the Duke will succeed remains to be seen, but his courage, resolution, and industry have been phenomenal.

In money matters the story of the Bedfordshire estates writes like a romance. In eighty years the Dukes of Bedford have spent on education, churches, schools, pensions, compassionate allowances, etc., no less than

\$21,152,680, and a balance sheet for that time shows nothing on the credit side of the account; but the critics point out that such a system is impracticable for other owners.

Among the dukes, the only other great personality is the Duke of Devonshire, whose combination of common sense, patriotism, and lethargy gives him a unique position. Enormously wealthy, and married to a foreign wife, he has cosmopolitan tastes, and spends a portion of the year abroad. By the

public he is credited with perennial somnolence, but really he is alert and astute. Cold in nature and temperamentally indisposed as he is to express his feelings, the superficial observer attributes to him want of earnest purpose. The late Right Hon. Powell Williams was wont to repeat a saying to the effect that he had only once seen the Duke of Devonshire in earnest, and that was when he said "Champagne ought to be drunk out of a pail." The Duke of Devonshire is a great Englishman and has played a part in public life for half a century.

Among the marquises, Lord Lansdowne stands first. During the early part of the Boer War, when he was War Secretary, and British Generals were retreating before a Boer potato-dealer, Lord Lansdowne was held responsible by public opinion for the humiliating fiasco. With the gay unwisdom of his order, he went salmon fishing in Ireland in August, 1899, when Lord Wolseley and the staff officers at the War Office were entreating him to mobilize an army corps with the object of preventing the disasters that afterward happened. Lord Lansdowne's impeachment was called for, and the case against him has never been disproved; but at the height of his unpopularity the Prime Minister—Lord Salisbury—



LORD ROSEBERY AND HIS SON AT THE ASCOT RACES.

nominated Lord Lansdowne to succeed him as Foreign Minister, believing him the strongest man in the Cabinet. And as Foreign Minister Lord Lansdowne has done well, while as Leader of the House of Lords, he is inimitable. His advice will be followed by the majority of the Peers, and in his hands practically rests the fate of the House of Lords.

Among the 124 earls there is no rival to the mysterious and delightful "public orator," Archibald Philip Primrose, Earl of Rosebery, who sits in the Upper House in virtue of his English barony. Lord Rosebery's mysterious eclipse in political life has not dimmed national appreciation of his charm. In private life he is no less attractive than as a statesman. A *grand seigneur*, with cultured taste, knowledge, and great wealth, his hospitality is splendid without ostentation. An omnivorous reader—he has been known to read while washing his hands—he remembers what he reads; and since the death of Lord Randolph Churchill, and the accession of King Edward to the throne, there has been no man in public or private life to approach him in the war of the wits. Mystery broods over Lord Rosebery; some unseen hand holds him back.

Earl Roberts, of course, is the great soldier who is endeavoring to persuade Englishmen to accept virtual conscription, thereby bringing many recruits to the Socialist ranks.

Among the eighty viscounts, the names of St. Aldwyn and Wolseley are the only two of distinction. As Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Lord St. Aldwyn, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, sold to himself his own property on Salisbury Plain for the sum of \$2,325,000, and he also drew a pension which is granted on the ground of poverty, although he had received nearly \$2,500,000 in salary besides the revenues of his estates.

There are no less than 336 imperial barons, forty-four Scottish and sixty-five Irish creations. I incline to pick Arthur O. Villiers Russell, G.C.S.I., Baron Ampthill, as the most capable and promising of the company. Some people would prefer Alfred Harmsworth, Lord Northcliffe, but Lord Ampthill's achievements are unique. Not yet forty, for four years he was Governor of Madras, and for nine months he was Viceroy of India during Lord Curzon's absence. This position of tremendous responsibility Lord Ampthill occupied with perfect success. When he returned home, he went into

camp as a militia officer and took a strong part in the work of tariff reform. It is safe to predict for Lord Ampthill a great future. He is a giant and an athlete, good looking, dangerous when roused. I remember an incident at the annual meeting of the Liberal Union Club. A member used to attend apparently for the sole purpose of insulting Lord James of Hereford, thus stopping the business of the club. This happened for three or four years, until, upon one occasion, the eccentric rose as usual to wreck the meeting. After he had stopped the proceedings for three or four minutes, Lord Ampthill, without emotion or haste, quietly rose from his seat, walked to the place where the orator was misconducting himself, clasped him in his arms, and bore him struggling from the room. The difficulty that had puzzled some of the finest legal brains in the United Kingdom was thus solved by the decision of a young man who may always be trusted to do the right thing.

All bishops of the Established Church are members of the House of Lords, to which they add no strength. They were originally created peers because they were territorial magnates, not because of their ecclesiastical rank, and since they parted with their landed possessions their presence in Parliament is an anachronism since the nonconformist ministers, Catholic priests, and Jewish rabbis are excluded.

In all nations that have become great powers particular families have stood out conspicuously for generations as personifying principles; they receive homage voluntarily offered; their fame is jealously guarded and cherished by the people. So whatever future may be in store for the Lords, the past is their own, and England is proud of it. If the hereditary principle is abolished, if black sheep are excluded, and access to the patrician order is limited to men of real merit, the Upper House, in some form, will be left, in spite of the ballot, for generations to come.

As I have said, the general sentiment is against the continuance of the hereditary principle. The resistance of the Conservative leaders to its extinction is unintelligible. They must be aware that it can last only during quiet times—when the country is prosperous and contented. Unless the hereditary principle is surrendered when times are quiet, it will be violently withdrawn in the next crisis of British national life.

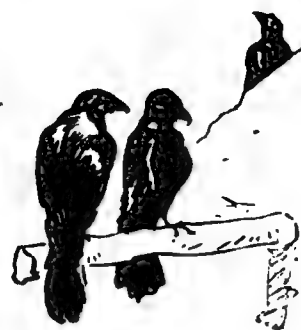


The Honk-Honk Breed

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Author of "The Blazed Trail," "The Silent Places," etc.

Illustrations by Horace Taylor



IT was Sunday at the ranch. For a wonder the weather had been favorable, the windmills were all working, the bogs had dried up, the beef had lasted over, the *remuda* had not strayed—in short, there was nothing to do. Sang had given us a baked bread-pudding with raisins in it. We filled it in—a wash basin full of it—on top of a few incidental pounds of *chile con*, baked beans, soda biscuits, air-tights and other delicacies. Then we adjourned with our pipes to the shady side of the blacksmith's shop where we could watch the ravens on top the adobe wall of the corral. Somebody told a story about ravens. This led to road-runners. This suggested rattlesnakes. They started Windy Bill.

"Speakin' of snakes," said Windy, "I mind

when they catched the great granddaddy of all the bull snakes up at Lead in the Black Hills. I was only a kid then. This wasn't no such tur'ble long a snake, but he was more'n a foot thick. Looked just like a *sahuaro* stalk. Man name of Terwilliger

Smith caught it. He named this yere bull snake Clarence and got it so plumb gentle it followed him everywhere. One day old P. T. Barnum come along and wanted to buy this Clarence snake—offered Terwilliger a thousand cold—but Smith wouldn't part with the snake nohow. So finally they fixed up a deal so Smith could go along with the show. They shoved Clarence in a box in the baggage-car,

but after a while Mr. Snake gets so lonesome he gnaws out and starts to crawl back to find his master. Just as he is half-way between the baggage-car and the smoker, the couplin' give way—right on that heavy grade between Custer and Rocky Point. Well, sir, Clarence wound his head round one brake wheel and his tail around the other and held that

train together to the bottom of the grade. But it stretched him twenty-eight feet and they had to advertise him as a boa-constrictor."

Windy Bill's history of the faithful bull snake aroused to reminiscence the grizzled stranger, who thereupon held forth as follows:



"SPEAKIN' OF SNAKES," SAID WINDY.

Wall, I've see things and I've heerd things, some of them ornery, and some you'd love to believe, they was that gorgeous and improbable. Nat'ral history was always my hobby and sportin' events my special pleasure—and this yarn of Windy's reminds me of the only chanst I ever had to ring in business and pleasure and hobby all in one grand merry-go-round of joy. It come about like this:

One day a few year back I was sittin' on the beach at Santa Barbara watchin' the sky stay up and wonderin' what to do with my year's wages, when a little squinch-eye, round-face with big bow spectacles came and plumped down beside me.

"Did you ever stop to think," says he,

human race for one year was to be collected and subjected to hydraulic pressure it would equal in size the pyramid of Cheops?"

"Look yere," says I, sittin' up. "Did *you* ever pause to excogitate that if all the hot air you're dispensin' was to be collected together, it would fill a balloon big enough to waft you and me over that Bullyvard of Palms to yonder gin mill on the corner?"

He didn't say nothin' to that—just yanked me to my feet, faced me toward the gin mill above mentioned, and exerted considerable pressure on my arm in urg'in' of me forward.

"You ain't so much of a dreamer, after all," thinks I. "In important matters you are plumb decisive."



TUSKY AND ME SET AROUND WATCHIN' THE PLAYFUL CRITTERS CHASE GRASSHOPPERS.

shovin' back his hat, "that if the horse-power delivered by them waves on this beach in one single hour could be concentrated behind washin' machines, it would be enough to wash all the shirts for a city of four hundred and fifty-one thousand, one hundred and thirty-six people?"

"Can't say I ever did," says I, squintin' at him sideways.

"Fact," says he, "and did it ever occur to you that if all the food a man eats in the course of a natural life could be gathered together at one time, it would fill a wagon train twelve miles long?"

"You make me hungry," says I.

"And ain't it interestin' to reflect," he goes on, "that if all the finger-nail parin's of the

We sat down at a little table, and my friend ordered a beer and a chicken sandwich.

"Chickens," says he, gazin' at the sandwich, "is a dollar apiece in this country, and plumb scarce. Did you ever pause to ponder over the return chickens would give on a small investment? Say you start with ten hens. Each hatches out thirteen aigs, of which allow a loss of say six for childish accidents. At the end of the year you has eighty chickens. At the end of two years that flock has increased to six hundred and twenty. At the end of the third year——"

He had the medicine tongue! Ten days later him and me was occupyin' of an old ranch fifty mile from anywhere. When they run stage coaches, this joint used to be a road-

house. The outlook was on about a thousand little brown foot-hills. A road two miles, four rods, two foot, eleven inches in sight run by in front of us. It come over one foot-hill and disappeared over another. I know just how long it was, for later in the game I measured it.

Out back was about a hundred little wire chicken corrals filled with chickens. We had two kinds. That was the doin's of Tuscarora. My pardner called himself Tuscarora Maxillary. I asked him once if that was his real name.

"It's the realest little old name you ever heerd tell of," says he. "I know, for I made it myself—liked the sound of her. Parents ain't got no rights to name their children. Parents don't have to be called them names."

Well, these chickens, as I said, was of two kinds. The first was these low-set heavy-weight propositions with feathers on their laigs, and not much laigs at that, called Cochinchins. The other was a tall, ridiculous outfit made up entire of bulgin' breast and gangle laig. They stood about two foot and

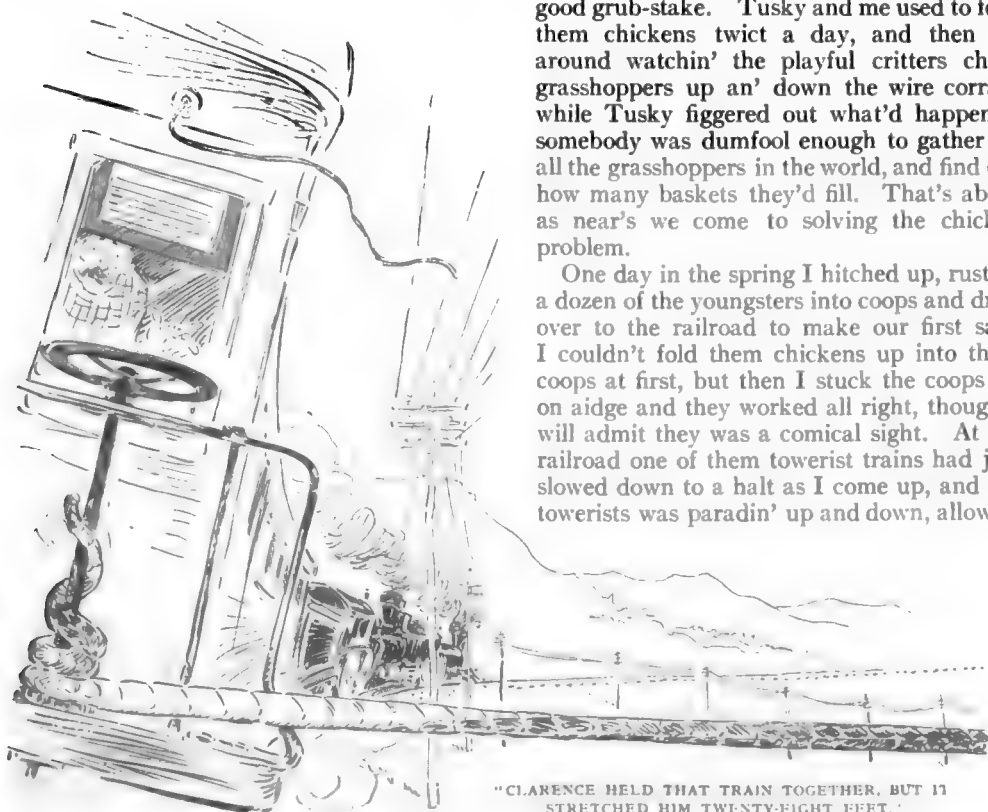
a half tall, and when they went to peck the ground their tail feathers stuck straight up to the sky. Tusky called 'em Japanese games.

"Which the chief advantage of them chickens is," says he, "that in weight about ninety per cent. of 'em is breast meat. Now my idee is, that if we can cross 'em with these Cochinchins fowls, we'll have a low-hung, heavy-weight chicken runnin' strong on breast meat. These Jap games is too small, but if we can bring 'em up in size and shorten their laigs, we'll shore have a winner."

That looked good to me; so we started in on that idee. The theery was bully; but she didn't work out. The first broods we hatched growed up with big husky Cochinchin bodies and little short necks, perched up on laigs three foot long. Them chickens couldn't reach ground nohow. We had to build a table for 'em to eat off, and when they went out rustlin' for themselves they had to confine themselves to hill-sides or flyin' insects. Their breasts was all right, though—"And think of them drumsticks for the boardin'-house trade!" says Tusky.

So far things wasn't so bad. We had a good grub-stake. Tusky and me used to feed them chickens twict a day, and then set around watchin' the playful critters chase grasshoppers up an' down the wire corrals, while Tusky figgered out what'd happen if somebody was dumfool enough to gather up all the grasshoppers in the world, and find out how many baskets they'd fill. That's about as near's we come to solving the chicken problem.

One day in the spring I hitched up, rustled a dozen of the youngsters into coops and druv over to the railroad to make our first sale. I couldn't fold them chickens up into them coops at first, but then I stuck the coops up on aidge and they worked all right, though I will admit they was a comical sight. At the railroad one of them towerist trains had just slowed down to a halt as I come up, and the towerists was paradin' up and down, allowin'



"CLARENCE HELD THAT TRAIN TOGETHER, BUT IT STRETCHED HIM TWENTY-EIGHT FEET."

they was particular enjoyin' of the warm Californy sunshine. One old terrapin with gray chin whiskers projected over with his wife and took a peek through the slats of my coop. He straightened up like some one had touched him off with a red-hot poker.

"Stranger," said he, in a scared kind of whisper, "what's them?"

"Them's chickens," says I.

He took another long look.

"Marthy," says he to the old woman, "this will be about all! We come out from Ioway to see the Wonders of Californy, but I can't go nothin' stronger than this. If these is chickens, I don't want to see no Big Trees."

Well, I sold them chickens all right for a dollar and two bits, which was better than I expected, and got an order for more. About ten days later I got a letter from the commission house.

We is returnin' a sample of your Arts and Crafts chickens with the lovin' marks of the teeth still onto them. Don't send any more till they stops pursuin' of the nimble grasshopper. Dentist bill will foller.

With the letter came the remains of one of the chickens. Tusky and I, very indignant, cooked her for supper. She was tough, all right. We thought she might do better biled, so we put her in the pot overnight. Nary bit. Well, then we got interested. Tusky kep' the fire goin' and I rustled greasewood. We cooked her three days and three nights. At the end of that time she was sort of pale and frazzled, but still givin' points to three-year old jerky on cohesion and other uncompromisin' forces of Nature. We buried her then, and went out back to recuperate.

There we could gaze on the smilin' landscape dotted by about four hundred long-laigged chickens swoopin' here and there after grasshoppers.

"We got to stop that," says I.

"We can't," murmured Tusky, inspired. "We can't. It's born in 'em; it's a primal

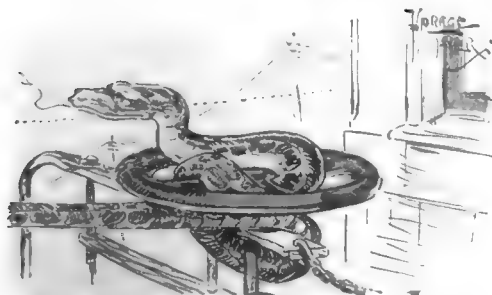


I RUSTLED GREASEWOOD.

instinct like the love of a mother for her young and it can't be eradicated! Them chickens is constructed by a divine Providence for the express purpose of chasin' grasshoppers, just as the beaver is made for buildin' dams and the cow-puncher is made for whisky and faro-games. We can't keep 'em from it. If we was to shut 'em in a dark cellar, they'd flop after imaginary grasshoppers in their dreams, and die emaciated in the midst of plenty. Jimmy, we're up agin the Cosmos, the over-soul—" Oh, he had the medicine tongue, Tusky had, and risin' on the wings of eloquence that way he had me faded in ten minutes. In fifteen I was wedded solid to the notion that the bottom had dropped out of the chicken business. I think now that if we'd shut them hens up, we might have—still, I don't know; they was a good deal in what Tusky said.

"Tuscarora Maxillary," says I, "did you ever stop to entertain that beautiful thought that if all the dumfoolishness possessed now by the human race could be gathered together and lined up alongside of us, the first feller to come along would say to it, 'Why, hello Solomon!'"

We quit the notion of chickens for profit right then and there; but we couldn't quit the place. We hadn't much money, for one thing; and then we kind of liked loafin' around and raisin' a little garden truck, and—oh, well, I might as well say it; we had a notion about placers in the dry wash back of the house—you know how it is. So we stayed on, and kept a-raisin' these long-laigs for the



fun of it. I used to like to watch 'em projectin' around, and I fed 'em twict a day about as usual.

So Tusky and I lived alone there together, happy as ducks in Arizona. About onct in a month somebody'd pike along the road. She wasn't much of a road; generally more chuck-holes than bumps, though sometimes it was the other way around. Unless it happened to be a man on horseback or maybe a freighter without the fear of God in his soul, we didn't have no words with them; they was too busy cussin' the highways and generally too mad for social discourses.

One day early in the year, when the 'dobe mud made ruts to add to the bumps, one of them automobileels went past. It was the first Tusky and me had seen in them parts, so we run out to view her. Owin' to the high spots on the road she looked like one of these movin' picters as to blur and wabble; sounded like a cyclone mingled with cuss-words; and smelt like hell on house-cleanin' day.

"Which them folks don't seem to be enjoyin' of the scenery," says I to Tusky. "Do you reckon that there blue trail is smoke from the machine or remarks from the inhabitants thereof?"

Tusky raised his head and sniffed long and inquirin'.

"It's langwidge," says he. "Did you ever stop to think that all the words in the dictionary hitched end to end would reach——"

But at that minute I caught sight of somethin' brass lyin' in the road. It proved to be a curled-up sort of horn with a rubber bulb on the end. I

squoze the bulb, and jumped twenty foot over the remark she made.

"Jarred off the machine," says Tusky.

"Oh, did it?" says I, my nerves still wrong. "I thought maybe



IT WAS A PURTY SIGHT TO SEE 'EM SAILIN' IN FROM ALL DIRECTIONS.

it had growed up from the soil like a toadstool."

About this time we abolished the wire chicken corrals because we needed some of the wire. Them long-laigs thereupon scattered all over the flat searchin' out their prey. When feed-time come I had to screech my lungs out gettin' of 'em in; and then sometimes they didn't all hear. It was plumb discouragin', and I mighty nigh made up my mind to quit 'em; but they had come to be sort of pets, and I hated to turn 'em down. It used to tickle Tusky almost to death to see me out there hollerin' away like an old bull-frog. He used to come out reg'lar, with his pipe lit, just to enjoy me. Finally I got mad and opened up on him.

"Oh," he explains, "it just plumb amuses me to see the dumfool at his childish work. Why don't you teach 'em to come to that brass horn, and save your voice?"

"Tusky," says I, with feelin', "sometimes you do seem to get a glimmer of real sense."

Well, first off them chickens used to throw back-somersets over that horn. You have no idee how slow chickens is to learn things. I could tell you things about chickens—say, this yere bluff about roosters bein' gallant is all wrong. I've watched 'em. When one finds a nice feed he gobbles it so fast that the pieces foller down his throat like yearlin's through a hole in the fence. It's only when he scratches up a measly one-grain quick-lunch that he calls up the hens and stands noble and self-sacrificin' to one side. But that ain't the



point; which is, that after two months I had them long-laigs so they'd drop everythin' and come kitin' at the *honk-honk* of that horn. It was a purty sight to see 'em, sailin' in from all directions twenty foot at a stride. I was proud of 'em, and named 'em the Honk-honk Breed. We didn't have no others, for by now the coyotes and bob-cats had nailed the straight-breeds. There wasn't no wild cat or coyote could catch one of my Honk-honks; no sir!

We made a little on our placer; just enough to keep interested. Then the supervisors decided to fix our road; and what's more, *they done it!* That's the only part of this yarn that's hard to believe; but, boys, you'll have to take it on faith. They plowed her, and

nearer. Then over the hill come an automobile, blowin' vigorous at every jump.

"Great blazes!" I yells to Tusky, kickin' over my chair as I springs to my feet. "Stop 'em! stop 'em!"

But it was too late. Out the gate sprinted them poor devoted chickens, and up the road they trailed in vain pursuit. The last we seen of 'em was a minglin' of dust and dim figgers goin' thirty mile an hour after a disappearin' automobile.

That was all we seen for the moment. About three o'clock the first straggler came limpin' in, his wings hangin', his mouth open, his eyes glazed with the heat. By sundown fourteen had returned. All the rest had disappeared utter; we never seen 'em again. I



I YELLS TO TUSKY, "STOP 'EM! STOP 'EM!"

crowned her, and scraped her, and rolled her, and when they moved on we had the fanciest highway in the State of Californy.

That noon—the day they finished the job—Tusky and I sat smokin' our pipes as per usual, when, 'way over the foot-hills we seen a cloud of dust and faint to our ears was bore a whizzin' sound. The chickens was gathered under the cottonwood for the heat of the day, but they didn't pay no attention. Then faint but clear we heerd another of them brass horns:

"Honk! honk!" says it, and every one of them chickens woke up and stood at attention.

"Honk! honk!" it hollered clearer and

reckon they just naturally run themselves into a sunstroke and died on the road.

It takes a long time to learn a chicken a thing, but a heap longer to unlearn him. After that two or three of these yere automobiles went by every day, all a-blowin' of their horns, all kickin' up a hell of a dust; and every time them fourteen Honk-honks of mine took along after 'em, just as I'd taught 'em to do, layin' to get to their corn when they caught up. No more of 'em died, but that fourteen did get into elegant trainin'. After a while they got to plumb enjoyin' it. When you come right down to it, a chicken don't have many amusements and relaxations in this life. Scratchin' for worms,



AFTER THE THING GOT KNOWED, WE MADE MONEY HAND OVER FIST.

chasin' grasshoppers and wallerin' in the dust is about the limits of joys for chickens.

It was sure a fine sight to see 'em after they got well into the game. About nine o'clock every mornin' they would saunter down to the rise of the road where they would wait patient until a machine came along. Then it would warm your heart to see the enthusiasm of 'em. With exultant cackles of joy they'd trail in, reachin' out like quarter-hosses, their wings half spread out, their eyes beamin' with delight. At the lower turn they'd quit. Then after talkin' it over excited-like for a few minutes, they'd calm down and wait for another.

After a few months of this sort of trainin' they got purty good at it. I had one two-year-old rooster that made fifty-four mile an hour behind one of those sixty-horse power Panhandles. When cars didn't come along often enough, they'd all turn out and chase jack-rabbits. They wasn't much fun at that for 'em. After a short brief sprint the rabbit would crouch down plumb terrified, while the Honk-honks pulled off triumphal dances around his shrinkin' form.

Our ranch got to be purty well known them days among automobilelists. The strength of their engines was hoss-power, of course, but they got to ratin' the speed of their ma-

chines by chicken-power. Some of them used to come way up from Los Angeles just to try out a new car along our road with the Honk-honks for pacemakers. We charged them a little somethin', and then, too, we opened up the road-house and the bar, so we did purty well. It wasn't necessary to work any longer at that bogus placer. Evenin's we sat around outside and swapped yarns and I bragged on my chickens. The chickens would gather round close to listen. They liked to hear their praises sung all right. You bet they *sabel*! The only reason a chicken or any other critter isn't intelligent is because he hasn't no chance to expand.

Why, we used to run races with 'em. Some of us would hold two or more chickens back of a chalk line, and the starter'd blow the horn from a hundred yards to a mile away, dependin' on whether it was a sprint or for distance. We had pools on the results, gave odds, made books, and kept records. After the thing got knowed, we made money hand over fist.

The stranger broke off abruptly and began to roll a cigarette.

"What did you quit it for, then?" ventured Charley out of the hushed silence.

"Pride," replied the stranger solemnly.
"Haughtiness of spirit."

"How so?" urged Charley after a pause.

"Them chickens," continued the stranger after a moment, "stood around listenin' to me a-braggin' of what superior fowls they was until they got all puffed up. They wouldn't have nothin' whatever to do with the ordinary chickens we brought in for eatin' purposes, but stood around lookin' bored when there wasn't no sport doin'. They got to be just like that Four Hundred you read about in the papers. It was one continual round of

grasshopper balls, race-meets, and afternoon hen-parties. They got idle and haughty, just like folks. Then come race suicide. They got to feelin' so aristocratic the hens wouldn't have no eggs."

Nobody dared say a word.

"Windy Bill's snake—" began the narrator genially.

"Stranger," broke in Windy Bill with great emphasis, "as to that snake, I want you to understand this: yereafter in my estimation that snake is nothin' but an ornery angle-worm!"

The Telegraph-Poles

By WITTER BYNNER

PALE in the jostle of men,
Passed by the panic of souls,
Prophets are wandering again—
See them?—the telegraph-poles!

Naked, prophetic trees,
Miles over field, over fen,
Swift beside rails to the seas,
Motionless move among men.

Chained a miraculous way,
Rounding the world in their flight—
Prophets of death in the day,
Warning of life in the night.

Sometimes the file on its march
Pauses with piteous look—
Threading a murmurous arch,
Touching a curious brook.

Sometimes a palpitant sound
Falls on the marshes—but now
Whispers of roots underground,
Mourns an invisible bough.

Birds, to renew weary wings,
Come as of old—but the wires
Never respond like the strings
Woven in greenly hung lyres.

*"Strip all the leafage from life—
So let its profit increase!
Then, when you turn from the strife,
Where is the shadow of peace?"*

Brain and Body

By WILLIAM HANNA THOMSON, M.D., LL.D.

Author of "Brain and Personality."

Physician to the Roosevelt Hospital; Consulting Physician to New York State Manhattan Hospitals for the Insane; Formerly Professor of the Practise of Medicine and Diseases of the Nervous System, New York University Medical College; Ex-President of the New York Academy of Medicine, etc.

THE world for ages did not know that the brain had anything special to do, and least of all that it had everything to do with the mind. On that account the brain is never mentioned in the Bible, and the great physiologist and philosopher Aristotle, when he carefully examined the brain, concluded that its only business was to cool the blood for the heart! Every other important organ of the body does something visible, either in its action or secretion; but the quiet brain has kept its greatest secrets so well, even down to our own day, that most educated people are still ignorant of the significant discoveries that recently have revealed its particular connection with certain mental operations. Indeed, although Galen, about a hundred and sixty years after Christ, demonstrated that the brain is the bodily seat of the conscious mind, yet so little advance was made for seventeen hundred years after him that when I graduated in medicine none of the great teachers of the day was aware of any specific relations of the human brain to processes of thought. They all taught that the brain in its relation to mind was one organ, acting as a unit in all mental operations, just as the lungs, in which each air-cell does what all the other air-cells do. Hence, it was the whole brain that saw, or heard, or felt, or thought.

One reason for this long delay was that physiologists could experiment only with the brains of animals, such as dogs or monkeys, but not with the brain of man. It was reserved for physicians to make the great discovery that some distinctly mental functions are absolutely dependent upon the physical integrity of *particular* areas of the brain surface. This they did by noting what might be termed the experiments of disease or accident

upon these areas. Take for instance the great faculty of speech, which is a generic and exclusively human endowment, so directly connected with thought that when a man thinks, he can think only in words. Now, after certain brain injuries, commonly attendant upon apoplexy, a person may remain speechless for the rest of his life, and the explanation of this was found to be that a very special region of the brain had been physically ruined.

A man was brought to Bellevue Hospital, wholly unable to speak a word, though he could hear words with his ears and read with his eyes as well as ever. The story told by his friends was that in a drunken row a man had poked the tip of an umbrella into his eye. But instead of seriously injuring that organ, it had passed over the ball into his brain just where the uttering speech center lies, separated from the eye by only a very thin plate in the bony roof of the orbit. While I was describing his case to a large class at my clinic, he saw a student with an umbrella in his hand, and pointing to it, he burst into tears. As far as we could learn, he never recovered his speech.

That the place injured in this and similar instances was the sole seat of spoken language was proved by the fact that not only did injury there invariably abolish speech, in the precise meaning of the word, but that a like injury elsewhere had no such effect, whatever other effect it might have.

To make this clear, we might liken the brain to a great department store, supplied with water-pipes distributed to different floors, each floor having its own kind of goods. Now, if a pipe on one of the floors happens to be too weak to resist the pressure in it and, therefore, suddenly bursts, it may flood and wholly spoil the stock, say, of women's hats, while the rest of the store escapes.

So, the integrity of all parts of the brain depends upon its supply of blood, which comes through its arteries at such a pressure that I have seen the blood spurt six feet from an artery in the arm when it was cut across. Let the walls of an artery in the brain become weakened in structure by poisoned blood from unsuspected chronic kidney disease, and they may some time give way, and the gush of blood may tear up the surrounding delicate brain tissue with resulting symptoms according to the special location of the accident in the brain. I have often warned patients, after examining their arteries, of their liability to the terrible calamity of a "stroke," and have urged the supreme importance of its prevention.

The discovery of a special speech region in the brain was truly a great find, for it furnished a key for unlocking one chamber after another of this mysterious physical organ of the mind. Even as regards the faculty of speech itself, it was soon revealed that it had three separate anatomical seats in the brain. One place is in the auditory region of the brain, where words coming to us through the ear are registered; another place is in the visual area, where words coming through the eye in reading are registered; and by means of a third place, in the motor area, we utter words by the movements of the muscles of the larynx, tongue, or lips. It was this center that was destroyed in the case of the umbrella accident.

— POWER TO READ LOST IN A NIGHT

How separate and distinct from this uttering center the brain place for reading is, was illustrated by a lady patient of mine who was astonished one morning at finding that she could not read a word in anything, whether newspaper or book. She thought something must be wrong with her eyes, but she saw everything about the room as well as ever and could sew and knit. I tested her speech carefully, and found that she could hear every word addressed to her and could talk remarkably well. Her reading brain center, however, had been destroyed in the night without her waking, by a plug in the little artery which supplies that place, and she forthwith became as illiterate as a Papuan savage, nor did she learn to read again, succumbing to apoplexy two years afterward.

Generally more than one speech center is injured by an apoplectic hemorrhage in the

brain, as was the case with a patient of mine, a gentleman who one morning lost not only all power of utterance, but also all ability to read. He could, however, hear words perfectly and, strange to tell, he proved that the place for arithmetical figures is in a different brain locality from that for words, because he could read and write figures and calculate every kind of sum in large business transactions, which he successfully conducted for seven years afterward, without once being able to speak a word or even to read his own signature.

WORD-SHELVES IN OUR BRAINS

Likewise, music notes are registered in a still different place, as is demonstrated by numerous published instances of skilled musicians who suddenly lost all power to read music, though they could read everything else; while, vice versa, others have been found who became *word* blind, but still could read music notes.

Still other facts that demonstrate the actual relations of the brain to the mind should be mentioned, because they prepare us the better to understand the relations of the brain to the body. Disorders of speech, due to physical damage in the brain, show that words are there arranged somewhat like books on library shelves. When a man, therefore, learns a new language, he has to provide a new shelf for its words. This is proved by the case, among many others like it, of a man who, besides his mother English, learned French, Latin, and Greek. He became word blind in English, but still could read French, though with some mistakes, and Latin with fewer mistakes than French, while Greek he could read perfectly—showing that his English shelf was ruined, his French shelf damaged, his Latin shelf less so, while his Greek row escaped entirely.

Other instances show that the books may be so jammed sidewise, so to speak, that not one of them can be got out, in which case the event proves that on each shelf the verbs are placed first, the pronouns next, then the prepositions and adverbs, and the nouns last. A man was brought to my clinic who could not utter a word. My diagnosis ascribed his disability to a tumorlike swelling in the speech area, which might be absorbed by giving him iodide of potassium. I then had him removed so that he could not hear what was said, while I told the class that if he recovered he would very likely get

his verbs first and his nouns last. When he returned two weeks afterward, on my showing him a knife he said, "You cut"; a pencil, "You write," etc. Three weeks later he had all his prepositions, but he could name no noun for several weeks afterward. The reasons are that verbs are our innermost and first learned words, because we know that we see, we hear, etc., before we know what it is that we see or hear; while nouns represent things outside of us, to which we later give names. The nouns that we learn last, and therefore forget soonest, are the names of persons; that is why elderly people are ever complaining that they cannot recall names.

HOW MAN DIFFERS FROM THE APE

Now, facts like these are much more than curious or interesting, because they really lead to the answer of the great question, What is man? Zoologically, the animal *homo* is closely allied to the other primates, as they are called, the orang-outang, the gorilla, and the chimpanzee. He is thus allied in his body and all its organs, but *particularly* in his brain, for Huxley demonstrated that the human brain does not contain a single lobe nor convolution that is not present also in the brain of a chimpanzee.

But mentally, not anatomically, man is as far removed from the highest apes as is a fixed star from the earth. No chimpanzee could be taught to pass an examination in Greek or English literature, nor to compute a comet's orbit, nor make a bank-note, nor argue as a Free Trader or as a Calvinist. But man can become anything, a scientist, a scholar, a mathematician, an artist, a statesman, or what not. And above all, man is a true creator, by his own intelligent purpose *originating* things that otherwise would not exist. That tremendous structure, the bridge over the Firth of Forth, for instance, existed down to its smallest detail in the mind of its engineer before any part of it existed on earth. Now, any one of these tests suffices to prove that the difference is not one of degree, but of kind, and that man is an animal only physically.

Science is now estopped from all attempts to explain the incalculable superiority of man's mind by his having an exceptional brain. We have mentioned that Huxley showed that the difference between the human and the chimpanzee brain is too insignificant to count, and I knew a teacher in a medical

college who did not discover until his sixth lecture that the brain which he had been demonstrating to the class was the brain of an ape and not of a man. But the chief reason that science now has for hesitation is the recent discoveries which show that the brain is not the *source* of thought, but is purely the instrument of the thinker, just as the violin is the instrument of the musician who plays it, and by itself cannot give forth a single note of violin music.

The first approach to this conclusion came through the comparative weighing of various brains. Some of the heaviest and largest healthy brains on record were found *post mortem* in paupers, who during life had only the minds of paupers, while an examination of the brain of von Helmholtz, perhaps of all our age in Europe the man most eminent for intellect, showed that it was a full tenth below the average weight of the adult male European brain. Plainly, then, the mental capacity of an individual bears no necessary relation to the amount of brain matter that he has in his head.

But further and more decisive evidence on this point is the fact that, strictly speaking, all of us use in thinking only one half of the brain we have. For the fact is that the brain is a pair organ consisting of two perfectly matched hemispheres, but only one of them becomes a human brain, that is, a brain with the special mental endowments that are human, while the other remains thoughtless for life. Indeed, cases have been reported by eminent neurologists who had made *post-mortem* examinations, of persons who had lived for years after the destruction of one entire hemisphere, without showing any *mental* defect. But in each case it was the thoughtless hemisphere that had been ruined.

ONE THOUGHTLESS BRAIN IN EVERY HEAD

Now, if brain matter were itself the source or producer of thought, then the more brain matter we had, the more thought we should have, just as two bushels of wheat will make twice as much flour as one bushel. But not so as to brain and thought. As a man does not see twice as far with his two eyes as with one eye, so his pair of brains does not double him mentally, because either hemisphere (when taught) can do the whole business of both, just as a man who has lost one eye can yet become an astronomer with the other.

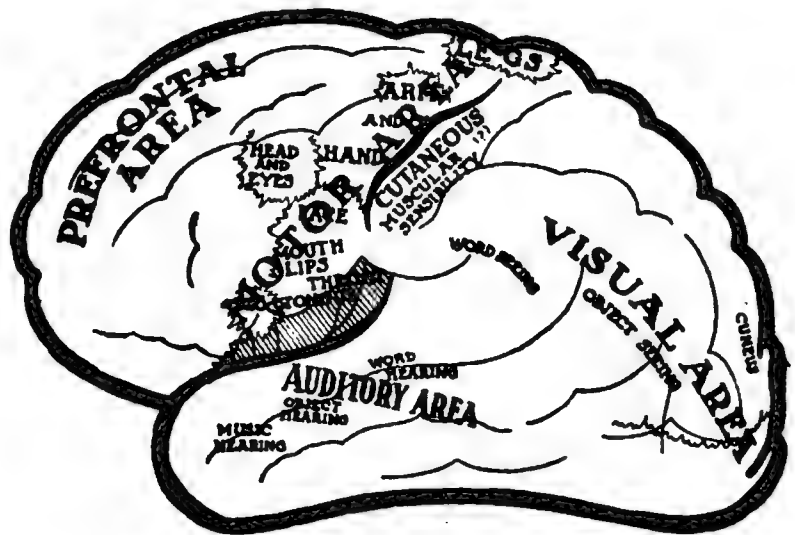
Now, it is of great importance in our dis-

cussion to consider why it is that we use only one of our two brains to think with. When we come into this world we have a pair of quite thoughtless brains and nothing more. To become intelligent beings, we must acquire a whole host of mental faculties and endowments, not one of which does a human being bring with him at birth. No one was ever born speaking English nor any other language. No newly born babe knows anything by sight nor by any other sense. Every kind of knowledge has to be gained by personal education. But only recently have we found that this education necessitates the creation of a local anatomical change in brain matter to make it the special seat for that "accomplishment." Thus, no one can become a skilled violin player until by long fashioning he has at last made a violin-playing place in his cerebrum.

But all this brain fashioning takes so much time and trouble that for mere economy of labor, as one hemisphere will do all that is necessary, the individual spends his efforts on one of them only. As both hemispheres are equally good for this purpose, which of the two he will educate depends on which one he begins with. This is settled for him when as a child he begins all his training by the hand that he then most easily uses. Hence it is that all the speech centers and all the knowing and educated places are to be found only in the left hemisphere of the right-handed, and in the right hemisphere of the left-handed. It is by gesture that the child first tries to communicate with others, and gesture language remains an important accompaniment of speech throughout life. Now it happens that the motor centers in the brain that move the hand are in proximity to the centers that move the muscles of the face, lips, and tongue, and so movements of lips and tongue soon are added to gestures to utter sounds that the human child learns as words. Speech centers once formed, thought centers have to follow, and lastly knowing centers.

Now consider again the case of the man whose speech-uttering center was destroyed by the tip of an umbrella. This brain place was his left Broca's convolution. But since he had a Broca's convolution in his right hemisphere, and neither the umbrella nor anything else had injured that, why could he not talk with it? The explanation is that

brain matter is like the wax leaves of a phonograph. Suppose that you have two phonographs with the leaves all ready. One has been prepared with an impress of sounds upon the wax; the other is blank. Now, should the talking phonograph be smashed by an accident, the crank of the other might be turned never so vigorously but not one word would come out of its brazen throat, the reason being that this instrument never imprints words nor anything else on its leaves of its own accord. And so this man tried his best to get his right Broca to talk, but as he had never taught his right hemisphere, he could not now find a word there. Besides, the difference between phonograph leaves and brain layers is that the latter, as we shall see, need unwearied talking at by the month or



year before words can be imprinted on them so that they will stay.

The accompanying plate is given to represent the left cerebral hemisphere of a right-handed man, and the first things to note are the locations of the brain places whose functions are congenital, that is, those that are born with the individual. Such centers are found equally in both hemispheres. Take, for example, the function of sight. The eye itself no more sees than an opera-glass sees. Instead, the image formed on the retina is conveyed along the fibers of the optic nerves to those two convolutions in the posterior lobes of both hemispheres marked *cuneus*; and it is in those two collections of gray matter that all seeing is done; when this convolution is destroyed in both hemispheres, total blindness results, though the two eyes and all their nervous connections be intact. Likewise in the auditory area is the center for hearing, destruction of which in both hemispheres

causes deafness, though everything connected with both ears is uninjured. The brain centers for smell, taste, and touch lie underneath and on the inner face of the hemisphere, so that they do not appear on the plate. One region, however, on the surface in front of the visual area is a meeting-ground of various kinds of common sensation. Then comes a very important tract constituting a zone lying near the middle of the cortical surface, whose function is motor, that is, its centers govern and direct those muscular movements of the body that are in response to commands of the will. The nerve fibers proceeding from these brain centers cross over in their course to the opposite side, so that it is the left hemisphere motor centers that govern the muscles of the right, and the right hemisphere centers that govern those of the left side of the body.

WHY WE HAVE AN EXTRA BRAIN

I have gone into this description of the congenital functions of both the brain hemispheres, because I am often asked, if one hemisphere is not used for thought, then of what use is it? It is of every use in the working of the bodily machine, as far as feeling or motion is concerned. Paralysis and numbness, or loss of sensation, of the left side of the body are serious misfortunes to a right-handed man, though he still can talk and think as well as ever.

Now we come to what, without any mistake, we find in an adult's brain—the marvelous additions of brain plates which can do so much more than the congenital centers could. Around each of the congenital centers, but in only one of the two hemispheres, are wholly new centers, each with its own knowing specialty. A remarkable group of those, for example, is found around the original center for hearing. One of these—and a divine center it is—knows what music is when it hears it, and this center may all of a sudden be put out of commission. Thus Lichtheim reports the case of a teacher and journalist who after a second stroke of apoplexy heard plainly enough when any one sang or whistled, but he did not recognize the melodies and he was particularly annoyed at concert-singing by his children, because it was “so noisy.” Another center is for hearing words and, as we have seen, a man may waken some morning and find that he has become *word* deaf overnight. But an-

other place in the auditory area has the wider duty to perform of recognizing what different sounds mean. Let that be damaged, and all sounds become alike noises and nothing more to the man, so that he cannot distinguish the sound of a dinner-bell from that of a lowing cow. Just the same with the sight center; in the visual area the convolution called the *angular gyrus* knows what letters and words mean when it sees them, and, therefore, it alone can read; and the place near the *cuneus* knows objects in general by sight; when it is damaged no person can be recognized by sight, nor can that ignorance of what the eyes report be in the least helped by the same convolution in the other hemisphere, though it be uninjured.

Why, therefore, do we have two brains when the mind needs only one? This question might be asked about any of our pair organs. I know a man who lived a long time without once suspecting that he had only one kidney that would work, the other kidney having been destroyed thirteen years before by a stone plugging its outlet tube. Likewise an eminent financier lived for forty of his years with virtually but one lung doing business. So we have an extra brain which, if the individual is yet young, and his brain matter therefore still teachable, will learn everything after its fellow which was first taught has been irreparably damaged. Thus, cases have often been reported of children who suffered paralysis with destruction of the speech centers, but who in a year had taught the speech centers in the other brain to talk as well as those first educated.

SHALL WE TEACH CHILDREN AMBIDEXTERITY?

I have received numerous letters, among them three from college professors of psychology, asking why these facts, which we have been reviewing, do not constitute an argument for teaching children ambidexterity, so that they will use both their brains instead of only one. These questions seem to imply that it would be a great gain mentally if we thought with both hemispheres. We might as well expect that our visual power would be increased by using both eyes, or our hearing by always listening with both ears. The implication of such questions seems to be that the more brain matter is exercised, the more ideas we shall have. But since brain matter does not itself originate a single idea,

nature had better not be meddled with. I know of a left-handed girl who had that hand tied to make her right-handed. The result was that her speech centers seemed to become confused in their education, so that she did not speak as plainly at six years of age as did an elder sister, no brighter mentally, when eighteen months old. Ambidexterity is doubtless a convenience, especially at a billiard-table, but it confers no intellectual advantage.

HOW WE MAKE NEW BRAIN CENTERS

Finally, the important question remains, if the human individual starts just like the chimpanzee, with those congenital brain equipments, both sensory and motor, that have been described above, and then creates those different places in one hemisphere that are endowed with such transcendent mental faculties, how does he do it? This performance is best illustrated by the example of a young man, not a child, concluding to learn to speak and to read a language new to him. In the first place, he must do it all himself. No foreigner can learn German by proxy; nor can he do so by any purely mental processes, such as by imagining, or thinking, or reasoning. Instead, he must hammer away at the task, until after months upon months of continuous repetition the new words become imprinted upon a new cell layer in his speech area, so that they will stay there and be of use when he wants them. But the task is grievous and calls for a great amount not of mental, but of *will* power.

So irksome is this will-making of brain centers that many give the undertaking up before the desired object is half attained, leaving the unfinished brain center as useless for its own purpose as a wagon left unfinished because its wheels proved more troublesome to make than all the rest of it. No excellence without labor, we now perceive, means no excellent brain without labor, though of course there are differences in the fineness of brains as instruments, just as there are differences in violins.

THE WILL A DEFINITE THING

We are now face to face with the great Executive in man, which is not the mind, but a power higher in rank than the mind, namely, the Personal Human Will. Like clay in the hands of the potter, so is brain matter fashioned by the Will, bit by bit, each small area

made to acquire a mental faculty according to the purpose of this unmistakable creator.

There is no word about which the fogs of metaphysics have gathered so thickly as about this word "Will." It is these misty conceptions that make it difficult for many minds to accept the facts which prove that a purely spiritual agency such as they imagine the will to be, could cause any definite material effects. A perfectly material thing, like a brain speech center, which can be destroyed by a pointed stick, must somehow, they think, be made by the brain itself, though how any other part of the brain can make a mechanism for words, without itself giving a sign of having a word in it, is hard to understand.

But there are definite proofs that the will is a specific and positive stimulus to nervous matter, which are made plain when we learn what a specific nerve stimulus is. A ray of light, for instance, is a specific stimulus to the nerve cells of the retina, because no other nerve cells or fibers, except those mentioned, are affected by it. Now we can show that the will is a definite thing by just the same proofs which demonstrate that the actinic ray in a sunbeam is a definite thing, namely, by its effects. Though we cannot see either the actinic ray nor the will, both these agents produce three specific kinds of effects, physical, chemical, and physiological.

NERVE MATTER TURNED TO FAT BY WILL

First, as to the actinic ray. To experiment with it, we must first isolate it from the other rays in a sunbeam. This we can readily do by means of a glass prism, which gives us a long spectrum of bands of red below and the other colors in their order, till they end in a violet band above. Now, take a glass vial filled with a mixture of chlorine and of hydrogen gases; you may pass the vial up from one color band to another, and nothing will happen until just above the violet the vial will explode, with the *physical* result of shattering the glass. The *chemical* working of this invisible ray is seen in photography; Rutherford by the actinic ray took fine photographs of the moon in the dark. The *physiological* effects were shown by an experiment of Lubbock's with ants. He constructed a series of little chambers, with glass roofs through which the prism-separated colored bands of light were made to fall on the ants. They seemed indifferent until the actinic

ray was turned on them, when they immediately bolted into the other chambers.

Now the will can produce the *physical* effects of wasting a muscle to shreds, but it must be what is called a voluntary, or will-worked, muscle. Such muscles are those that are attached by one or by both ends to a bone or to a cartilage. All such muscles are worked by one or more motor nerves, and if these nerves are cut, forthwith the muscle is paralyzed and rapidly atrophies. But both the motor nerve and the muscle may be ruined by the will's simply overstimulating them. Now the only difference between the will stimulus and other nerve stimuli is that the latter come from outside the brain, as a ray of light may come from Arcturus or Sirius, while a will stimulus comes only from inside; and yet it is so specific that it may be focused on only the small spot in the brain-motor region which orders the right thumb and forefinger to hold a pen. If the will does not let up on this order enough to allow the nerve and muscles to rest from its stimulation, we then have a case of writer's or bookkeeper's palsy, in which the thumb and forefinger hang limp and permanently paralyzed. These effects are the same as those produced by other nerve stimuli.

The first effect of such stimulation is to cause the nerve cell to swell by absorption of lymph, but as it becomes fatigued the cell shrinks, its nucleus becomes displaced, and at last the whole cell becomes disorganized into dead stuff. The *chemical* results of this degeneration have been studied and reported to be a change from the normal protagon with its phosphoreted fat into choline and a neutral and non-phosphoreted fat. So, in the case of writer's "palsy," the will has ended its activity by turning precious nerve matter into poor neutral fat, this fat being no more a thing of metaphysics than is a tallow candle.

THE MIND'S BRIDLE

But the will does much more than bring about such changes; for its right is to rule the mind in its thinking, just as the mind in turn rules the body; in other words, the will should not only direct but control thought. This is but in keeping with the great law of organization of a nervous system, where we constantly meet with structures whose particular

office is to restrain and to check the workings of other nervous structures or functions. Thus the heart is kept in check by an important nerve; if this is cut, the heart bounds off to most tumultuous beating, like a horse that has thrown its rider. Physiologists, therefore, call this nerve the heart's bridle. Likewise, it is the business of all the higher nerve-centers to control and to regulate those below them in rank. The powerful centers in the spinal cord would rack us to pieces but for their being checked by the brain above, and they actually do so when the poisons of strychnia or of tetanus overcome the restraint of the brain.

WHY MEN FAIL

But nowhere is restraint and direction so needful as when the mind is thinking. Thoughts pour into the mind from every direction, and the faster the weaker we happen to be. Let a man be prostrated by a fever and he finds it hard to keep his thoughts from running to the ends of the earth, until he may actually "wander" in delirium. In ordinary life desultory thoughts are not only of no use, but may be as injurious as they are worthless. When, as in worry, they are of a disturbing nature, they may jar the mental machine till it wears out by its own friction. The paramount need, therefore, is for some great steadying governor, as that part of a steam-engine is well named; or, in other words, we need a will too strong to be diverted by any thoughts from its purpose. Any one who thinks, speaks, and acts only according to purpose, is a giant among scatterbrains, because it is the will only that achieves. We are ever meeting men with brilliant mental gifts who are sad failures merely because they lack tenacity of purpose, which means lack of will-power. To exert influence over his fellows, a man must have a constant inner power of self-control, while he who goes about "half-cocked" shoots and brings down himself oftener than any one else.

As the best statement of what one really amounts to, and also of what one most needs in this risky world, we would quote from that old Hebrew collection, the Book of Proverbs:

"As a man thinketh, so is he," and "He who hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down and without walls."



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THE MAIN AUDITORIUM AND EDUCATIONAL BUILDING.

Three Hundred Years Ago

By **EUGENE WOOD**

Author of "Back Home"

**Illustrated with Photographs made especially for
"Everybody's Magazine" by Clarence H. White**

THREE hundred years ago to-day (provided you pay me the appreciated compliment of reading this article the first chance you get) the ships that brought them over sailed for home, and the hundred and five original Jamestown settlers watched them swim, like swans with outspread wings, beyond their vision, and then—with what heart-throbs who can tell?—turned to the grim realization that they were in for it.

This was the third try the Englishry had made for footing in North America. Of Raleigh's attempt nothing remains but the euphonious name—Virginia Dare—of the first white child born in this country, and the grue-



some guess as to what became of her and the others. At about the same time as the settlement at Jamestown, another colony landed at the mouth of the Kennebec River in Maine. Finding no gold and silver (oddly enough) but remarkably hard sledding, they took the next boat home, where they

proclaimed it loudly that the situation in Maine was practical prohibition. The Jamestown settlers experienced a frost, too, for the latitude had fooled them into supposing they were in the semi-tropics, a belief they laid aside after the winter of 1607-8—a record-breaker for low temperatures and high winds, which went a-whooping through their pole shanties.

The topic of hard, tight frosts naturally brings up that of expositions in general. The question is sometimes asked: Why celebrate the recollection of a great event, like the settlement of Jamestown, with raised hotel-rates and lowered accommodations; with stuffing prospectors' pockets full of price-lists and advertising circulars; with roller-coasters and flying-horses, popcorn balls and hot frank-fürters; with sideshow barkers and their staccato raps of canes on door-posts, their cheerful cries of: "Right this way, good people all! Loosen up, loosen up. Aw, spend a nickel, can't youse?" Why, it is inquired, join history to huckstering, Clío to Coney Island?

The answer is not simple, but it is very easy: *We can't think of any other way to do.*

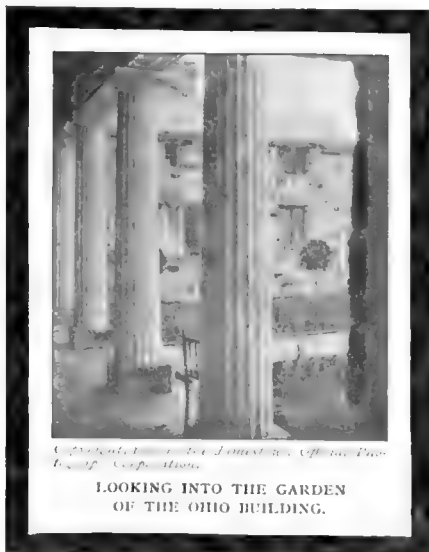
When I say "we," I mean the folks who run things for us. Were they preachers, expositions would be one string of sermons all through the pleasant weather, from frost to frost; lawyers, a series of discourses on the applicability of the laws of James the First to trolley-road franchises; baseball cranks, a series of games with a score of 2 to 2 in the first half of the ninth inning; musicians, a succession of chords of the diminished second, à la Richard Strauss—and so on and so on. You can imagine the expositions devised by each occupation and caste. But they who run things for us are men of affairs, whose formula of life is: $M \ C \ M+m$. That is to say, their cycle of activity is, putting out Money for Commodities with the intent to put out those Commodities for the original Money plus more money (m.). And so on interminably. Since such as these bear the scepter of sovereignty, what other process of celebrating the old folks' golden wedding is conceivable than auctioning off the bar-privileges? On festival occasions everything and everybody should be trimmed, if possible.

About the time the Jamestown Expedition started out, the home folks in England had

got tired of squabbling as to whether a grandson's nephew was more entitled to the throne than a second cousin's husband's half-brother, and had newly lighted on the discovery that it was possible to get more out of the magician's bag of Industry than had been put into it. They wanted a hack at the Oriental trade. The confounded Turks had shut off the overland route to the Orient; the Portuguese had a quit-claim deed, signed, sealed, and delivered, to the route around South Africa, and the Spaniards had another deed to all the rest of the world. There was a straightaway passage to the Indies and Cipango beyond a doubt, if only somebody would stir around and find it. Why, land of love! Look at the map. All you had to do was to sail and sail and get there. So the hundred and five set forth.

Now, it must not be thought that these expeditioners were a bit like the bold brave fellows who swarmed over the mountains into the Dark and Bloody Ground, and thence on to Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. Nor were they like those others, just as bold and brave, who

crossed the Great American Desert after '49. These last were gold-seekers, like the Jamestown bunch, it is true, but they were more than that; they were home-seekers, and home-builders, utterly shameless in the matter of manual labor, and not at all concerned with social status. I'll have you know the Jamestown settlers were no such common trash. Indeed no! They were men who thought some pumpkins of themselves, to whom it was the cruelest of misfortunes to be obliged for the welfare of the



enterprise to associate with dreadful bounders, "whose company in England they would think scorn to have their servants of."

They had sooner die than work; they didn't know how to hunt; the rules of the Corporation forbade their planting, though Captain John Smith seems to have overridden the prohibition. They were expected to maintain themselves and pile up dividends by

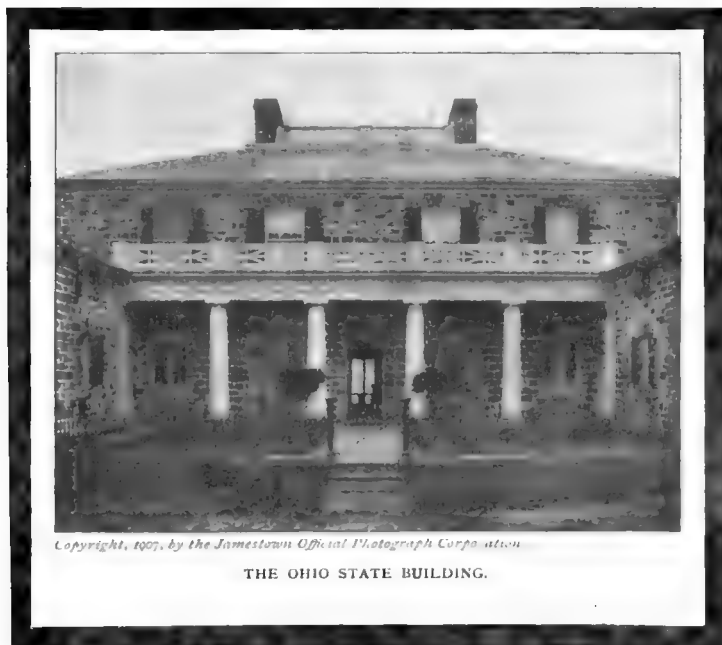


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THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE BUILDING
(INDEPENDENCE HALL).

force and barter; by force against an overwhelming number of savages far superior to themselves in war-craft and strategy, inferior only in arms and armor; by barter with a people who had no need of trade, and hadn't anything to swap except provisions, grown and prepared by their only servile class, the women, the men folks among the Indians being something in the gentry line themselves. Only, there were no grades among them, one male Indian being as much entitled to loaf as any other, and old Powhatan himself holding his job only so long as he gave satisfaction. And by the way, that wasn't his name but his tribe's, just as Rob Roy was the MacGregor

—Scotch tribal organization being exactly like Indian tribal organization, or Roman or Greek or Australian or Hawaiian or that of any people at a corresponding period of savagery. After the old gentleman died, they learned that his name was Wahunsunakok. And Matoaca was the name of her we know as Pocahontas, a pleasant nickname that means "little wanton," or as we should most likely say; "skeezeicks." What you were called was one thing, your name another, which it was a foolish thing for you to tell. Somebody might set to work at "mental malpractise," and you'd take sick and die. After the poor girl blabbed her name and pinned away, the



Indians who heard the news pursed up their lips and nodded: "A-ha! What'd I tell you? Never knew it to fail."

Oh, yes, they had their troubles, these settlers. Listen to this: They were in the country of the Paspheghs, who never did quite take to them. Every once in a while some settler, thinking about something else, would holler "Ouch!" and fall over with a clatter. When the others ran up to see what ailed him they would find an arrow sticking in him. Stung again! So annoying. Really, some one ought to write to *The Times* about it. And finally, old Powhatan (accent on the "tan") sent word to them: "For pity's sakes, mow down the tall weeds around your fort!" He must have thought they didn't have the gumption they were born with.

But I'm not going to

and quarrelsome about who hid the two bottles of "sallet oyle," where, and by what right. He was smart enough to save his scalp and theirs from the Powhatans—yes, that's all well enough, but don't you see? by his demagoguery he got a crowd with him that

try to tell you the story of the original Jamestown settlers. It's too mixed up, too long, and I don't think it's very pretty. There is a whole lot nicer reading to be had than narrations of how they rowed and jowered among themselves, how they tried to kill Captain John Smith, the only man that kept them going, the only man equal to the situation. This Smith had annoying ways of bringing back his exploring parties fat and hearty and happy, while those who stayed in Jamestown and conducted the daily trials for treason and conspiracy were thin



thought he was all right, and so prevented him from being hanged, although he was thirteen weeks under indictment. And so on. But we'll let it go at this.

II

THE Jamestown Exposition is not on the original site. Hotel accommodations on the

piece of agricultural machinery whose rich red rust imparted just the touch of color needed by the gray and dripping day.

Furthermore, Jamestown isn't very gay. Its tendency is to make a person think, and everybody wants to avoid that if he can. There is a lesson in these scanty ruins, and everybody "cuts" lessons at the earliest opportunity. The church tower, surrounded



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VIRGINIA BUILDING.

MARYLAND BUILDING.

island (it is an island now) are quite inadequate. The secular structures there are a two-story frame cottage for the man in charge, and an extra large-sized packing-box provided with a door and a window, where, in his capacity of postmaster, the man in charge puts in a good part of the day scratching out "Jamestown" and writing in "Norfolk" on the letters addressed: "Jamestown Exposition, Jamestown, Virginia." By what is known as "comity," the postmaster at Norfolk forwards him all such letters to help him pass away the time.

And I don't think an exposition crowd could get board and room in the neighborhood. Riding out from Williamsburg, the nearest town, eight miles away, I counted five houses, exclusive of the barn situated alongside a

by a high wire fence and flower beds, has been neatly plastered with cement, and a new brick church is being built upon as much of the ancient foundations as the architect, in his zeal, has not had torn down and cast upon the dump. This is no structure known to the early colonists. What they built was but the flimsiest shelter of green lumber, long ago dissolved into the earth from which it sprang. The tombs about are also of later date, for the original implantations died much faster than tombstones could be got, only thirty-eight out of the original 105 outlasting the first eight months. In nineteen years, out of 7,289 the mortality was 6,040. Three thieves under sentence of death in London in 1616 had their choice of hanging or going to Virginia; one of them preferred being choked to death.

Some earnest-minded persons scold and fume because the Tercentennial is less an exhibition of how skilled we are in bringing forth with the least possible trouble things to eat and wear and make us comfortable mentally and physically, than of new and improved devices for blowing men into Hamburg steaks and splattering them over the landscape, or for sinking ships so suddenly that stokers and coal-passers cannot hope to have a chance to swim for it. I won't go so far as to apply to such the offensive epithet of "molly-coddles." It isn't my word anyhow. But I will say this: There's such a thing as enough of militarism, isn't there? Well, how are

ness, and fight for markets, not for the royal succession. Barter employs Force to run its errands and carry in the coal. Three hundred years ago to-day Barter was just getting the upper hand. I guess we pretty nearly all can make a guess as to who'll have the upper hand three hundred years from to-day.

So I should say it would be all right to have war-ships thicker than leaves on a tree out on that patch of water that looks like any other water but really ought to have a Maltese cross on it, as in the newspaper illustrations, marking the spot where the Monitor and the Merrimac banged away at each other all one Sunday morning, demonstrating that you can make

armor so that a cannon-ball won't pierce it, thus necessitating a kind of cannon-ball that can pierce any armor, thus necessitating a still better armor, thus necessitating a still better cannon-ball, thus—oh, what's the use? You know. As a result of the Merrimac - Monitor affair the war-ships of to-day are all hard-shelled so that no projectile can hurt them, and all are able to throw projectiles that can go through anything. Great sight a war-ship is for anybody that likes to look at machinery. The whole inside of one is so chock-a-block with rig-a-ma-jigs that you have to go up on the gun-deck to sneeze. There isn't room for that between decks, and, besides, you might throw some of the mechanism out of kilter. Nothing can be

more interesting than a fleet thus lying at anchor. When a new ship comes in, or the governor arrives, or the President or some other personage under whose feet the earth-crust sags a little, he's so important, they fire salutes. Something grand! Sounds like kicking on the door of an empty room, only more so. You get kind of tired of it,



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AN ENTRANCE TO THE MACHINERY BUILDING.

you going to find out when you've had enough of anything unless you first find out when you've had too much? Be reasonable. There's no occasion for alarm, no reason to suppose Feudalism once licked by the Bourgeoisie is ever going to come into power again. All these dukes and counts, all these generals and admirals are only the hired men of Busi-

though, in the course of an hour or two. And then it's wonderful to see the admirals and captains and commanders and all such, diked out in hats with feathers in them like a lady's, go calling on each other. The bo's'n's whistle squeals and pipes to sides, the ship's company lines up, and the marines (who are soldiers engaged to shoot the sailors if they go on strike) present arms, and the drums ruffle, or, if there is a band, it strikes up: "Hail to the Chief who in tri-i-umph ad—" when the caller puts up his hand as much as to say: "Oh, for the Lord's sake, stop! I've heard that till I'm sick of it." It's a grand spectacle.

But perhaps you'd like to see the soldiers on the parade-ground. It is a beautiful piece of turf as even as a billiard-table, just for all the world like a battlefield. And the man with the white mustache and the red flabby cheeks has 'em walk this direction a way, and then he has 'em walk that direction; he strings 'em out in a line and he bunches 'em up. And how beautifully they do it! Why, the Uniform Rank K. of P. at home is nothing to them. Nothing at all! See how stiff their necks are, and how their chests look as if they were blown up with a quill; how evenly they step together, and how their alinement is that of a typewriting machine just back from the repair shop! And the colors proudly waving in the sun, accouterments winking and twinkling, uniforms so neat and clean and gay! That's the way to do. Be fair to the enemy. Give him a chance to spot you on the landscape. But best of all is when the man with a sword, who cannot possibly walk in other than straight lines nor turn corners of more or less than ninety degrees, informs the man with the white mustache and the

red flabby cheeks that everybody's there or otherwise accounted for, and the serious business of war begins, holding guns this way and that way and t'other way. The command I like the best is that one where he says: "Ordarr . . . Hump!" and all the rifle-butts hit the turf together in just one thump. I like that because it shows you how and why we conquer. Thus are battles won.

And there's an antiquarian interest in these drills too. If Captain John Smith were to rise out of his lost grave in old St. Sepulchre's in London, he would be right at home. With the exception that the soldiers carry rifles instead of pikes and halberds, and the officers



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LOOKING TOWARD THE EDUCATIONAL BUILDING,
LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING IN FOREGROUND.

omit one or two commands, it's the same old drill; he could do it as well as the fellow with the white mustache.

III

ABOUT the most discouraging proposition, it seems to me, is for a man named John Smith to win an everlasting fame. There's

such a lot of Smiths, and so many of them are christened John. That a hero should have some sort of honorific title is perhaps inevitable, but when you consider how cluttered up the records are with kings tabbed off by Ro-

four seas he labored, no hand is outstretched to receive sixpence for showing Captain John Smith's grave. And if there were sixpence in it, you can bet they'd find that grave.

It was he who caused that section of the



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LOOKING ALONG COMMONWEALTH AVENUE,
STATES EXHIBIT IN BACKGROUND.

man numerals, and popes likewise; with dukes and earls and marquises and lords and counts and viscounts, barons and baronets; with generals and near-generals; admirals, rear and fore; bishops, arch and plane; judges, presidents, and governors, and all the hierarchy of big-bugs that swell up in huffiness if you omit to tip your hat to them or to send them free tickets to the best seats, it is as much as ever democracy can expect that he, who is among the most admired of all historic personages, should be just Captain John Smith.

I have a hammer right where I can put my hand on it for most of these historic personages, people for whose funerals the band turned out and all the stores in town closed up, but it kind o' looks to me as if Captain John Smith was considerable of a man. Oftentimes a man's memorial outlasts the memory of him. But in the land for whose extension beyond the

country where the dried codfish sheds its subtle fragrance on the air to be called New England. What we now call Cape Ann he named Cape Tragabigzanda, after the young woman who softened his lot for him when he was taken prisoner by the Turks. The islands near he called The Turks' Heads, in memory of his exploits when in single combats on successive days before the walls of Regall, he slew three champions who came out to meet this stripling of one-and-twenty. One of them is now Thatcher's Island, the rest are nameless. Only a Smith's Island at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay preserves the commonplace cognomen of the brave young fellow who, just three hundred years ago to-day, took up the task of saving from their own darn foolishness the most cantankerous lot of quarrelsome incompetents that ever landed on these shores. Which is as strong

a statement as I dare make. And at this exposition to celebrate the wonderful event there isn't enough of Captain John Smith mentioned to be an annoyance to anybody.

Captain John, they've been right stingy with you in the matter of tangible fixings on the order of when-this-you-see-remember-me. But don't you care; don't let that worry you a little bit. In the minds of all who've gone to school long enough to get the first ten pages of American history, you have builded you a monument than brass more lasting. For near on to 300 years adventurous youth has reveled in the story of the tight places you have got into and got out of; has hollered "Whoo-ee!" when you poked your trusty falchion plumb through Bonny Mulgro right after he hit you that awful clout with his battle-ax; has understood just how it was the Princess Trag-etc., fell dead in love with you (what woman wouldn't that had half sense? You run mostly to whiskers in your picture, but that was taken fifteen years after); has gritted its teeth to read how mean your Tartar master was to you, and has exulted when you killed him and ran away; felt ashamed and uneasy about the way the Jimtown crowd behaved, but chuckled when you came it over old Powhatan with the mysterious compass whose needle pointed ever to the north; has rejoiced when little Pocahontas threw her arms about you and told her papa he just mustn't mash your head in with a club—ah, Captain John Smith, what finer monument would you have? As for remembrancers, calcareous and vitreous, they shall perish but thou shalt endure.

That epitaph they gave you in St. Sepulchre's—all gone now, church, monument, and all—is pretty fair. It was well meant. But we've got so we don't take much stock in epitaphs. Better far the words of those who knew you well in trying times, who loved you for what you

were, who prized you for your worth. The heart swells to read them now as his must have swelled who penned these lines:

"What shall I say then? but thus we lost him that in all his proceedings made justice his first guide, experience his second; ever hating baseness, sloth, pride, and indignity more than any dangers; that never allowed more for himself than for his soldiers with him; that upon no dangers would send them where he would not lead them himself; that would never see us want what he either had or could by any means get us; that would rather want than borrow, or starve than not pay; that loved actions more than words, and hated falsehood and cozenage worse than death; whose adventures were our lives and whose loss our deaths."

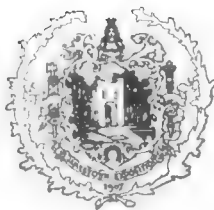
Gentle reader, there is no "adv't it pd" under this tribute; it is no "marked copy" of a press notice; it is no excerpt from "Captains of Industry." It is taken from the chronicle of Potts and Phettiplace, who knew how John Smith could administer, and who lived through The Great Starving Time, the result of the administration of "the better classes."

Read it over again. Note that each phrase is a specific dig at a particular manifestation of the selfishness of those who thought then (and think now) that society exists for them and not for society.

In this Fourth of July season, I'm kind o' bothered in my mind. I'm inclined to admire Captain John Smith and his principles, but all the men of undoubted probity and integrity, all the practical men, all the big-bugs who are running things, are running them just exactly cross-wise of Captain John

Smith's method. I don't know. I don't know whether their fame will last as long as his or not. Sometimes I think not.

What do you think? Of which can we say most surely: "They shall perish, but thou shalt endure"?





FRANK OAKLEY ("Slivers").
The premier clown.



DALLIE JULIAN, THE MEERS SISTERS,
AND CARRIE ROONEY.
"Dainty, daring, dextrous equestriennes."



LOTTIE CHAMBERLAIN.
A noted aerialist.

The Aristocracy of the Circus

By HARTLEY DAVIS

With photographs made especially for "Everybody's Magazine"
by Heyworth Campbell

THE question was about a certain performer's antecedents. Frank Melville, now equestrian director of the New York Hippodrome after forty-six years in the sawdust ring, curled his lip under the little gray upturned mustache, and shook his head.

"They have been in the business only seventy-five years," he said, "so you can hardly call them more than interlopers."

"And how long must a family be in the business to be one of you?" I asked him.

"Oh, a hundred and fifty years or so. Some of us are a good deal older than that. For instance, I am of the fifth generation of performers. We go back more than one hundred and fifty years, and during all that time

every member of my family has been a circus performer. Practically all the best performers before the public all over the world have come from about twenty different families."

These twenty great circus families make up an aristocracy as completely recognized, as closely hedged by tradition, as carefully safeguarded in its own world as that of any monarchy. No member of a royal clan has greater pride in his ancestry, in the achievements of his forbears than the circus folk. Their annals are not to be found in books; they are handed down from one generation to another, plus a little artistic embellishment born of great admiration, and thus are kept alive in the tenacious memories of those who read

little and write scarcely at all.

Not always are all the members of a so-called "family" blood kin, but the exceptions are children who were apprenticed or adopted when very young, usually at the age of six, whose training was the same as that of the sons and daughters, and who hold the family traditions in as high regard. And in the end, the tie is usually made



"HOME IS WHERE THE TRUNK IS."

people who are the world's nomads—living in tents a great part of the year, wandering over the face of the earth, in South America, South Africa, India, Australia, Mexico. A people freed from the conventions that rule our familiar life, who are required by the public only to startle and entertain, and yet who hold high and sacred the family idea and all that goes



A GROUP OF STAR PERFORMERS
The woman is Isabelle Butler, who does the Dip of Death.

stronger by marriage with some blood member of the family.

Here is presented the extraordinary spectacle of a



THE WHIRLING DERVISH IN REPOSE.

READY FOR THE GRAND ENTRÉE.
The man in the middle is the famous clown "Slivers."

with it; and of whose real life the public knows very little.

A social philosopher will tell you that the family is the very foundation of our



A CLOWN ACT THAT "GOES GREAT."
The Kennards and "Sillers" bringing down the "elk."

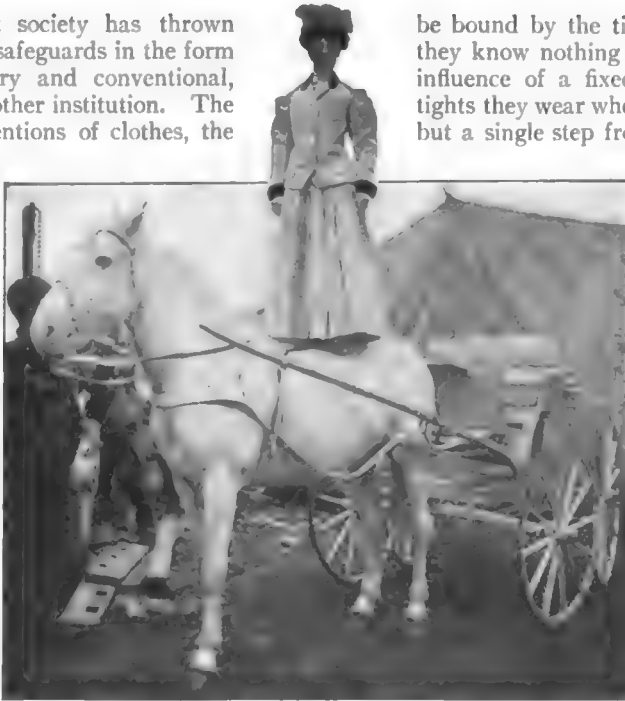
civilization, that society has thrown about it greater safeguards in the form of laws, statutory and conventional, than about any other institution. The home, the conventions of clothes, the separation of the sexes under certain conditions, the warfare against divorce—all these and more has society come to look upon as essential to the preservation of the family.

Now, by the very necessities of their existence the circus folk are cut off from all these things. They cannot

be bound by the ties of nationality; they know nothing of the beneficent influence of a fixed habitation; the tights they wear when performing are but a single step from actual nudity, and in performing most feats the sexes are in close proximity.

Yet, *without* the artificial safeguards that a conventional society has ordained, circus performers are, as a class, the most moral folk on the face of the earth. Frank Melville expressed the fact in this way:

"For two



"SO THAT YOU CAN GET A GOOD PICTURE OF BOTH OF US."

Josie DeMott, "the only somersault equestrienne in the world."

hundred years there has not been a domestic scandal nor a divorce among us when both husband and wife were from recognized circus families. In every case where there has been a scandal, either one or the other has been an outsider."

In this morality you have the full flowering of the family idea, so strong among these people. They are proud of their record; and it is not strange that, with so strong a regard for family ties, they succeed in investing their active life with a home atmosphere, independent of environment.

In this country the circus families are fast dying out. The reasons are many. Primarily, circus parents, instead of bringing up their children to become performers, encourage them to adopt some other calling, because the opportunities for success are greater in business or the professions, and the danger is less. For in most of the acts a circus performer is constantly risking life and limb. Moreover, salaries are not commensurate with the long years of preparation, the hard work,



SUNDAY FOR BOTH OF THEM.
Ella Bradna and her favorite mount.



JENNIE WERTZ AND HER CHARIOT TEAM.

and the brevity of a performer's active life.

It is impossible to make a really good performer unless training is begun very young, say at six. Of course a hereditary aptitude helps, but it is early training that counts most. A performer will not take a child to train unless he can be sure of the services of the youngster for a certain number of years after he becomes proficient. Under the laws in most states a boy cannot be apprenticed until he is sixteen, and he is free in a few years. Thus his training begins ten years too late, and even if he could be made valuable he might leave his master when his services became sufficient to pay for his training and support. Furthermore, the big circuses, with more than one ring, do not tend to develop really finished performers, since no act has the undivided attention of the spectators. All these influences are diverting circus people from their hereditary employment.

So we go to Europe for the big acts.



OLD JAPAN IN THE PAGEANT OF THE NATIONS.

The Geisha girls are the bareback riders, Dallie Julian, Carrie Rooney, and one of the Meers Sisters.

There, a child may be apprenticed at six; and there is still a high standard for the fine do but one thing.

points, since they have but one ring. Also, and this is highly important, the rule is to give only one afternoon performance a week, thus allowing the performers the whole day for practise.

A real circus performer, trained in one of the old families by one of the masters (for so the great virtuosos of the circus ring are called, with the respect and reverence that is given to great teachers of music or painting), can do anything that is familiar in a circus. Thus, he can do acrobatic work on the ground, ride bareback, or perform in the air; but he has distinction in one feat, which constitutes his principal act. The real performers have a pro-



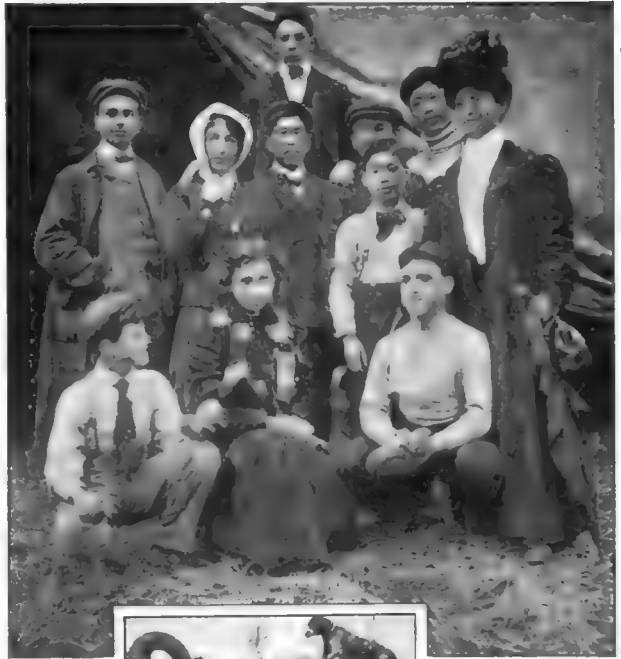
ELLA BRADNA, A DARING RIDER.

The circus folk are frugal and saving. When their active life in the ring ends, the men often secure executive positions with a circus, or as managers of troupes, which they train and to which they give their names. An instance is "Ted" Leamey, an old-timer, who has invented many novelties, like that of four girls working on trapezes attached to a great circle that revolves. He gets \$400 a week for the act and pays the four girls who perform \$25 a week each. There are few performers who do not save a competency; but one finds them living in small towns, and usually with an occupation, for the habit of industry is strong upon them.

Consider some of the performers now before the public and see how they hark back to the old families. With the Barnum & Bailey show are the Siegrists, now combined with the Silbons, who go back so many years that they are credited with being the first family to work on a trapeze. The Siegrists have furnished hundreds of dancers, riders, acrobats, and what not, but always they have held their supremacy in the air.

The Meers sisters, bareback riders, have a name that has been familiar to two or three generations, yet they in turn come from the Oshanskis, one of the most famous families abroad. And these are related to the Bonairs, who are to-day recognized as the greatest of acrobats and who were lately seen at the New York Hippodrome.

Josie DeMott, the somersault rider, with the Barnum & Bailey show, has similar distinguished connections, for the DeMotts have long been well known as performers. Her sister, also a rider, is mar-



SOME OF THE CIRCUS FAMILY OFF DUTY.



REHEARSING HIS ACT.



DALLIE JULIAN WAITING TO GO ON.

ried to young "Bob" Stickney, son of the great "Bob" Stickney, who is now equestrian director of the Ringling circus, and whose family has been in the circus for six generations. Robert Stickney, Sr., was the greatest athlete of his time. Six feet tall, weighing 170 pounds, he had a perfectly formed body. Not only was he a master of bareback riding, but he could turn a somersault over twenty-one horses.

The Florenz family is one of the oldest acrobatic troupes before the public. Madame Florenz, who can bear an unbelievable weight of human beings on her broad shoulders, is the daughter of a famous Italian circus director, and is related to the Chirinis, who for nearly 250 years have furnished the best women riders in Europe.



UNDER THE "BIG TOP."

A thrilling moment in the high wire act.

Minnie Tournier, a trapeze performer with the Ringling show, is a member of one of the most famous of all circus families; her name is familiar wherever performers are found. Indeed, it goes so far back that the grandsons of the Frenchwoman who is looked upon as the founder of the family were the first to introduce trapeze acts in this country.

The three brothers known as the Clarkonians when they work as aerialists, and as the Clarks when they ride, formerly with the Barnum & Bailey show and the Hippodrome, and now with the Ringling show, are at the very front among performers. No other trapeze performers do the double somersault and twist in the air; no others present the somersault



"KID" KENNARD DESCRIBES THE NEW ACT TO HIS TEDDY BEAR.

from the ground, landing on a horse's back standing. Their forbears have owned a circus in Ireland for at least five generations, and every member of the family has been a performer—men and women. The father now owns a circus there and in time the boys will go back to assume proprietorship of it.

The Cottrell-Powers troupe of three, a man and his wife and his sister-in-law, who do the most difficult and spectacular carrying act on horseback, and receive the highest salary of all performers in the business, also belong to Irish families that owned circuses perhaps two hundred years ago.

The Crockett brothers, with the Ringling show, belong to a gipsy family that has furnished per-

formers for nearly three hundred years. Madame Dockerill, who was the most finished of all women bareback riders in America and who received a salary of \$750 a week the year round, "work or play," was a Kenable, a name prominent in circus history. Madame Saki, the famous dancer, was a member of this family. Madame Dockerill's husband is now assistant to William Ducrow, also of a celebrated family of riders, with the Barnum & Bailey show.

W. W. Cole, the managing director of "the greatest show on earth," is not nearly so proud of the fact that he has risen from performer to millionaire and is recognized, especially within the circle of the circus, as one of the greatest of showmen, as he is of being the son of Mrs. Cook, the foremost bareback rider of her day.

Riding on a broad pad strapped on a horse's back is very old; bareback riding is comparatively new. It was no longer ago than 1854, on the Fourth of July, that E. B. Washburne's circus, playing in Boston, was packed to suffocation by the announcement, spread broadcast, that, on that particular day, for the first time in the history of the world, a man would ride three times around the ring standing upright on the bare back of a galloping horse! The rider, Robert Almar, actually accomplished this feat, and also he carried an American flag, which he waved uncertainly, thereby arousing tremendous enthusiasm. Contrast that with the present, when there are scores of riders who can turn a somersault on horseback. A clever boy can be taught, in about three days, to stand up on a horse and ride around the ring.

Yet the changed conditions resulting from the three-ring circus have already lowered the standard of bareback riding. This country has always furnished men riders of the best class. But there is no longer demand for the perfection, finish, ease, and grace that gave distinction to a few men like James Robinson, James Melville, Charles Fish, and their successors, Frank Melville and Robert Stickney, Sr. They were kings of the bareback art. I have heard old circus men say that they would rather see "Jim" Robinson walk into the ring than see any other man ride. He was one of the best dancers that ever lived, yet he learned dancing merely to perfect his riding. He was one of the few exceptions in that he did not come of a circus family. He was born in New York, and his real name was James Fitzgerald. Adopted

by John Robinson, he was trained by a succession of masters—trained how to walk as well as how to dance, how to posture—taught everything that would give him distinction in his act. Never was there a woman with finer grace than his, never a *grande dame* with greater ease of manner. A little before his time James Glenroy had turned the first somersault on a horse's back. That was on the Bowery, within the memory of a large number of people now living. Robinson perfected the act. As long as he rode he was a great star. At the height of his fame he received \$500 a week in gold, equivalent to about \$1,000 now, for fifty-two weeks in the year. He retired with a fortune, which is largely invested in the Lewis department store in Louisville, Kentucky.

Starting when they were six, in the old days performers were trained for four years on the ground before they were permitted to stand on a horse. It is harder to teach a girl to ride than a boy, one reason being the former's lack of strength and stamina. Only a girl with a physique very like a boy can hope to succeed. It is difficult for any woman to turn a somersault and it is possible only for those who have the adolescent figure. No adequate idea can be conveyed of the hard work that brings a rider like Josie DeMott to such a position as hers. For ten years she worked each day until she reached the absolute limit of her strength, being careful not to overtax. It is all practise, practise, practise.

Nowadays all riders are taught by the use of a "mechanic," an apparatus to which they are attached by a strap suspended from a beam which revolves with them. It saves them many a hard fall in the early stages, and makes the progress in rudiments much faster, but saves no time in mastering fine points.

After ten years of preparatory work, the few that show superior excellence are ready to ride as principals. They must own at least three horses, and usually they have four, in order to be proof against any emergency. The best care is taken of these animals. There is a horse with the Ringling show, known as Gipsy, that hasn't taken a step except under canvas for fifteen years. As soon as she has finished her work in the ring she is placed in a wagon to be carried to the train.

A few years ago any good, strong animal—of course the better looking the more desirable—might be taken to be trained. Then a horse could be bought for \$125. Now a good one, such as a circus would use as a draught-

horse, costs about \$300. After they are trained for bareback riding these horses are worth from \$1,500 to \$2,000, and some of them could not be bought at any price. The Cottrell-Powers trio carry six horses that they have insured for \$5,000 each. The most difficult training stunt is to make a good bareback horse, because it must be taught to travel at a pace that never changes, to take a stride that doesn't vary an inch in length. All circus rings the world over are forty-two feet in diameter. A bareback horse upon which a performer turns a somersault should take just twenty strides in making the circuit of the ring. If it can be taught to take twenty-two, it is so much more valuable. If it takes fewer than eighteen, it is useless for fine riding, though in the finish act, which goes with a rush and hurrah, it may circle the ring in twelve to fifteen strides. In turning a somersault on horseback, the rider rises with the horse, landing when the quarters are descending on the second strike after the rise. If there is a variation in time or in length of stride, it means a fall and very often a broken limb.

A man rider receives from \$75 to \$125 a week, and his career as a principal bareback rider lasts about ten years. It is short, not so much because these men get stiff and lose their agility, as because they lose their nerve. Nearly all circus folk marry young, and with their added responsibilities comes a lively sense of constant danger which they ignored in younger days. A man rider who cannot turn a somersault on a horse cannot command more than \$50 a week. A woman rider who can perform this feat gets from \$150 to \$200 a week if she is a finished rider.

This isn't much when all the disadvantages of the calling are taken into consideration, but it should be remembered that all the expenses are paid, including the care, feeding, and of course the transportation of their horses. All they have to provide is their own clothing. For the men riders clothes do not constitute much of a factor, and the women nearly always make their own, except those provided by the management.

It does not take so long to train acrobats or aerialists as riders. If they hope to accomplish anything, they start as children. When a circus performer wishes to damn another he says: "Started to learn after his feet stopped growing." Take the Siegrist troupe, now combined with the Silbons in the Barnum & Bailey show. Old-timers with the show

remember when Toto Siegrist was the "top-mounter" of an acrobatic act in which his father was the "understander" and a brother the middle man. This is the usual arrangement. Siegrist worked abroad for years before he was old enough to appear in this country without being molested by the authorities.

Like the riders, the boys and girls who do acrobatic and aerial feats begin with the rudiments of tumbling and balancing. They must have control of their bodies to a degree not realized by "outsiders." A really fine acrobat can stand in the middle of five circles whose peripheries touch, start to turn a somersault, and land in any one of the five circles that is indicated while he is in the air.

In the aerial acts the first thing taught and the part of the performance most practised is falling into the net. It is difficult to master but, once learned, it gives the performer absolute confidence. I remember Robert Hanlon telling me years ago that he could fall from any height to the ground and if he were not killed outright, he would escape serious injury. If he had a net, he could plunge from a height governed only by the strength of the net. I remember seeing him dive from the top of the Crystal Palace in London, a distance of at least one hundred and fifty feet, making the turn which landed him on his shoulders when he was scarcely fifteen feet above the net. Incidentally most of the aerialists make their own nets, partly for the sake of economy, partly because they want to make sure that the nets are safe.

One member of a troupe doing big aerial or acrobatic acts is the manager, practically the owner. He devises the act, trains the people, and transacts all the business. He is paid a lump sum. In the Siegrist troupe this manager is Toto Siegrist. He does the catching, that is, he swings on the short trapeze and catches the man who does the leaping. The catching is the more difficult, and equally important, although the catcher never gets any applause. Toto's brother, Charles Siegrist, does the leaping. The Silbons do the same side by side with the Siegrists. Both Charles Siegrist and Eddie Silbon finish the act with a somersault into the net. Their wives take part in the act. Sometimes a woman does leaping or catching in an aerial act, and these, if they are not married to members of the troupe, can command from \$40 to \$75 a week and all expenses. The other women in the act are always referred to as "just catchers," their principal business being to catch the

leapers as they come back to the perch. Between times they do a few stunts on the "safety traps," as performers usually designate the trapeze. The "just catchers" get from \$15 to \$25 a week, and their chief reason for being, aside from the catching, is to fill out the picture and to hold the attention of the spectators while the other performers are resting.

The troupe of eleven people with Siegrist gets about \$900 a week and expenses. What division the members of the family make among themselves is never known, but usually it is on the basis of their importance as performers.

The apparatus used by the troupe is expensive. The net is about seventy feet long and twenty feet wide, and it costs \$2.50 a square foot. The trapezes, the frames that support them, and the guy wires are of the finest steel, and the whole represents an outlay of about three thousand dollars.

The amount of physical work done by the performers of the circus is scarcely believable. These people make the care of their bodies their religion, and they will do nothing that militates against their strength or their health. The Barnum & Bailey show has abandoned parades because of the hardship they entail on stock and people, but the others cling to them. When the performers rise in the morning they hurry to the cook-tent for breakfast. Then they must get into their trappings for the parade, failure to report at ten-thirty involving a fine of \$5. If the big tent is up early, the chances are that the arena will be filled with performers practising for an hour before the parade. After the street display, the performers have their dinner and then they must dress for the grand entrée, from which none is excused. Only a very few of the circus folk escape with a single act. Nearly all of them do two and most of them three acts, for each of which they must change their costume. A woman performer often works in a gymnastic act on the ground, another in the air, rides in a ménage act or two, and in the flat races at the end of the performance. In addition she will very probably "do a turn" in the concert after the show, and she must change her costume for each appearance.

The dressing-tent is a crowded, busy place, filled with horses, performers, trappings, yet without confusion. When a man swears in the dressing-tent of a circus it must be under his breath or it will cost him money. And no man has ever stepped foot inside the

women's dressing-tent during a performance in any of the big shows in the last ten years.

Each performer has two trunks, one for the "hotel," which may be opened once a week, on Sunday, and the other for the circus. This is always put in exactly the same place, with a bit of rope above it on which clothing is hung to air. Not an inch of space is wasted, nor a minute of time lost. The women are marvelously industrious needlewomen and most of them are highly skilled in the art. Some of the finest costumes worn in the show are the handiwork of the wearers.

The one amusement to which the men of the circus are most devoted is fishing. Nine circus men out of ten carry a complete angler's outfit in a trunk where every inch of space is precious. Next to fishing comes baseball. If they cannot see a professional game they have one of their own. "Slivers" Oakley, the great clown with the Barnum & Bailey show, is also a mighty hunter and carries three or four guns with him, always placed at the top of his trunk where he can fondle them when he cannot use them.

I should like to say a great deal about the clowns, those human, wise, lovable men, least understood of all performers. Years ago, in the days of the one-ring circus, the clown was one of the most important performers—with his jibes and songs. The three-ring circus drove the talking and singing clown out of business and for years he was relegated to obscurity. Now the pantomime clown is waxing in importance. "Spader" Johnson, who divides with "Slivers" the leadership of the Barnum & Bailey clowns, has been with the show for twenty years and no man is better loved or respected. His wife rides one of the high-grade horses. She learned so that she could travel with him, for the circus never carries anybody who does not work. It always makes a place, however, for the wife or husband of a good performer. Isabelle Butler, who risks her neck by riding the automobile that turns somersaults in the Barnum & Bailey show—"L' Auto Bolide," it is called officially—and who is a trick bicycle rider and a teacher of fancy skating in the St. Nicholas Ice Rink in New York in winter-time, is married, and a place was made for her husband in the box-office. The managers always encourage keeping families together, and their success is shown by the fact that practically every woman of the circus is either married and has her husband with her, or is accompanied by her father or a brother.



The New Strong Wine of Spring

By KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN

Illustrations by Franklin Booth

IF you happen to stroll up the Avenue now and then of a bright morning, you may have already met Mr. Lucius Willingham Coplow, pacing with sedate little steps through the seemly, elegant portals of the Unity Club, or halting meditatively before the alluring banquet spread by a bookseller's window. You may have encountered him to-day; you may have encountered him every day for the past quarter century; but, if so, it may be safely averred that the impression he has made in all that time has never been other than one of dim, sedate neutrality. In fact, the probabilities are that he has made no impression at all.

For Mr. Coplow's gentle, ineffectual presence, despite all its fineness of detail, its polished courtesy, sets no more imprint upon the casual eye than does the passing footstep, the vagrant breeze. He is a small, retiring gentleman, with many grandfathers, and a confiding expression. His principles are as impeccable, albeit as unaggressive, as his raiment; his tastes as staid as his cravats. He has an eye for an etching, a vague, surreptitious fondness for old books, preferably of the leathery, musty sort, chewed by an-

tiquity around the edges—books whose meek dilapidation, in the face of her otherwise rigorously ordered library, his wife has often deplored. So loudly did she deplore, indeed, that on one memorable day, harried to the incredible verge of actual protest, Mr. Coplow turned upon her and mildly requested the privilege of taking his treasures to the attic, where he might enjoy them in peace. The ethereal irony of his plea was sadly lost upon the material Lavinia. She promptly conceded him a corner of the fourth-floor trunk-room. Thereafter, in that airless, penitential cell, full of the chastening odor of moth balls, Mr. Coplow might frequently be found, poring over his disreputable jewels, or tenderly remounting a beloved engraving upon a grimed and priceless page.

These, however, are but subdued and trivial interests. Tastes grow by talking about them; and Mr. Coplow seldom talks very much, having had most of that done for him during the thirty-seven years of his married life. When he does venture to express himself, it is often in the light armor of quotation. To those who know him well, he looks surprisingly like a quotation himself; with his

mild, studious air; his exquisite clothes, his pleasant, irresolute face, he might pass for one of the gentle couplets in which he so often garbs his modest thought.

From a less frivolous point of view he gives the aspect of a man submerged in life. His slender initiative was drowned out in early years by his inherited fortune; and now he is, as it were, swept along, often out of breath, now and then rolled over and over, on the big, resistless wave whose bulk is his great wealth, and whose impetus is Lavinia.

Thus Mr. Coplow. And yet, as this chronicle shall set forth, not a twelvemonth since there came to him an hour when all the tides of life turned and beat high and reverberant; when all the winds of romance called aloud in his ears; when he arose to his full stature, and did brave deeds, flushed and afire with that deep, headiest nectar, the new strong wine of spring.

"Have you finished reading the *Times*, Lucius? Your omelet is getting cold."

Mr. Coplow halted midway of an inspired editorial, and blinked toward the head of the table with a deprecating eye.

"Certainly, my dear. I mean, in one moment—ah——"

"Because, if you have, I must glance through the funerals." Mrs. Coplow buttered her muffin with august calm. "I find that Isabel has thoughtlessly neglected to send a card of condolence to the Cornelius Wilbours, and I fear that the services have already occurred."

"Certainly, my dear." Lucius was gulping the climax.

"Why, Lucius, has it really taken place? Just as I thought! Isabel, you must write immediately, and explain to old Mrs. Wilbour that our apparent negligence was due entirely to your carelessness. Who officiated, Lucius?"

Isabel flounced.

"William Travers Jerome," murmured Lucius vaguely. He was wolfing the last lines in piteous haste. "'Stern adherence'—'uncompromising integ——'"

"Lucius Coplow! Did you hear what I said?"

Mr. Coplow dropped the mangled fragments in despair. He pushed his gray wig askew with a bewildered hand; the gesture made him look even more like a harassed chipmunk than before.

"My love, I really cannot understand——"

"Perhaps I can." Lavinia plucked the sheets ruthlessly from his grasp. "If you would only listen when I address you— 'At three o'clock to-day—' 'The Right Reverend—' Lucius, you are not taking a second cup of coffee! After all Dr. Holbrook's warnings!"

"You gave me such a very scant serving, my dear——"

"Take the urn away, Peters. I must say, Lucius——"

Whereupon the worm essayed a feeble turn:

"Lavinia, my love, I really must have a little more. It is so chilly this morning. And moreover, I cannot relish my breakfast without it. I must request another——"

"Take the urn away, Peters. How you can be so childish, Lucius, as to cling to that habit! Isabel, where are you going?"

Isabel halted in the doorway, with a mutinous click of staccato heels. Her dark head tossed high; but her black eyes, all too heavy beneath their shadowing lashes, wavered and fell before her aunt's unswerving gaze.

"Molly Percival and I are to try her new motor-car this morning," she said sulkily. "We planned to go every forenoon this week, but you always made me go shopping, or to be fitted, or something. And here it is Friday——"

"Peters, call Miss Percival's number, and leave word that Miss Isabel cannot keep her engagement." Lavinia rose, with majestic mien. "I would not limit your pleasures, Isabel. But for a girl whose wedding-day is hardly a month hence, you show a lamentable indifference to your responsibilities! I doubt whether you have even asked your bridesmaids. Molly Percival must be maid of honor, I suppose. But have you decided on the others?"

"No, Aunt Lavinia."

Lavinia regarded her with blank displeasure.

"Really, Isabel, you are too careless. Sit down, child. Lucius, you, too. I want to discuss the decorations. Harrod advises white roses and stephanotis, everywhere save in the dining-room, for which he suggests yellow tulips. What do you say? By the way, what flowers were used at Clara Varney's wedding?"

"Er—ah—I couldn't be certain. Geraniums, was it not, my dear?"

"Geraniums! What nonsense. Isabel?"

"I didn't notice. Pink somethings."

"You never do notice, either of you." Mrs. Coplow's tone rang chill reproach. "I may as well settle it myself. The yellow sounds rather garish. Perhaps he had better do it in greens. Ferns, and trailing asparagus——"

"He can do it in trailing spinach, for all I care," said Isabel, under her breath. Fortunately, Lavinia did not hear her heresy. She had turned to her desk, and was searching with capable hands through serried memoranda.

Mr. Coplow glanced with mild interest from wife to niece. He thought vaguely that their slight resemblances had never been more marked, even though the two were, as usual, in supremely opposite moods. Lavinia was tranquil and composed; Lavinia was never anything else, for that matter. Her steady, dominant temperament was as immutable as were the tones of her assured, commanding voice. Mr. Coplow yielded a furtive sigh. That was so essentially the word for Lavinia—commanding. On this April morning, even in chaste frippery of lilac house-gown and lisse frills, she gave the same impression of pyramidal inexorability as

when in black velvet and diamonds. From every point, she presented an invincible fortress-front. Even her high, gray pompadour had a granite, Ptolemaic cast. Without being a large woman, she appeared of towering immensity; of the impenetrability of steel. You could not climb over her; you could not tunnel through her, any more than through the Rock of Gibraltar; and, thus far, no human being had ever been known to get around her.

Isabel, on the other hand, was a creature of moods.

She sat now in thunderous silence; her slender young body, built on long, clean, swaying, modern lines, reared rigidly erect on the slippery brocaded chair. She was an olive-and-pomegranate girl, with much lusterless black hair, uprolled superbly from her dark, sulky face. Wine-crimson burned in her round cheeks; her soft mouth pouted; her eyes drooped, shadowed by curled, childlike lashes. Always upon her glowed dusky bloom, breathing of warm autumn orchards, of odorous baskets, heaped with purpling fruit. This morning, however, she looked more like a damson plum than like any other



"ISABEL! WHAT ON EARTH——"

horticultural treasure, her uncle considered; and he felt uneasily that to disturb her would give the same sensation as a deep bite into a somewhat unripe specimen. Certainly, Isabel was not herself, her uncle considered. She had been inexplicably discontent these many days.

"Lucius!" Lavinia turned briskly. "You and Isabel may meet me at St. Timothy's, at exactly five o'clock. I want a final decision as to decorations. Also, we will have a rehearsal."

Isabel turned with a gasp. The dull flame leaped in her cheek.

"Aunt Lavinia, please, we'll do no such thing. It's—it's bad enough to be married at all, without going over all that ghastly silliness beforehand, just to make sure that my train doesn't flip over, or that Samuel's knees don't knock together—though, for that matter, when the time comes, they *will* knock! They'll rattle like castanets! You'll see! And the whole affair is odious enough, as it is——"

She stopped short, crimson and furious, yet quelled as always by her aunt's impassive eye.

"He's out of town to-day, anyway," she added, grumblingly.

"Then there will be no rehearsal—for the present." Lavinia yielded with visible reluctance. "But we'll decide about the church decorations—promptly at five, remember."

Only Isabel's rebellious footsteps responded as she clattered away up-stairs.

"Upon my word, Lucius Coplow, was there ever a more unreasonable, ungrateful child!" Lavinia snapped her despatch-box with affronted energy. "And in the face of all we are doing for her!"

"Were you, perhaps, a little—a little—peremptory about the motor, my love?"

"About the motor!" Lavinia turned on him with blinding scorn. "So you think it is just rides and rehearsals! If *that* were all—Hadn't you heard that Archibald Wallace is in town? Of all the wretched complications!"

"Archibald Wallace?" Lucius fumbled obediently for a clue. "Old Admiral Wallace's grandson? The red-headed army one? Why, what of that, my dear?"

Lavinia fixed him with a stare of frank alarm.

"Lucius, sometimes I wonder if your absent-mindedness can possibly be developing into what your Grandfather Willingham's did. Can't you remember that Isabel and

Archibald were sweethearts from their dancing-school days? And that they were engaged all the time he was at West Point?"

"Why, to be sure. I had quite forgotten. But they quarreled and broke it off. And she is engaged to Samuel Witherspoon now, my dear."

"Yes. She is engaged to Samuel." Lavinia's voice took on the menacing ring of one wearied out in well-doing. "And no one, least of all that ungrateful girl, will ever appreciate the pains I took in bringing it about. If Archibald had not been ordered to San Francisco just after their final quarrel, I doubt whether even I could have managed it. But, as it was, everything went perfectly. Samuel is not interesting, I know. But he is thoroughly good, and, with his money and his position, he can make her far happier than that penniless boy could ever do. And here her trousseau is bought, the day set, everything arranged—when lo and behold, Archibald is transferred to Governor's Island, literally under our feet! Of course he must dash up here the moment of his arrival. And in fifteen minutes more Isabel came flying into my room—Lucius, to think any girl could so lack in proper pride!—and cried, and stormed, and commanded—yes, *commanded*—that I should send her ring back to Samuel, and dissolve the engagement. I promptly made it clear to her that a moment's whim could hardly supplant her plighted word. Also, I forbade her to receive Wallace, or to communicate with him, in any way. She obeys, apparently; but I know that they meet, nevertheless. The whole affair is too exasperating. If there had been a serious affection between them, I should say nothing. But a puppy-love affair like that! And Isabel is so obstinate! She flatly refuses to see that all my interference is for her best good."

Lucius thought vaguely that he wouldn't want to marry Samuel Witherspoon either. He had always detested that estimable youth since the days when Lavinia's intimacy with Samuel's mother had obliged him to kiss the pasty baby at frequent intervals. The fact that Samuel was now sole heir to all the Witherspoon millions was of little weight. However, Lavinia could do no wrong.

Lavinia meanwhile had turned with a final resentful sniff to her mass of letters. Presently Lucius gathered up his books and went slowly away, up the many stairs to his little den.

The door of his tight, moth-bally study stood ajar. Somewhat blinded by the sudden change from the light hallway to its gloom, he stepped cautiously in—to tread squarely and horribly upon a soft, limp heap.

"Isabel! My dearest child! Did I hurt you? What on earth——"

Isabel crouched by an open trunk, her face buried in a heap of frilly chiffon, scarlet, bediamonded with jeweled dew. Her uncle gaped down at her; to his dim masculine memory the red flounces brought the fleeting vision of a far-away Christmas dance, years gone, and of a broad, red-headed young man, very much buttoned. . . . Isabel was crying. Not in high, hysterical, feminine fashion, but slowly, heavily, with long, snatching, ugly sobs, that seemed as if they might tear even her strong, splendid, young body.

Mr. Coplow hopped back and stood looking down at her, terrified.

"Isabel! My dear! Why, Isabel, are you—*crying*? There, there!" He patted her apprehensively with three fingers. "If you could just give me a coherent explanation, my love——"

Isabel was too quenched to resent even this fond, maddening sympathy. She dragged herself to her feet, shut the trunk, and stumbling to the stairs, blundered down them heavily, like a blind woman.

Mr. Coplow sat down dazedly. "Lavinia has perhaps been a little—a little too decided," he pondered. For a breath, keen resentment toward Lavinia's merciless decrees shook his mild bosom. "Lavinia is often rather—decided. And it seems a pity to separate two young people, if they are really so fond of each other as—as Isabel's melancholy behavior would indicate. Lavinia certainly should have considered Isabel's happiness in this affair as well as her material prospects." A faint pink rose in his delicate old cheek. . His gentle eyes grew a little dim. "Isabel is nothing but a child. It is too severe of Lavinia to dominate her so. And yet——"

And yet, alas! for all her stern, unflinching tyranny, Lavinia had been undeniably sensible. Isabel and Wallace had not a penny between them; nor, still worse, the ability to save a penny between them. Moreover, "if they have quarreled seriously once, they will assuredly quarrel again. And that alone would show the folly of such an attachment," concluded Lucius, with determined, although

scarcely consoling, philosophy. Yet that anguished young face, that look of utter desolation, drifted before his eyes, and chafed his thought throughout the day.

At four o'clock, he laid aside "Pendennis" reluctantly, and betook himself down the club staircase and across the Avenue to St. Timothy's. Lavinia would be already there, he thought, with a sigh. Lavinia was always prompt.

St. Timothy's, a dim, jewel-lit cavern after the glittering Avenue, was deserted, save for the assistant organist, who sat afar, fingering an uproarious prelude. Lucius's dazzled eyes sought the auditorium to the farthest corner, but in vain. In the midst of his amazement, a sudden recollection smote him. He looked at his watch with a shamed grimace.

"Four o'clock! And Lavinia distinctly said five!" The memory of Grandfather Willingham's "development" smote him with irritating force. "I'll go back to the club. How careless!"

The vestibule door resisted his hand: he gave it a vigorous shove. It yielded suddenly and swung out with a thump, squarely into the back of a very large young man.

The breath of Mr. Coplow's apology died on his lips. For on the young man's shoulder lay Isabel's head and Isabel's small clinging hand.

Mr. Coplow gulped. The man turned with a jerk; his set young face glared haggard in the dim light. The girl's arms fell; she faced her uncle with the same grim, white-lipped composure that her lover's face declared.

"Isabel! My *dear* child! What does this mean?"

"It doesn't mean anything, I suppose." Isabel's cold lips slowly formed the words. "Only that I don't want to marry Samuel, Uncle Luscious. I hate him. I want Arch. I've loved him all my life. And we were going to be married, only I had to quarrel with him, like the silly goose I was, and he went away. And now——"

Her white face did not waver. But her straight young shoulders took on a piteous droop.

"But, Isabel, my dear! You know your aunt is trying—she is seeking your best interests in this thing." Lucius found himself defending Lavinia with twenty frantic arguments—Lavinia, whose righteousness could never need defense! "You—forgive me, child, but this seems very ill-advised. Your



"TUT, TUT, LUCIUS. DON'T KEEP THEM WAITING."

marriage is all but concluded. You, a Coplow, cannot break your word——"

"I broke it to Arch first," said Isabel dully.

"And you must consider Samuel's feelings. He has a right to some—consideration. And your own future, my love, most of all." Lucius spluttered, eloquent. "You cannot step out of the life that you have always lived; you cannot take up an untried existence, where you must renounce every luxury, every comfort, even——"

"Cut it out," said young Wallace curtly. His big shoulders squared; his voice rang harsh on a breaking edge. "Isabel, he's dead right. We can't smash everything, just

for our two selves. We did the whole mischief for ourselves, anyway, when we were fools enough to break it off. That gave your aunt her chance. It's all up now. I shan't spoil the rest of your life. Good-by."

Isabel listened, blanched and moveless. She put out one little gloved hand. Young Wallace stooped and caught it to his lips, then strode to the door. But at the door, he glanced back.

Their eyes met. Isabel did not speak. Her trembling hands lifted, then fell at her side. The pitiful gesture of broken will brought the man at one leap, to catch her in his arms with a low passionate cry.

"My love! My own love! My darling!

I won't give you up. Never. Be quiet. I tell you, they shan't take you away from me. Oh, my love, my love, my own!"

Overwhelmed and shaken, Mr. Coplow dodged through the swinging door again, and stood alone in the dusky auditorium. He was divided between a shocked disapproval of the tempest raging beyond that green baize, and an impassioned yearning to put his ear to the crack. This must not go on. In half an hour Lavinia, the punctual, would surely arrive; and while this scene might be distressing, the one that would ensue, should she suddenly appear, would be past endurance. He must recall poor Isabel to her unhappy part. He must send young Wallace, who was really a very well-intentioned young man, lugubriously about his business. Lavinia had decreed this thing. Lavinia could do no wrong. Yet a queer flutter stirred his dry pulses at thought of their splendid young despair.

He had best interrupt them immediately. To break in upon that tragic tumult made him feel as if he were calling a halt on an earthquake; but he stiffened his wavering knees and nerved himself for the fray.

Even as his unsteady hand sought the knob, the door swung back.

Isabel stood before him, erect, flushed, glowing, incredibly transformed from the white, shattered thing of a moment before.

"Why, Isabel——"

"Listen, Uncle Luscious." Isabel bent and gripped his wrists with both strong hands. Young Wallace towered behind her; the two young faces shone as with some unearthly flame. "It's all settled. I'm not going to marry Samuel. I'm going to marry Arch. And you've got to help. There, now!"

"Wh-wh-what!"

"It will look so much decenter if you back us up, don't you see?" urged young Wallace. He flung a beguiling arm round Uncle Lucius's narrow shoulders. All passion, all mar of pain was swept from his face; he looked like an ecstatic, overgrown boy. "You see, Uncle Luscious, it's going to be an elopement, the best we can do; but with you along, to give a sort of odor of sanctity, it won't be half so scandalous. See?"

"Elopement!"

"Listen, Uncle Luscious." Isabel thrust her lover aside, and took Lucius's blank, stricken face between her satin palms. "We're going to be married, right here, and now. For this is our last chance at happiness, and we're going to snatch. I've only

one life, and it's mine to give as I choose. And I've given it to Arch."

There was a poignant silence.

"Isabel, of all the mad, impossible——"

"It isn't impossible. It isn't even inconvenient," Wallace broke in cheerfully. "Here's church, and organist, and bride, and groom, and the rector right next door, and the maid of honor lives around the corner. And, best of all, here's the Next of Kin, to give the bride away. Hike your necktie straight, Uncle Luscious, and make up your mind to it. It's up to you."

For a long minute Lucius looked from one to the other. The girl, grave, rose-flushed, confident; the boy, crimson to his auburn temples from excitement, yet with unflinching purpose set like a flint in steady eyes and tightened mouth. Then, as if swept past his own command on the wind of their daring, Lucius shut his mild little grasp upon their eager hands.

"Command me, children," he said with an uncertain smile. "If you are really determined—I suppose it is up to me."

"Go get the rector, Arch." Isabel released Uncle Luscious from a hug that left him limp and dazed. "You come to the vestry with me, you old precious. I've got some telephoning to do."

As in some weird dream, Lucius beheld himself seated upon a Gothic bench beside the telephone stand. He shivered a little. With the first tones of Isabel's voice he knew the die was cast.

"Is that you, Molly Percival?" Isabel's head was high, her voice a clarion. "I'm right close by, in the entry at St. Timothy's. Yes, dear, we dropped in for a—rehearsal. And—Molly, are you alone? Horrors! They've stopped for tea? Well, who in the world—Mrs. Wilson? Mrs. Schuyler Wilson, you mean? And Nancy and Judy Barnes, and Neddy Rutherford? H'm. Now, Molly, listen. It's a quarter to five. At five exactly, I'm going to be married, and you and all those people must drop your teacups and come straight over for the ceremony. If you don't stop gasping, Molly, I can't go on. Bring a fresh handkerchief for me. Molly, what are you screaming so for? Of course it's Arch. Who else? Good-by."

"Great scheme." Wallace dashed in, followed by the bewildered old rector, and seized the receiver. "1001-38th Street, please. Hello! This the Khaki Club? Run to the billiard-room, Thomson, and see if Captain

Kent or Atterbury or Buchanan or Ned Winthrop is there, any one of them—or the whole gang, for that matter. Tell them to hit the trail for St. Timothy's like blazes. Tell 'em I'm to be married at five, sharp—married, at *five*, you idiot! Who's *what*? Oh, Wallace, of the 64th. Hike, will you? And say that the one who gets here first shall be best man."

Isabel stood before the vestry glass, serenely arranging her hair. The rector, gentlest and most guileless of superannuated shepherds, after one or two hazy inquiries, had accepted the situation, and had retired for his vestments. He was a little puzzled by this oddly informal consummation of Miss Coplow's supposedly elaborate wedding plans. However, it was given to people to change their minds. Besides, the rector had been literally snatched from a sea of translations, and mind and soul were still adrift in the fourteenth century. Little wonder that he could not perceive a trifling discrepancy in the way of a bridegroom!

"Darling Uncle Luscious!" Isabel dropped her hatpins and put out her hands to him. "You aren't going to see your Isabel walk up that aisle without a single flower, are you, dear? Trot over to the Friesland and tell the florist to give you bride roses, or else white lilac. And hurry, please."

Lucius fled thankfully upon his quest. In action he could escape the gibbering terrors of retribution that now mocked and mowed at his ear. He purchased the flowers (not at the florist's, but from a friendly push cart, being nearest at hand) and strode back loftily, humming a triumphant tune.

Alas, his fiends of prescience awaited him, even at the lych-gate. Even as he stepped within, the full horror of his wretched yielding, his injustice to poor Samuel, worst of all his treachery to Lavinia—Lavinia!—swept over him in drowning waves. Panic caught at his gasping throat. Wild-eyed, his arms still heaped with the crimson roses and callas of his judicious choice, he bolted through the gate and started to run.

At the curb, he stopped short, teeth chattering, yet suddenly himself again. The situation was dreadful beyond words. The family would never forgive him. Samuel would be his enemy for life. Lavinia—Heaven alone could know what Lavinia would do! Nevertheless, as Wallace had said, it was up to him. He was Isabel's next of kin, her Natural Protector. He must do or die.

His shoulders lifted to superb erectness. His faded eyes took on a radiant gleam. The high, exhilarating draught of responsibility leaped to his brain and burned in fiery currents to his finger-tips. For once in his life he was a part of Life itself. With the two awaiting him behind that door he knew himself divinely young.

A deafening throng of wedding guests confronted him as he entered. Molly Percival, bareheaded, shrieking wild questions; Mrs. Schuyler Wilson, dazzling in miraculous raiment of heliotrope and silver; the pink and ruffly Barnes twins; Neddy Rutherford, leathery and redolent of gasoline. And facing their frantic pleas, a pale and determined bride; a red and determined groom.

"We can't wait for your friends, Arch, dear. Please don't shout so, Molly. You're to be maid of honor. Certainly. Yes, I know you're not dressed. But look at me! And, Mr. Rutherford——"

The door swung open; there hurtled in four breathless, laughing men. They stopped on the threshold, amazed and spluttering. They gaped, witless, at Wallace's terse explanation and the hurried introductions that ensued.

"You'll be best man, Kent, please. If the rest of you will chase in—er—walk up the aisle——" Wallace stopped, with a helpless gurgle. The rôle of Master of Ceremonies is a difficult one, at best. How much more difficult when the wedding is one's own!

Isabel cast a beseeching glance upon Uncle Lucius. Head aloft, chest expanded, Uncle Lucius rose to her appeal.

"Major Buchanan, will you escort Mrs. Wilson to a pew? Mr. Rutherford, will you take Miss Barnes? Captain Kent, if you and Lieutenant Wallace will repair to the chancel, Miss Coplow and I will meet you there immediately. You gave instructions to the organist, Archibald? Ah, that is right!" For the familiar strains of Lohengrin were floating down from the dim organ-loft. "Now, we are all ready. Let me take that pink string off that rose, my love. If only your poor aunt— Eh?"

For once again the door swept open. The sunlit space was darkened by a regal bulk in trailing carriage-cloak and billowing plumes.

"Why, Lucius, this is very prompt, for you. Dear me, how dark it is, coming in from the street! Is Isabel— Why, are you having a rehearsal, after all? Samuel has returned, then, and insisted upon it? Oh, go on, both



HEAD UP, CHEST EXPANDED, HE TRAMPLED GAILY THROUGH.

of you! I'll follow, and get the effect from behind."

"But, Lul—Lul—Lavinia——"

Mr. Coplow shut his eyes. Mr. Coplow's tongue was sticking to his teeth. His neat heels beat an anguished tattoo upon the floor.

"Tut, tut, Lucius. Don't keep them waiting. Go on. Now, don't strut so, Lucius. Keep your elbows in, Isabel. Go right on."

Up the aisle went the wedding procession of the year. A flushed and open-mouthed maid of honor, in a charming white lace tea-gown; a royal bride, her dark head high, her cheeks ablaze, carrying her sheaf of battered blossoms like a scepter; and, following close upon her calm proud loveliness, a stately anticlimax, lorgnette in hand, whose smile of bland criticism froze to glaring amazement as they neared the chancel.

"Where's Samuel Witherspoon?" Her astounded whisper shrilled through the silent church. "What! Lieutenant Wallace, may I inquire— Lucius Willingham Coplow! What does this mean?"

Mr. Coplow turned to her flaming wrath with the face of a reproachful cherub.

"This is the House of God, Lavinia. Please take a seat."

"Lucius Coplow, have you lost your wits? Who—when——?"

Her wild eye turned imploring upon the

beaming group in the front pew. Sally Wilson, her arch-rival, her dearest foe; those forward Barnes chits; Major Buchanan, that grinning house-party clown, whose chief accomplishment was the portrayal of his most decorous acquaintance in most indecorous guise. Aghast, infuriate, yet keenly conscious that a scene was the thing of things to be avoided, she blundered into the nearest pew.

The organ softened, fell silent. The rector's voice lifted in deep, mellow cadences.

"... Let him speak now, or else forever after hold——"

Lavinia half rose, choking in her anger. She caught Major Buchanan's popping, ecstatic eye; she sat down again, with the thud of utter defeat. Even that hovering sword of ridicule might not have quelled her. But Lucius's rebuking glance would have stricken yet a stronger soul to blind dismay. It was madness in those others. But for Lucius so to defy her—*Lucius!*

The music rose again, in the triumphant thunders of the Mendelssohn. As in a dream, the two silent young creatures turned, hand in hand, down the long aisle. The radiance of their joy shone round them; it drifted like incense through the shadowy room and hushed the waiting group. The laughter, the reckless mischief, was stilled to tender awe. The men stood with bowed

heads. Mrs. Wilson's eyes grew dim. Molly Percival whimpered candidly into her handkerchief.

In the vestibule, they all kissed Isabel reverently. Even Lavinia, dazed and blinking from the icy shock of revelation, held her in her arms a moment, and gave Wallace an agitated pudding-cheek.

"We shall expect you to dinner, children," said Lucius, the pontifical. He lifted Isabel's cold fingers to his lips; he shut Wallace's hands in a capable, fatherly grip. There was a ruddy flush on his thin cheeks; he had put on inches of the rankest growth. "Come, Lavinia. Careful of that step, my dear."

Lavinia bumped obediently into the carriage. Half-way in, she bethought herself.

"But, Lucius——"

"Go on, my love. You are a little wrought. No wonder. Home, James."

Lavinia subsided into the far corner. The brougham swung away up the avenue.

"But, Lucius, I don't understand. Where did he come from? Whatever possessed Isabel? What *will* become of poor Sam?"

"Please try to be sensible, Lavinia. Samuel could never have made Isabel happy. I perceived that. So did Isabel. That is why we—eloped."

"Then you arranged it!"

Deep in Lucius's soul there fluttered a mounting, hideous qualm. But his gaze did not flinch. His voice rang clear.

"I arranged it, yes. It was expedient, Lavinia. It is not necessary for me to say more."

"But why in the world did you *want* to? Why should you yield to Isabel's whim? Why could she so overrule you?"

"Why?" Lucius considered. Then he spoke out, with the awful frankness of his supreme hour. "I don't know, Lavinia. Unless it was because Isabel reminds me so much of what you were, at her age. And she has a good deal of your temperament, my love."

"Why, Lucius! I don't—I can't believe—how lovely of you! Though I never had Isabel's complexion. My nose is better than hers, though. And to think you were really thinking all the time just of me——"

Lucius collapsed against the brougham door. One miracle a day was bad enough!

"I ought to be angry with you, Lucius."

Slowly he realized that Lavinia was melting in abject tears upon his thin little shoulder. He put a tentative arm around her. The tears overflowed.

"I ought to be displeased. B-but to think you'd really dash ahead, and act on your own convictions, no matter what the results might be! Lucius, it was m-masterly!"

Lucius felt a little faint.

"I'm a trifle tired, Lavinia," he said presently, releasing his arm. "A walk across the Park might brace me up. One moment, James." He stooped, with curt masculine brutality, and gave her a pecking kiss. Then he stepped from the brougham, blind to her clinging hands, her all but spoken pleas. "Go home and try to compose yourself, my love. This has been a trying hour. Good-by."

He strode away through the gay green Park, beneath the soft late sunshine. His knees felt cold; there was a curious hollow place inside him; his head was queerly light.

"Masterly!" The word broke from his lips at intervals, as if in ecstasy that must have vent. "Masterly! And to think—if I'd only taken that tack with her before!"

Half an hour later he turned homeward, walking straight and calm, yet with an exultant little scuffle. Some distance from his path lay a little patch where the grass was badly trodden. It had been recently reseeded; a little green frost of blades just showed above the mold. Around it stood a tiny fence of stakes, reenforced by a polite yet peremptory signboard:

VISITORS WILL PLEASE NOT
WALK UPON THIS LAWN

Lucius put on his glasses and read the sign carefully.

Then he gave his shoulders a hitch of abandoned defiance. He did not deign to cast a glance at the policeman standing not twenty feet away. Head up, chest expanded, he kicked the slender paling aside, and trampled gaily through.



"In an Even Balance"

By GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

Author of "The Sister of a Saint," "The Fortune of a Day," etc.

Illustrations by A. de Ford Pitney

GERTRUDE threw down the letter joyously; there was an air of victorious exultation about her.

"Six readings—fifty dollars each and expenses! That will cover all I have planned for the house and more too. Why don't you say something, Will?" Her tone was slightly aggrieved. "You don't seem a bit pleased."

Carroll roused himself with an effort; he too was reading a letter.

"Of course I am pleased—delighted. When did you say the readings are to be?" There was a certain constraint under the obvious geniality, but Gertrude beamed at once.

"The first two weeks in September, Mrs. Van Ness says—and *that's* just right for the work too; I do hate tearing up a house in winter. Now I can have it all ready when the children come home at Christmas—I believe I'll make this room Pompeian." She glanced about the pleasantly worn carpet and furniture. "Besides," she added, "the trip will serve for a vacation as well. I wish you were going to have it, dear."

"Thanks," said her husband.

Of the two, he looked indeed the more in need of it. He was not yet fifty, but his shoulders stooped slightly and he had the fagged appearance of the man who saves everything—even his vacations—and whose work is more routine than joy. Gertrude was not a woman of quick perceptions, but as she glanced across the breakfast-table, where the two were enjoying one of those early meals that precede the suburban business man's rush townward, something in the unusual dejection of her husband's bowed shoulders stirred an instinct of compassion.

"What is it, dear?" she asked, leaning toward him.

After a bare moment's hesitation he put the letter into her hand. He had known all along that there was nothing else for him to do. While his wife's brows came together over

it in a frown of attention, he rose, and walking to the window, looked out on what struck him this morning as a rather dreary prospect.

The quick rustle of Gertrude's gown and her impetuous footsteps—all Gertrude's movements were a little over-energized—prepared him for the contact of her arm slipped within his own, and the bright decision of her face.

"Of course, dear, there is only one thing to be done," said Gertrude.

And Carroll had known perfectly well that she would say that too.

"It comes hard, of course," continued Gertrude, "especially after all you have done; but you certainly can't leave an aunt who has been a mother to you, and a cousin who has been a sister, in straits. You'll have to carry them through the winter somehow—perhaps by spring Louise will be able to teach again—poor Louise."

"I have just paid up the insurance," said Carroll slowly, with apparent irrelevance; then he looked straight at his wife. "Frankly, I don't see my way. Nelson has a year more at college, and Nell—I don't see how I can send her this year."

"But I do," Gertrude broke in triumphantly. She waved Mrs. Van Ness's letter. "Have you forgotten? There's a beginning, and I shall make a lot more—you'll see."

"You wanted that—for the house," said Carroll.

"So I did," said Gertrude gaily, "but—bless me—don't you suppose I'd rather send my own daughter to college? Why, I shall glory in it. I can help with Nelson too. Cheer up, dear!" There was again that ring of exultation in her voice and Carroll winced, while he said quickly:

"It is your usual generosity."

"There is nothing generous about it," Gertrude replied. "It is no more than just. What reason is there why I shouldn't do my part?"

"No reason, of course," said Carroll, smiling faintly. He pressed his wife's hand and kissed her twice, in his desire to make plain his gratitude.

"I shall just fall to and work up some more readings," said Gertrude enthusiastically, "and you go and see aunty, and set poor Louise's mind at rest this very day." She patted his shoulder affectionately, and waved him a gay farewell from the window.

Carroll spent the forty-five minutes' transit to his newspaper office in wondering if he had sufficiently manifested his gratitude to his wife, and loathing himself that there could be any question of it.

Before the desk where for sixteen years he had spun out daily columns, this question nevertheless pursued him. Ought not any man to give thanks for a wife like that? And nobody could appreciate more than he Gertrude's generosity, her capacity; nobody believed more devoutly than he in woman's independence or respected more its terms. And a poor devil like himself had reason to be twice thankful for Gertrude.

When Carroll had entered the office it had been with other ambitions, but he had ended by being thankful if he could merely hold on to the post. It had not seemed indeed as if the cost of maintaining one man, one woman, and two children, with the decent demands of a modest home-life, ought to take all a man's brain-power, but it had taken pretty much all his; that, with the increasing care of his aunt, the life-insurance he felt it a duty to keep up for Gertrude and the children, and a few other unconsidered trifles of similar nature.

In those early years Gertrude, of course, had not been earning, and perhaps things had cost rather more than if she had been conspicuously gifted domestically; but she had been always an admirable wife and mother, sharing with a bright fortitude in all the rubs and restrictions and denials of their common life. It was the more to her credit as she was *not* conspicuously domestic; she must always, he reflected now, have beaten, more or less, silently against the bars; the swiftness of her adaptation to the other life showed that. But they had been very happy through it all. Sometimes—Carroll scorned himself for the selfish thought—it seemed to him, they had been happier than now. Then the vision of Gertrude's brilliant delight in achievement rose silently to accuse him.

It must have come to her as a release from prison—a prison so narrow that he could not

imagine it—that chance church entertainment for which in an unusually happy mood he had written a monologue for her to read. Her success had been instantaneous, and, to Gertrude, dazzling in its opening vista of possibilities and possible releases. She had been asked to repeat the monologue on several occasions. Carroll, too, had had his momentary vision of releases, of the joys of authorship; he had written other monologues; but just then a period of special expense incident to illness, plumbing, and other minor matters, fell upon the household, and the peculiar felicity of his first attempt was not repeated. So Gertrude had looked farther afield for monologues. *Her* vision, at least, had come true—that was something, at any rate; and the transfiguration her husband witnessed in her constituted accusation enough against those half longings of Carroll's for the earlier days.

There was no tinge of envy in that feeling; he was proud of his wife—even without the continual reminders that he ought to be so. His pride in her was the offspring of love, and not of that duty to which friends and relatives so frequently invited him. Sometimes, indeed, he felt it would have been a purer pride without these reminders.

"It is thanks to Gertrude that I can," he told his cousin, in the after-office visit that restored peace of mind to a conscientious and worn-out worker.

"If it weren't for Gertrude, we couldn't let you," had been Louise's grateful acknowledgment; while the aunt who was Carroll's only remembered mother drew down his head to murmur with a last kiss:

"Thank Gertrude too."

Yes, it was thanks to Gertrude, thought Carroll, as he passed under the dripping door, noting with a mechanical glance at the porch roof that a carpenter was imperative. As he walked down the narrow path, he felt himself so little of a success that his humility would have led him to pass with a mere bow the lady who was coming up it. She had, however, no idea of being passed. She was one of those privileged distant relations who had known Gertrude and himself all their lives.

"You've been to see poor Louise," she said, firmly opposing his progress. "I thought you'd be down as soon as you heard. I said, whatever others might say, *I'd* never believe you would see an aunt that had brought you up and a cousin that had been a sister to you put on the streets."

"There is not the slightest danger of such an emergency," said Carroll, stiffening.

"Well, I should hope not," said the distant relative, scrutinizing him with an eye that Carroll felt took in the worn place on his coat collar and his mended glove, and, for aught he knew, correctly gauged the thinness of his flannels. "After being such a worker as Louise has been. How's Gertrude? I always say if ever a man was lucky in his women folks, it's you."

"A fact that nobody, I believe, appreciates so keenly as myself," responded Carroll, raising his hat and passing with a skilful effort.

He was annoyed with himself all the way home for *being* annoyed by an incident so trivial, but it left him with a sense of soreness to which his wife's greeting was as a tingling plaster, applied before he had so much as removed his overcoat.

In the fervor of her maternal helpfulness, she had, it appeared, bethought herself of Mrs. Laybrooke, the wife of Carroll's editorial chief, a lady of wide social and philanthropic instincts, a kind of millionaire mother in Israel to clubs, causes, and individuals. They had had, Carroll gathered, a heart-to-heart talk—he could see his wife in the very throb of it, retrospectively—and Mrs. Laybrooke had undertaken to arrange a course of local readings in her magnificent parlors.

"I knew she would be interested," Gertrude said, "because she feels as we do about these things; she believes in a woman's helping, and agrees with me that it is something to be proud—not ashamed—of. *I am* proud of it; and sha'n't you be just a little proud too—of my helping?" she asked, slipping an arm about her husband's neck, with that curious little accent of reproach which so often recalled Carroll to his duty.

"I am always proud of you," he answered. And it was true. It was only of himself that he was not proud.

He could not have put an exact date to this loss of self-pride, but he could follow back its process with an almost painful accuracy. Gertrude had always been generous; all she had asked was to share her earnings with the family, and she had shared them resolutely, determinedly, openly. One of her first performances had been to buy tickets for a famous actress's first night and take them all to the theatre, explaining to a neighbor whom they met on the car:

"This is *my* party," with gay, frank pride.

The man commuted with Carroll daily, and had often spoken admiringly of Mrs. Carroll to him afterward. He was soon used to being congratulated upon Gertrude's cleverness, and if he was conscious of a growing lack of response in himself, he was each time ashamed of it. Women rejoiced uniformly in their husbands' successes, why should a man be less magnanimous?

Once Gertrude had insisted upon taking them all for an outing to the Maine woods.

"I wish *my* wife would take *me*," said another of Carroll's associates.

Gertrude made a great jest of their reversed relations on that occasion, and Carroll affected to treat it with an equal humor. That the whole trip was distasteful to him, he set down as another proof of man's moral inferiority. Of late, indeed, it had begun to occur to him, in the very sickness of his self-defense, that perhaps these things did not cost women quite so much—the opinion of mankind concerning their independence not yet having been cast in the mold of centuries. The man—unless he belonged to the Four Hundred or to a foreign title—who traveled at his wife's expense, confessed himself but a poor creature in the eyes of other men. Carroll had occasional encounters with those eyes. He faced them with fortitude; it was part of a long adjustment of the sex-relation; somebody must undergo these painful beginnings—why not he? He would not have abridged nor abated one jot of his wife's successes; only—being mere man—he craved inconsistently the respect of his fellow men.

He craved still more his own; and there were times when he had strangely to combat in himself the impression that Gertrude was doing it all. Gertrude's spendings were always so decorative. It was she who took them to the theatre, she who paid for the rare outings, she who embellished the house; it required an effort of the mind to realize the barren items of rent, groceries, plumbing, insurance, and the rest as equitable assets in the balance.

And now it was so natural that she should pay the college expenses! Yet nothing had ever cut Carroll quite so deeply before. He had the sensitive desire of the man who has not become all he intended, that his children at least should see in him the utmost that he was. Particularly in regard to Nell. As to his son, he had an instinctive trust that life would somehow even up things; that man to man, it would somehow come right; but he



"WHAT REASON IS THERE WHY I SHOULDN'T DO MY PART?"

would have liked Nell to be able to feel for him something of the same pride that Gertrude claimed so frankly.

Frankness, indeed, was Gertrude's great quality. She had a way of taking into a bright confidence all their circle of friends; of buying Carroll, for instance, coveted articles of pleasure or of utility, and laughingly exhibiting her purchases to their intimates with the explanation that as Carroll never *would* buy things for himself, she must; or of gaily announcing at lunch, or dinner, or indiscreet tea-tables, that she had earned a hundred dollars the past week, or was going to earn two hundred the next. Carroll had never felt impelled to tell any one what he was earning, but then it is true he was not earning anything like a hundred dollars a week. Neither was Gertrude, as a permanent salary, but the impression left was commensurate.

So with the children, she had a way of calling upon their recognition of her achievement, to which they responded with laughing carresses and praises. Gertrude never looked more beatified than when her tall son, with an arm thrown round her, was merrily exalting her for "the very cleverest little mother in the world," or Nell, with both hands on her shoulders, was exhorting her not to be

puffed up—to leave that to her children. She asked—and it was all she did ask of her husband and children in return for her lavished money and thoughts—their recognition of her worth to them; and the occasional hurt tone in her voice was a signal to which the whole family rallied with unconscious swiftness.

Carroll, therefore, was prepared for the expansion with which at dinner the family problem was laid before the family, together with Gertrude's final exordium:

"Now, isn't it a good deal better to have a mother who can help you through college than one who can only make doughnuts?"

"Well, I should say!" laughed Nelson. He took his mother's hand and squeezed it affectionately. Gertrude beamed upon the little circle.

"Why need I go to college at all?" asked Nell suddenly, who had sat silent.

"Because," said Gertrude decisively, "you want to be a woman able to help *your* children some day, in your turn. Your father and I," she nodded across at Carroll, "have talked it all over and it is all arranged."

The very next day Gertrude began preparations for the reading-trip. She was using last season's gowns, but she took the edge off

this by explaining gaily to every one *why* she was using them, *why* she would not afford a new one. All the little sacrifices, the postponed house-furnishings, the foregone vacations, she explained in the same way:

"You see, this year I am sending my babies to college."

That Mrs. Carroll was sending the children to college became one of the reverential facts of their suburb; it became a fact of almost oppressive magnitude to Carroll himself; and it was only at rare moments that he wondered about this, that he was able to recall to himself a Past in which the sending of the children to college had been a fact so ordinary that nobody had paid any particular attention to it. A college man himself, why *shouldn't* Carroll send his children to college?

Letting himself in with his latch-key one day, Carroll was arrested by the sound of his wife's suave tones; he halted irresolutely on the door-rug. Gertrude was just letting some one out.

"Yes," she was saying—and Carroll's nerves quivered sensitively, for he knew that peculiar, intense tone of his wife's voice—"you see I *must* make at least *that* a month, and so—" She pushed aside the portière and Carroll found himself face to face with Mrs. Laybrooke.

"Ah, it's you. I've just been telling Mrs. Laybrooke"—Gertrude took him into the confidence with a smile—"why we have given up doing anything to the house this year; the children come first."

Carroll could only assent with rather a pale smile. He was not, however, surprised when his chief the next day congratulated him, with what Carroll felt to be but faintly restrained irony of manner, upon his wife's prospects.

He had brief impulses to explain to Gertrude that this kind of thing did not help him, that even frankness could be overdone, but a sure instinct withheld him. There was no aspect under which he could have presented it that would not have created in his wife's mind exactly the idea he dreaded above all. Why *shouldn't* she be frank about her own affairs? she would have asked. Wasn't it all true?—and why *shouldn't* a woman glory in doing her share?—above all, why *shouldn't* her husband glory in it too? Had they not principles? Of course, if he had any feeling—and here Carroll invariably imaged the first dawning in his wife's eyes of a suspicion that he would never henceforth be able to exorcise. No, anything was preferable to even the ap-

pearance of a meanness like that. Something might show Gertrude. Meantime, he lived in a strained consciousness of those daily franknesses of hers, relieved only by a transient perception of the humors of the situation, its justice and its injustice, and the altogether curious femininity with which in the very act of proclaiming strict equality Gertrude achieved superiority.

It was almost a relief when she went away on the round of readings, from which the first fruits came back to him in a strange hand. Carroll winced as he read the brief masculine note.

At the request of Mrs. Carroll, who left somewhat hurriedly, I forward the enclosed check. Mrs. Carroll left in excellent health and spirits, considering the fatigues of the trip and readings. She has won our heartiest admiration.

Truly yours,

S. S. VAN NESS.

Carroll had a rare moment of irritation. Might not Gertrude have taken the slight trouble to send the check herself and save him that particular pin-prick? He himself would have gone a good many blocks to send to her in like case. But then—he did her swift justice—it would never have occurred to Gertrude that it *was* a pin-prick; he reflected, too, that she would probably have despised him if she could have known that it was one. Moreover, the money was undeniably timely. In paying for his aunt's winter coal supply the day before, he had said to himself that there went Nell's Christmas furs, unless Gertrude could buy them. Gertrude bought most of the agreeable Christmas presents. Carroll had, at most, the somewhat inadequate satisfaction of seeing the janitor and the postman. But then—Gertrude loved to give.

A second letter, from Gertrude herself, announced her return in company with Mrs. Van Ness, who was to winter in the Eastern city and would pass her first night with them. Nell would please have all in readiness.

"She wants to meet you and the children," Gertrude wrote.

Carroll's sense of pleasure in this announcement was but feeble. He did not conceive Gertrude's friends as altogether friendly to himself, especially—and this was curious—those who held most firmly to woman's duty to share man's labor; but he partly excused them; probably they had no grounds for thinking he shared hers.

He carried the letter to Nell, where she sat reading in the front room.

"You'll do your best," he said with a little smile, "for your mother." He put out a hand and stroked the pretty brown hair fondly.

The girl's brows, which had come together in Gertrude's way, over the letter, lost their frown. She looked up at Carroll.

"I shall do my best," she said, "for *you*, father," and Carroll had a curious sense of shock in the way she said it.

"There are not many mothers like yours," he began.

Nell lifted her eyes again.

"Are there many fathers like you?" she asked, and again Carroll had that curious shock.

"Millions and millions," he answered, affecting to turn it lightly. "Fathers who do things are in the common course, but mothers—Besides," he added with a brief sigh, "you know I *couldn't* do *this* thing for you, which your mother is doing."

"But you *have* done things always," said Nell, "done things and gone without things, and if you can't now it is because of *other* things; and nobody has ever considered any of it in the least remarkable. But when mother does it—then it's wonderful!" There was an angry sternness in the young voice.

"My dear!" Carroll exclaimed aghast, "it is wholly different!"

"Then if it *is* different, why do they pretend it is the same?" asked Nell. She confronted him with an inexorable gaze—the more startling that she looked at him with Gertrude's eyes, not his—and Carroll remained like one electrified. The explosion of the traditional mine beneath his feet would have been a little thing in comparison. To see his own questionings reflected in his daughter's eyes was a stunning experience. The sweetness, the astonishment and the wonder of it held him dumb, till in the sudden realized reversal of their spiritual position an immense wave of loyalty toward his wife rose and swept away all else. Resolutely he pushed from him the cup his daughter's hand offered.

"My dear," he said gravely, "you are not quite fair. There *is* a difference. You must try to be just."

"Yes," said Nell quietly, as if speaking to herself, "that is what *I* mean to be—*just*." She lifted her head again with that gesture which meant so many things, flung two arms about her father's neck, brushed his cheek with two warm lips, and was gone.

Carroll stood where his daughter had left him. In a few, incalculable moments, he was aware, the whole face of his universe had been changed for him. Everything that had been wrong, his daughter with one touch of her vigorous young hands had somehow made right; she had reconciled all antagonisms,



WHERE FOR SIXTEEN YEARS HE HAD SPUN OUT DAILY COLUMNS.

had renewed all her father's earlier faiths. Since Nell—the *next woman*, understood, *would* understand, the present became a thing of no importance, negligible wholly, a mere matter of personal adjustment. Carroll realized with an intense relief that for himself, personally, there was no longer any sting or trouble left. With an even-intenser thanks—



"YOU SEE I *MUST* MAKE AT LEAST *THAT* A MONTH."

giving he realized that henceforth his only possible jealousy would be for Gertrude; the only possible fear of injustice—for Gertrude.

It was an extraordinary experience; one that went with him by day and by night and had lost nothing of its power over him when he went to meet his wife; it informed the last waiting moments on the platform with an impatient tenderness, and he consumed them in buying a little bunch of violets for her from the station florist.

She stepped from the train radiant with renewed life. The trip had been for her one sequence of fresh interests, triumphs, pleasures; she had successfully accomplished her purpose and was overjoyed to be again with her husband and children.

"Poor Will, you do look tired and thin!" she exclaimed, and Carroll was able to assure her with truth that he had not felt so well in a long time. He listened, with an interest which this time had in it no effort, to her recounted triumphs, and smiled with their children over the fat pile of bills with which she more triumphantly crowned the tale.

"There!" she exulted, "that means *college*!—a whole big, splendid year of opportunity for you two! We'll have a few beautiful days together, and then—off you go, to win your laurels!"

"Which means, making a wreath of them for you," said Nelson teasingly. "You will look very well in a wreath, vain little mother!" He spread out two long hands till the fingers met behind her braids, and over her head he

shot a laughing glance at Nell. The girl's eyes darkened suddenly.

"Don't, Nelse!" she exclaimed, drawing away her brother's hands. "Don't pull down mother's hair—such pretty hair!" She smoothed it softly with protecting gentleness.

Carroll caught with a pang the significance of the little scene. When Gertrude, laughing at her tall son and daughter, looked across to him also with her unconscious, inveterate demand for tribute, he met it with instant, overflowing tenderness. There was an infinite pathos in her unconsciousness.

In this mood the coming of Mrs. Van Ness was nothing to him. There might have been ten of her—if necessary, he felt he could have met them all with equanimity, even with enthusiasm, for Gertrude's sake. Their guest loomed upon him at the last moment before dinner merely as a vague mass of velvet outlined in lace, to which he gave his arm with the mild ceremony Gertrude demanded.

About the pretty dinner-table, the talk fell naturally upon the recent trip, and not unnaturally upon those portions in which Gertrude had borne a becoming part, but Carroll scarcely heard it. The one thing of which he was intensely conscious was neither the guest upon his right (although they did not often have a guest so distinguished),

Nelson's light-hearted sallies, nor Gertrude's brilliant enjoyment of both, but the silent presence of his daughter at the end of the table farthest from him.

His neighbor had addressed him twice before he leaned toward her with quick apology.

"I was saying," she repeated in a low, pleasantly clear tone, "that we are not quite such strangers as we seem, Mr. Carroll. Your aunt and I were school friends; perhaps you didn't know?"

Carroll looked up in some surprise; for the first time he realized that it was a beautiful elderly lady who sat beside him.

"No," he said, "I didn't know."

"I spent the afternoon with her—and Louise," continued Mrs. Van Ness easily. Then out of a pair of expressively sweet and penetrating eyes she gave him a glance of liking.

"On the whole, Mr. Carroll, I think it a piece of fortune you *have* a clever wife."

Again Carroll was caught unguarded. In the flash of wonder his sensitive face changed swiftly; then it changed again. He glanced across the table, where his wife sat between their children, and answered with quiet dignity:

"It is indeed the fortune of my life."

Barriers

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

NOW who art thou, between me and my Life,
My Life that beckons me?

"I am thy Heritage. Oh, young heart rife
With hope and dreams and daring, let these be
Silent forever. I, who may not tire,
With old arms bar the way to thy desire."

Now who art thou between me and my Life,
My Life that calls, that calls?

"I am thy Duty. Far from mirth or strife,
A withered beldame shut within dull walls,
I ask that service thou shalt not deny
And my least complaints are thongs to hold thee by."

Now who art thou between me and my Life,
My Life that cries for me?

"I am thy Love. In thy hand rests the knife
That slays and sets thee free.
Mine are these feeble fingers at thy heart—
Strike if thou hast the courage, and depart."

The Caballero's Way

By O. HENRY

Author of "Cabbages and Kings," "The Four Million," etc.

Illustrations by W. Herbert Dunton

THE Cisco Kid had killed six men in more or less fair scrimmages, had murdered twice as many (mostly Mexicans), and had winged a larger number whom he modestly forbore to count. Therefore a woman loved him.

The Kid was twenty-five, looked twenty; and a careful insurance company would have estimated the probable time of his demise at—say twenty-six. His habitat was any where between the Frio and the Rio Grande. He killed for the love of it—because he was quick-tempered—to avoid arrest—for his own amusement—any reason that came to his mind would suffice. He had escaped capture because he could shoot five-sixths of a second sooner than any sheriff or ranger in the service, and because he rode a speckled roan horse that knew every cow-path in the mesquite and pear thickets from San Antonio to Matamoras.

Tonia Perez, the girl who loved the Cisco Kid, was half Carmen, half Madonna, and the rest—oh, yes, a woman who is half Carmen and half Madonna can always be something more—the rest, let us say, was humming-bird. She lived in a grass-roofed jacal near a little Mexican settlement at the Lone Wolf crossing of the Frio. With her lived a father or grandfather, a lineal Aztec, somewhat less than a thousand years old, who herded a hundred goats and lived in a continuous, drunken dream from drinking mes-cal. Back of the jacal a tremendous forest of bristling pear, twenty feet high at its worst, crowded almost to its door. It was along the bewildering maze of this spinous thicket that the speckled roan would bring the Kid to see his girl. And once, clinging like a lizard to the ridge-pole high up under the peaked grass roof, he had heard Tonia, with her Madonna face and Carmen beauty and humming-bird soul, parley with the sheriff's posse, denying

knowledge of her man in her soft *mélange* of Spanish and English.

One day the adjutant-general of the State, who is, ex-officio, commander of the ranger forces, wrote some sarcastic lines to Captain Duval of Company X, stationed at Laredo, relative to the serene and undisturbed existence led by murderers and desperadoes in the said captain's territory.

The captain turned the color of brick-dust under his tan and forwarded the letter, after adding a few comments, per ranger Private Bill Adamson, to ranger Lieutenant Sandridge, camped at a water-hole on the Nueces with a squad of five men in preservation of law and order.

Lieutenant Sandridge turned a beautiful *couleur de rose* through his ordinary strawberry complexion, tucked the letter in his hip-pocket, and chewed off the ends of his gamboge mustache.

The next morning he saddled his horse and rode alone to the Mexican settlement at the Lone Wolf Crossing of the Frio, twenty miles away.

Six feet two, blond as a viking, quiet as a deacon, dangerous as a machine gun, Sandridge moved among the jacals, patiently seeking news of the Cisco Kid.

Far more than the law, the Mexicans dreaded the cold and certain vengeance of the lone rider that the ranger sought. It had been one of the Kid's pastimes to shoot Mexicans "to see them kick": if he demanded from them moribund Terpsichorean feats, simply that he might be entertained, what terrible and extreme penalties would be certain to follow should they anger him! One and all they lounged with upturned palms and shrugging shoulders, filling the air with "*quien sabes*" and denials of the Kid's acquaintance.

But there was a man named Fink who kept

a store at the Crossing—a man of many nationalities, tongues, interests, and ways of thinking.

"No use to ask them Mexicans," he said to Sandridge. "They're afraid to tell. This *hombre* they call the Kid—Goodall is his name, ain't it?—he's been in my store once or twice. I have an idea you might run across him at—but I guess I don't keer to say, myself. I'm two seconds later in pulling a gun than I used to be, and the difference is worth thinking about. But this Kid's got a half-Mexican girl at the Crossing that he comes to see. She lives in that jacal a hundred yards down the arroyo at the edge of the pear. Maybe she—no, I don't suppose she would, but that jacal would be a good place to watch, anyway."

Sandridge rode down to the jacal of Perez. The sun was low, and the broad shade of the

blanket on the grass, already in a stupor from his mescal, and dreaming, perhaps, of the nights when he and Pizarro touched glasses to their New World fortunes—so old his wrinkled face seemed to proclaim him to be. And in the door of the jacal stood Tonia. And Lieutenant Sandridge sat in his saddle staring at her like a gannet agape at a sailorman.

The Cisco Kid was a vain person, as all eminent and successful assassins are, and his bosom would have been ruffled had he known that at a simple exchange of glances two persons, in whose minds he had been looming large, suddenly abandoned (at least for the time) all thought of him.

Never before had Tonia seen such a man as this. He seemed to be made of sunshine and blood-red tissue and clear weather. He seemed to illuminate the shadow of the pear



DENYING KNOWLEDGE OF HER MAN IN HER SOFT MÉLANGE OF SPANISH AND ENGLISH.

great pear thicket already covered the grass-thatched hut. The goats were enclosed for the night in a brush corral near by. A few kids walked the top of it, nibbling the chaparral leaves. The old Mexican lay upon a

when he smiled, as though the sun were rising again. The men she had known had been small and dark. Even the Kid, despite his achievements, was a stripling, no larger than herself, with black, straight hair

and a cold, marble face that chilled the noon-day.

As for Tonia, though she sends description to the poorhouse, let her make a millionaire of your fancy. Her blue-black hair, smoothly divided in the middle and bound close to her head, and her large eyes full of the Latin melancholy gave her the Madonna touch. Her motions and air spoke of the concealed fire and the desire to charm that she had inherited from the *gilanas* of the Basque province. As for the humming-bird part of her, that dwelt in her heart; you could not perceive it unless her bright red skirt and dark blue blouse gave you a symbolic hint of the vagarious bird.

The newly lighted sun god asked for a drink of water. Tonia brought it from the red jar hanging under the brush shelter. Sandridge considered it necessary to dismount so as to lessen the trouble of her ministrations.

I play no spy; nor do I assume to master the thoughts of any human heart; but I assert, by the chronicler's right, that before a quarter of an hour had sped, Sandridge was teaching her how to plait a six-strand rawhide stake-rope, and Tonia had explained to him that were it not for her little English book that the peripatetic *padre* had given her and the little crippled *chivo*, that she fed from a bottle, she would be very, very lonely indeed.

Which leads to a suspicion that the Kid's fences needed repairing, and that the adjutant-general's sarcasm had fallen upon unproductive soil.

In his camp by the water-hole Lieutenant Sandridge announced and reiterated his intention either of causing the Cisco Kid to nibble the black loam of the Frio country prairies or of hauling him before a judge and jury. That sounded business-like. Twice a week he rode over to the Lone Wolf Crossing of the Frio, and directed Tonia's slim, slightly lemon-tinted fingers among the intricacies of the slowly growing lariat. A six-strand plait is hard to learn and easy to teach.

The ranger knew that he might find the Kid there at any visit. He kept his armament ready, and had a frequent eye for the pear thicket at the rear of the jacal. Thus he might bring down the kite and the humming-bird with one stone.

While the sunny-haired ornithologist was pursuing his studies, the Cisco Kid was also attending to his professional duties. He

moodily shot up a saloon in a small cow village on Quintana Creek, killed the town marshal (plugging him neatly in the center of his tin badge), and then rode away, morose and unsatisfied. No true artist is uplifted by shooting an aged man carrying an old-style .38 bulldog.

On his way the Kid suddenly experienced the yearning that all men feel when wrongdoing loses its keen edge of delight. He yearned for the woman he loved to reassure him that she was his in spite of it. He wanted her to call his bloodthirstiness bravery and his cruelty devotion. He wanted Tonia to bring him water from the red jar under the brush shelter, and tell him how the *chivo* was thriving on the bottle.

The Kid turned the speckled roan's head up the ten-mile pear flat that stretches along the Arroyo Hondo until it ends at the Lone Wolf Crossing of the Frio. The roan whickered; for he had a sense of locality and direction equal to that of a belt-line street-car horse; and he knew he would be soon nibbling the rich mesquite grass at the end of a forty-foot stake-rope while Ulysses rested his head in Circe's straw-roofed hut.

More weird and lonesome than the journey of an Amazonian explorer is the ride of one through a Texas pear flat. With dismal monotony and startling variety the uncanny and multiform shapes of the cacti lift their twisted trunks and fat, bristly hands to encumber the way. The demon plant, appearing to live without soil or rain, seems to taunt the parched traveler with its lush gray-greenness. It warps itself a thousand times about what look to be open and inviting paths, only to lure the rider into blind and impassable spine-defended "bottoms of the bag," leaving him to retreat if he can, with the points of the compass whirling in his head.

To be lost in the pear is to die almost the death of the thief on the cross, pierced by nails and with grotesque shapes of all the fiends hovering about.

But it was not so with the Kid and his mount. Winding, twisting, circling, tracing the most fantastic and bewildering trail ever picked out, the good roan lessened the distance to the Lone Wolf Crossing with every coil and turn that he made.

While they fared the Kid sang. He knew but one tune and sang it, as he knew but one code and lived it and but one girl and loved her. He was a single-minded man of con-

ventional ideas. He had a voice like a coyote with bronchitis, but whenever he chose to sing his song he sang it. It was a conventional song of the camps and trail, running at its beginning as near as may be to these words:

Don't you monkey with my Lulu girl
Or I'll tell you what I'll do——

and so on. The roan was inured to it, and did not mind.

But even the poorest singer will, after a certain time, gain his own consent to refrain from contributing to the world's noises. So the Kid, by the time he was within a mile or two of Tonia's jacal, had reluctantly allowed his song to die away—not because his vocal performance had become less charming to his own ears, but because his laryngeal muscles were weary.

As though he were in a circus ring the speckled roan wheeled and danced through the labyrinth of pear until at length his rider knew by certain landmarks that the Lone Wolf Crossing was close at hand. Then, where the pear was thinner, he caught sight of the grass roof of the jacal and the hackberry tree on the edge of the arroyo. A few yards farther the Kid stopped the roan and gazed intently through the prickly openings. Then he dismounted, dropped the roan's reins, and proceeded on foot, stooping and silent, like an Indian. The roan, knowing his part, stood still, making no sound.

The Kid crept noiselessly to the very edge of the pear thicket and reconnoitered between the leaves of a clump of cactus.

Ten yards from his hiding-place, in the shade of the jacal, sat his Tonia calmly plaiting a rawhide lariat. So far she might surely escape condemnation; women have been known, from time to time, to engage in more mischievous occupations. But if all must be told, there is to be added that her head reposed against the broad and comfortable chest of a tall red-and-yellow man, and that his arm was about her, guiding her nimble small fingers that required so many lessons at the intricate six-strand plait.

Sandridge glanced quickly at the dark mass of pear when he heard a slight squeaking sound that was not altogether unfamiliar. A gun-scabbard will make that sound when one grasps the handle of a six-shooter suddenly. But the sound was not repeated; and Tonia's fingers needed close attention.

And then, in the shadow of death, they

began to talk of their love; and in the still July afternoon every word they uttered reached the ears of the Kid.

"Remember, then," said Tonia, "you must not come again until I send for you. Soon he will be here. A *vaquero* at the *tienda* said to-day he saw him on the Guadalupe three days ago. When he is that near he always comes. If he comes and finds you here he will kill you. So, for my sake, you must come no more until I send you the word."

"All right," said the ranger. "And then what?"

"And then," said the girl, "you must bring your men here and kill him. If not, he will kill you."

"He ain't a man to surrender, that's sure," said Sandridge. "It's kill or be killed for the officer that goes up against Mr. Cisco Kid."

"He must die," said the girl. "Otherwise there will not be any peace in the world for thee and me. He has killed many. Let him so die. Bring your men, and give him no chance to escape."

"You used to think right much of him," said Sandridge.

Tonia dropped the lariat, twisted herself around, and curved a lemon-tinted arm over the ranger's shoulder.

"But then," she murmured in liquid Spanish, "I had not beheld thee, thou great, red mountain of a man! And thou art kind and good as well as strong. Could one choose him, knowing thee? Let him die; for then I will not be filled with fear by day and night lest he hurt thee or me."

"How will I know when he comes?" asked Sandridge.

"When he comes," said Tonia, "he remains two days, sometimes three. Gregorio, the small son of old Luisa, the *lavandera*, has a swift pony. I will write a letter to thee and send it by him, saying how it will be best to come upon him. By Gregorio will the letter come. And bring many men with thee, and have much care, oh, dear red one, for the rattlesnake is not quicker to strike than is 'El Chivato,' as they call him, to send a ball from his *pistola*."

"The Kid's handy with his gun, sure enough," admitted Sandridge, "but when I come for him I shall come alone. I'll get him by myself or not at all. The Cap wrote one or two things to me that make me want to do the trick without any help. You let me

know when Mr. Kid arrives, and I'll do the rest."

"I will send you the message by the boy, Gregorio," said the girl. "I knew you were braver than that small slayer of men who never smiles. How could I ever have thought I cared for him?"

It was time for the ranger to ride back to his camp on the water-hole. Before he mounted his horse he raised the slight form of Tonia with one arm high from the earth for a parting salute. The drowsy stillness of the torpid summer air still lay thick upon the dreaming afternoon. The smoke from the fire in the jacal, where the *frijoles* blubbed in the iron pot, rose straight as a plumb-line above the clay-daubed chimney. No sound or movement disturbed the serenity of the dense pear thicket ten yards away.

When the form of Sandridge had disappeared, loping his big dun down the steep banks of the Frio crossing, the Kid crept back to his own horse, mounted him, and rode back along the tortuous trail he had come.

But not far. He stopped and waited in the silent depths of the pear until half an hour had passed. And then Tonia heard the high, untrue notes of his unmusical singing coming nearer and nearer; and she ran to the edge of the pear to meet him.

The Kid seldom smiled; but he smiled and waved his hat when he saw her. He dismounted, and his girl sprang into his arms. The Kid looked at her fondly. His thick black hair clung to his head like a wrinkled mat. The meeting brought a slight ripple of some undercurrent of feeling to his smooth, dark face that was usually as motionless as a clay mask.

"How's my girl?" he asked, holding her close.

"Sick of waiting so long for you, dear one," she answered. "My eyes are dim with always gazing into that devil's pincushion through which you come. And I can see into it such a little way, too. But you are here, beloved one, and I will not scold. *Que mal muchachol* not to come to see your *alma* more often. Go in and rest, and let me water your horse and stake him with the long rope. There is cool water in the jar for you."

The Kid kissed her affectionately.

"Not if the court knows itself do I let a lady stake my horse for me," said he. "But if you'll run in, *chica*, and throw a pot of coffee together while I attend to the *caballo*, I'll be a good deal obliged."

Besides his marksmanship the Kid had another attribute for which he admired himself greatly. He was *muy caballero*, as the Mexicans express it, where the ladies were concerned. For them he had always gentle words and consideration. He could not have spoken a harsh word to a woman. He might ruthlessly slay their husbands and brothers, but he could not have laid the weight of a finger in anger upon a woman. Wherefore many of that interesting division of humanity who had come under the spell of his politeness declared their disbelief in the stories circulated about Mr. Kid. One shouldn't believe everything one heard, they said. When confronted by their indignant men folk with proof of the caballero's deeds of infamy, they said maybe he had been driven to it, and that he knew how to treat a lady, anyhow.

Considering this extremely courteous idiosyncrasy of the Kid and the pride that he took in it, one can perceive that the solution of the problem that was presented to him by what he saw and heard from his hiding-place in the pear that afternoon (at least as to one of the actors) must have been obscured by difficulties. And yet one could not think of the Kid overlooking little matters of that kind.

At the end of the short twilight they gathered around a supper of *frijoles*, goat steaks, canned peaches, and coffee, by the light of a lantern in the jacal. Afterward, the ancestor, his flock corralled, smoked a cigarette and became a mummy in a gray blanket. Tonia washed the few dishes while the Kid dried them with the flour-sacking towel. Her eyes shone; she chatted volubly of the inconsequent happenings of her small world since the Kid's last visit; it was as all his other home-comings had been.

Then outside Tonia swung in a grass hammock with her guitar and sang sad *canciones de amor*.

"Do you love me just the same, old girl?" asked the Kid, hunting for his cigarette papers.

"Always the same, little one," said Tonia, her dark eyes lingering upon him.

"I must go over to Fink's," said the Kid, rising, "for some tobacco. I thought I had another sack in my coat. I'll be back in a quarter of an hour."

"Hasten," said Tonia. "And tell me—how long shall I call you my own this time? Will you be gone again to-morrow, leaving



WOMEN HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO ENGAGE IN MORE MISCHIEVOUS OCCUPATIONS.

Go^ogle

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me to grieve, or will you be longer with your Tonia?"

"Oh, I might stay two or three days this trip," said the Kid, yawning. "I've been on the dodge for a month, and I'd like to rest up."

He was gone half an hour for his tobacco. When he returned Tonia was still lying in the hammock.

"It's funny," said the Kid, "how I feel. I feel like there was somebody lying behind every bush and tree waiting to shoot me. I never had mullygrubs like them before. Maybe it's one of them presumptions. I've got half a notion to light out in the morning before day. The Guadalupe country is burning up about that old Dutchman I plugged down there."

"You're not afraid—no one could make my brave little one fear."

"Well, I haven't been usually regarded as a jack-rabbit when it comes to scrapping; but I don't want a posse smoking me out when I'm in your jacal. Somebody might get hurt that oughtn't to."

"Remain with your Tonia; no one will find you here."

The Kid looked keenly into the shadows up and down the arroyo and toward the dim lights of the Mexican village.

"I'll see how it looks later on," was his decision.

At midnight a horseman rode into the rangers' camp, blazing his way by noisy "hallos" to indicate a pacific mission. Sandridge and one or two others turned out to investigate the row. The rider announced himself to be Domingo Sales, from the Lone Wolf Crossing. He bore a letter for Señor Sandridge. Old Luisa, the *lavandera*, had persuaded him to bring it, he said, her son Gregorio being too ill of a fever to ride.

Sandridge lighted the camp lantern and read the letter. These were its words:

Dear One: He has come. Hardly had you ridden away when he came out of the pear. When he first talked he said he would stay three days or more. Then as it grew later he was like a wolf or a fox, and walked about without rest, looking and listening. Soon he said he must leave before daylight when it is darkest and stillest. And then he seemed to suspect that I be not true to him. He looked at me so strange that I am frightened. I swear to him that I love him, his own Tonia. Last of all he said I must prove to him I am true. He thinks that even now men are waiting to kill him as he rides from my house. To escape he says he will dress in my clothes, my red skirt and the blue waist I wear and

the brown mantilla over the head, and thus ride away. But before that he says I must put on his clothes, his *pantalones* and *camisa* and hat, and ride away on his horse from the jacal as far as the big road beyond the crossing and back again. This before he goes, so he can tell if I am true and if men are hidden to shoot him. It is a terrible thing. An hour before daybreak this is to be. Come, my dear one, and kill this man and take me for your Tonia. Do not try to take hold of him alive, but kill him quickly. Knowing all, you should do that. You must come long before the time and hide yourself in the little shed near the jacal where the wagon and saddles are kept. It is dark in there. He will wear my red skirt and blue waist and brown mantilla. I send you a hundred kisses. Come surely and shoot quickly and straight. THINE OWN TONIA.

Sandridge quickly explained to his men the official part of the missive. The rangers protested against his going alone.

"I'll get him easy enough," said the lieutenant. "The girl's got him trapped. And don't ever think he'll get the drop on me."

Sandridge saddled his horse and rode to the Lone Wolf Crossing. He tied his big dun in a clump of brush on the arroyo, took his Winchester from its scabbard, and carefully approached the Perez jacal. There was only the half of a high moon drifted over by ragged, milk-white gulf clouds.

The wagon-shed was an excellent place for ambush; and the ranger got inside it safely. In the black shadow of the brush shelter in front of the jacal he could see a horse tied and hear him impatiently pawing the hard-trodden earth.

He waited almost an hour before two figures came out of the jacal. One, in men's clothes, quickly mounted the horse and galloped past the wagon-shed toward the crossing and village. And then the other figure, in skirt, waist, and mantilla over its head, stepped out into the faint moonlight, gazing after the rider. Sandridge thought he would take his chance then before Tonia rode back. He fancied she might not care to see it.

"Throw up your hands," he ordered loudly, stepping out of the wagon-shed with his Winchester at his shoulder.

There was a quick turn of the figure, but no movement to obey, so the ranger pumped in the bullets—one—two—three—and then twice more; for you never could be too sure of bringing down the Cisco Kid. There was no danger of missing at ten paces, even in that half moonlight.

The old ancestor, asleep on his blanket, was awakened by the shots. Listening fur-

ther, he heard a great cry from some man in mortal distress or anguish, and rose up grumbling at the disturbing ways of moderns.

The tall, red ghost of a man burst into the jacal, reaching one hand, shaking like a *tule* reed, for the lantern hanging on its nail. The other spread a letter on the table.

"Look at this letter, Perez," cried the man. "Who wrote it?"

"Ah, *Dios!* it is Señor Sandridge," mumbled the old man, approaching. "*Pues, señor,* that letter was written by '*El Chivato,*' as he is called—by the man of Tonia. They say he is a bad man; I do not know. While Tonia slept he wrote the letter and sent it by this old hand of mine to Domingo Sales to be brought to you. Is there anything

wrong in the letter? I am very old; and I did not know. *Valgame Dios!* it is a very foolish world; and there is nothing in the house to drink—nothing to drink."

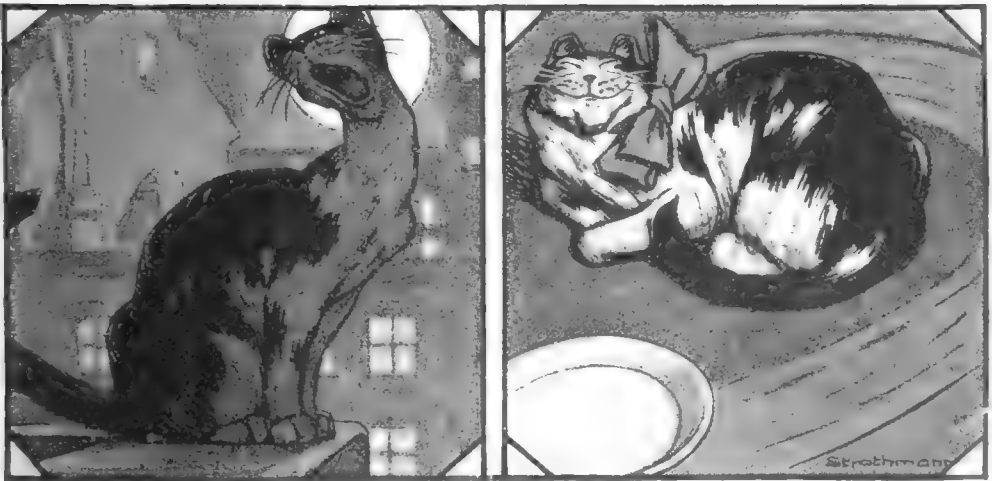
Just then all that Sandridge could think of to do was to go outside and throw himself face downward in the dust by the side of his humming-bird, of whom not a feather fluttered. He was not a caballero by instinct, and he could not understand the niceties of revenge.

A mile away the rider who had ridden past the wagon-shed struck up a harsh, untuneful song, the words of which began:

Don't you monkey with my Lulu girl,
Or I'll tell you what I'll do——

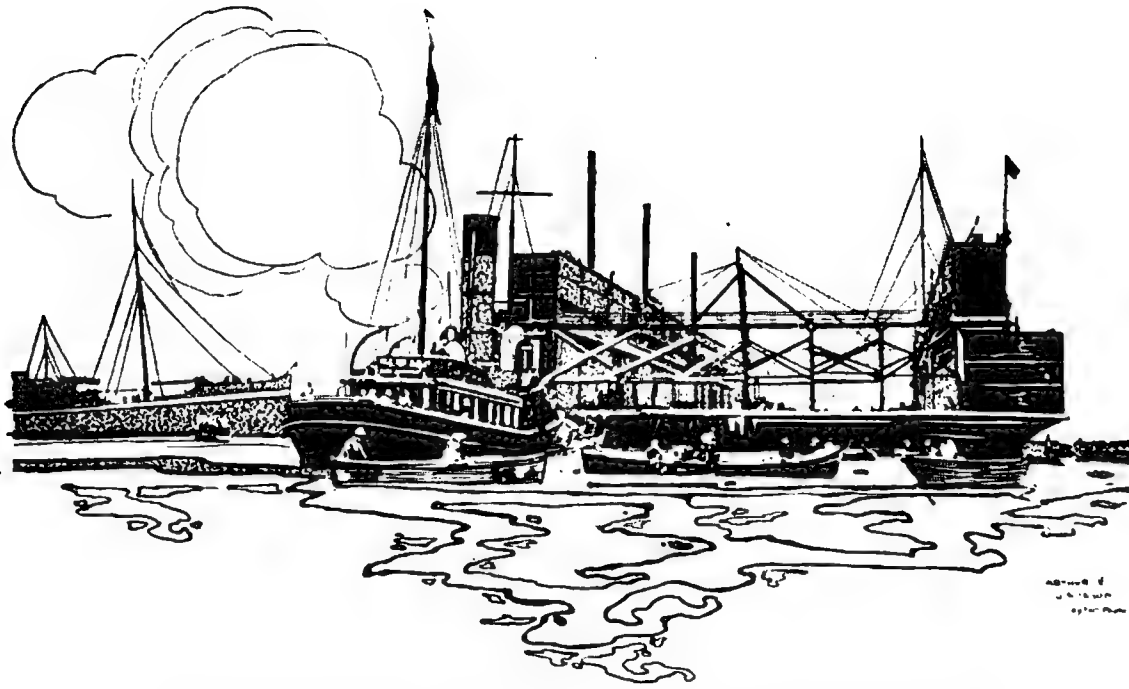
The Cat

By ARTHUR COLTON



THE cat believes that she can sing
Like bobolinks in June;
She sticks to this like anything,
She hankers for a tune;
The lyric joys that in her throng,
She takes them for the gift of song.

I wish that she would put aside
This vanity from her;
I wish she might be satisfied
To purr, and only purr,
Seeking no operatic fame,
Quiet, domestic, void of blame.



THE GIANT DRY DOCK DEWEY WAITING TO ENTER THE SUEZ CANAL.

The Suez Canal

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Author of "Soldiers of the Common Good," etc.

PORT SAID, baking in the sun: a sandy, sizzling, raucous place, compact of all the tribes and redolent of all the evil smells of earth. Alongside the coal-barges, great and dirty—a thousand of the maniacs of four brown nations shrieking and dancing over the coal; on the other side a massed flotilla of petty pirates; in an ill-conditioned boat, charging the pirates, a squad of the red-fezzed and white-jacketed policemen of his debilitate Majesty, the Khedive of Egypt; clouds of coal-dust to offend the eye, and a Babylonian horror of gabbling tongues to stun the senses and weary the soul. And above all this seething tumult and mad revel of confusion stands forth the serene image of order, system, of cold, calculating, relentless method, the colossal statue of Ferdinand de Lesseps.

So you go from the West into the East; out of the European world into the Asiatic; and that statue, imperturbable before the gateway, marks the dividing line. On this side you are in your own country; on the other the thin silver cord of the great canal stretches out over the yellow desert to alien things and peoples.

You look up at the statue, as below on the steamer you slide by at quarter speed, and in some occult way the calm, masterful face, the long, strong jaw, the pose of command and authority, touch the easy springs of racial pride. Below are the squalling hordes of Asia; above the reserve and strength of the Caucasian; and the essence of the contrast is good to taste. Here is the race that does things, your race and mine; here is efficiency against inefficiency; power and concentration against ineptitude; and that, you tell yourself, is the story of the Suez Canal.

From the clouds of dust and the shrieking bedlam, you, making terms with a petty pirate, flee to the shore to wander the sandy streets, and watch the human kaleidoscope turning and turning beneath your eye. Arabs, Egyptians, Turks, Syrians, Greeks, Italians, Russians, Frenchmen, Germans, English are in that mass, with anthropological odds and ends unidentified. The street signs are a study in polyglot; men lie and steal and gamble in all the tongues from Babel; and the variety of costume makes you think of something stagey and theatrical until you hit upon the exact

word your mind has been groping for to describe all this—vaudeville. Port Said is a kind of vaudeville; it is the show place of nations. The Arab sheiks, white-turbaned, tall, austere of countenance, lithe of step, seem placed on show for your delectation; the gaudily attired water-seller seems a fantastic impostor; the Parsee money-changer appeals to you as a piece of stage setting, and the red fezzes seem donned for the occasion. But two things are genuine enough to any apprehension: the hot dry wind of the desert that strikes with a material impact on your face, and the incessant bawling of the men that swarm about you offering to be guides. And these drive you in the end to a café on the shore where you can sit, and from a safe distance watch the maniacs and the eddying life of the water-front.

The sun slants westerly, and the maniacs break into a chant, the whole mad gang singing together as they pass up the coal in baskets hidden in a choking nimbus of coal-dust. It is one of the primeval tunes of Asia. I have heard the same thing in the streets of Canton. There are four notes in it—maybe five—and the maniacs sing it hours together while they pass up the coal. As for the words, heaven knows what they are, for the four nations speak four different tongues and each maniac screams in his own vernacular, but all to the same tune—more or less. And all the while the foremen or drivers or bosses or whatever they may be, with blows and oaths incessantly drive the workers onward. Broad-nosed negroes, Arabs, Egyptians, and Syrians are in that gang. You remember, doubtless, the pictures from the old Egyptian temple walls, the slender, bare men with a strap about the loins and a strange cylindrical head-dress that made their heads seem projected far backward, their strange lips and strange eyes? There they are, shoveling coal on that barge, the same loin-cloth, the same strange cylindrical head-dress, the same thin, naked bodies. Thirty centuries have passed over earth sooner than the habits of one race. These are the men that built the pyramids; with such drivers and such blows and such misery of hopeless toil. And now they coal the R.M.S. *Moldavia* at the entrance to the Suez Canal.

Down at the other end of your panorama, away from Europe, down toward the desert and the silver canal line, is the great, glorious office-building of the Canal Company, white stone, glittering in the sun, very imposing, a

proper antithesis to the howling wretches on the barges, a proper complement to the beautiful statue. Between lies Port Said. When the canal days dawned, the company built it to house the vast army of workmen while alive and to serve as a convenient pit to throw them into when dead. It has thriven mightily since; for to all the vast trade of the boundless East it holds the door, and takes tribute. It began as a charnel-house; it will end as one of the great cities of earth; and if the sands whereon it is built could speak, they might tell awful tales.

But now in the manner of our kind we think of no such thing. All night the steamer lies at Port Said, while the café orchestras blare and the roulette wheels turn; and in the morning, with the clear dry air sweeping in from the desert, the sky full of the bewildering wealth of far Mediterranean color, you are carried past the straggling town, past the company's beautiful white office into the very canal itself; for so far you have been in but the artificial harbor at its mouth. This ditch, 137 feet wide, 31 feet deep, cut straight for league upon league through level desert or banked across shallow lagoons—how simple it seems when you think of Culebra Cut and the manifold terrors of Panama! You can stand on the forecastle head and the banks meet in front of you and again far behind, so straight it is. But for the passing-station every five miles, with its little house and cluster of palms and telegraph signal, and maybe a waiting steamer, there is no change in the dead uniformity.

Anything that has steam must be passed at a passing-station; there is no room in the canal. But the native boats, the Arab dhows, lateen-rigged, manned by naked brown and black men, you may pass anywhere, provided you stop your engines long enough to let them go by. Your steamer may move six miles an hour through the canal, but at no faster rate. The dhows pitch mightily in your swell, threatened with disaster against the near-by banks; but the brown, naked men care naught, and only sit in the sun and stare.

Lo, where the sand insatiate drinks
The steady splendor of the air—

you say; for all about is flat desert. And leaning over the rail, staring at the flat, yellow, glaring expanse, you are aware that the lady next to you is talking.

"Henry, dear," she says (not to you; to

her husband), "just see how fresh and cool those trees look out in that sand!"

You look, too, and the trees certainly do seem wonderfully fresh and sweet, and you wonder at them in such a place. Before them is an expanse of water, and that looks fresh and sweet also; but strange in a way you cannot define. And presently, as you gaze, trees and water vanish, and where they were is only the sand insatiate and the steady splendor of the air. It was naught but mirage; reappearing and vanishing wherever you look, until you are not sure whether even the sand itself, the stretches of smooth, oily lagoons, or the very camel trains be real.

But to the camel trains, indeed, you may swear with full assurance, for by the might of these, and the bawling boys that drive them, and the brown laborers, and the great black reptiles of dredges here and there, you use the canal or have a canal to use. The great insistent problem of Suez is the sand and the wind that forever blows and blows it into the canal. But for endless toil and sleepless vigilance the ditch would fill up. Such was the fate that overtook its predecessors. For this is no nineteenth-century nor European project, as a matter of fact, but a thing two thousand years old, or more.

Then from the time of the Moors, in the ninth century, down to fifty years ago there was no canal, and all the huge traffic to the Orient came and went by the Cape of Good Hope. Some time when we are celebrating the surpassing wisdom of the Caucasian mind, let us put this in: The ancients cut the isthmus; we went around the Cape, taking six months, to get to India. I read the other day that somewhere in England there is a monument in memory of Lieutenant Waghorn of the British army. One monument!—to the man that first drove into the British intelligence the fact that, canal or no canal, the Cape of Good Hope route was not necessary. His idea was to steam to Alexandria, carry the passengers, mails, and freight overland to Suez, and reembark them on the Red Sea. It was so simple and obvious that any child with a map could have hit upon it; but Waghorn hammered for years at the British Government before he could get anybody to listen to him. At last, he was graciously allowed to see what he could do, and in 1845 he got letters from London to Bombay in thirty days. When that fact had sufficiently permeated safety, sanity and conservatism, the Waghorn route was adopted—for the mails. So moves the world. The demonstration that

the thirty-day plan was feasible gradually centered attention upon a certain mad Frenchman, ceaselessly shouting about his canal project; the great Indian Revolution of 1857 showed the British public that quick transit was more desirable than conservatism, and so at last De Lesseps raised his money and began to dig sand and kill fellahs.

The dredges scoop from the bottom of the canal the blown-in sand and dump it along the shore; the carrel trains bring up rocks and supplies for the army of workmen that must toil always to keep this highway clear. Egyptians and Arabs are the workmen, Scotchmen the engineers, naked savage boys the camel-drivers, clinging with one hand to the first camel's tail and with the other beating the beast ceaselessly. One boy manages eight or ten camels, tethered in a string—their loads on their backs. When the steamer comes, invariably he drops the tail to which he has been holding and races along the shore screaming for bakshish and revealing to the interested passengers the amazing extent of his professional skill in picturesque profanity.

That other and narrower stream to starboard there is the fresh-water canal built to supply Port Said and the laborers while the Suez was being built. It reaches up toward the Nile somewhere. Close beyond it is the embankment of the railroad from Port Said to Cairo, along which American-built locomotives flip the swift express trains past the slowly moving steamers. And still farther are the endless lagoons and dreary sands. That is the scenery. More monotonous country is not known to man, but from every steamer the passengers study the prospect with unflagging interest. The hot sands stretch far away, unvaried, unrelieved, the air radiates visibly from their blistering surface, the sun burns madly in a sky of perfect violet, the whole thing is tiresome, but you watch every mile of the way and think it too short. Because here is the work of man's hands that has done most to further trade and bind together peoples and to contract the round earth to the hollow of your hand.

In the mid-afternoon you pass the place where the great caravan track to Cairo crosses, and maybe, if you are lucky, there is a caravan, trains of camels heavily laden, black negroes, and the Arab on his horse—not very different from his pictures; dirty, maybe, but always a respectable-looking figure.

No towns, no villages, and, except for the passing-stations, no human habitations; un-



"THE PALMS AND STATIONS ARE DONE IN SILVER, AND THE SHORES SEEM
STRANGELY UNREAL."

less by some assault upon speech you can call those things human habitations wherein, back of the station-houses, the brown men live, where the savage women are always cooking before a fire, and the savage children are always swarming about. At the first turn, at Lake Temsah, in the late afternoon there is a glimpse of the town of Ismailia far away, but the steamer no more than slackens her speed to change pilots, with the pilot boat steaming alongside, and plunges between the sandy walls again.

Sunset is the supernal glory of the Suez day—a Mediterranean sunset intensified; redder reds, more vivid saffrons, a more gorgeous and intoxicating riot of colors, against which the palms of a passing-station are painted with a sudden stroke likely to take away your breath. And when, in the excellent phrase of the old Roman, Night rushes in from the ocean, and the great search-light on the bow turns its flood up the canal, there are other surprises. Then the palms and the passing-stations are all done in silver and the shores seem strangely unreal; and all the ship's company gathers on the forecastle or on the forward promenade to watch this memorable pageant.

You do the ninety-nine miles of the canal in about seventeen hours if you are not held up anywhere at a passing-station. Part of

the distance is traversed through the Bitter Lakes, where there is ample room and good water and the chief below hooks up the engines to full speed; but all the canal proper is traversed at quarter speed or less to save the banks from being washed clean away.

Soon the picturesque passing-stations will be of time gone by and will no more delay steamers; for the company has undertaken to widen the entire canal until two vessels can anywhere pass in it. Then the speed limit may possibly be raised and the time of passage be shortened. Even now the work of widening is well in hand. Easily enough the company can afford the great though expensive improvement, for the profits are goodly. In 1904 the receipts were \$23,163,695—that is all. For a passage through the canal the charges are 7 francs 25 centimes (\$1.45) a ton for vessels and 2 francs 25 centimes (\$.45) for each passenger. The profits are such that they pay seven per cent. to the stockholders after numerous fixed charges have been met. Among the odd items of the charges are a payment to the employees of two per cent. of the net earnings and another of ten per cent. to the board of managing directors, of whom there are fifteen, six being French and six British.

By the crowning triumph of the wily Disraeli's career, the government of Great Brit-



THE STATUE OF DE LESSEPS AT PORT SAID.



"THE MANIACS OF FOUR BROWN NATIONS SHRIEKING AND DANCING OVER THE COAL."

ain in 1877 became the principal owner of the canal. Quietly and without asking the permission of Parliament, Disraeli bought for \$20,000,000 the entire holdings of the Khe-dive of Egypt. At once arose a mighty howl of protest by indignant Britons, for England had always looked askance upon the canal. But Disraeli bought the stock, and the British Government has ever since raked off the goodly profits and held its ownership as a secret menace against the world's commerce. All the nations of Europe have solemnly agreed that the canal is to be open to all ships at all times, and all the nations know that the British Government might seize the whole thing if it chose.

We are about to go heavily into the canal business as builders and operators. The task we have undertaken is the most colossal (of its kind) in history. Compared with the difficulties at Panama the difficulties at Suez seem trifling. Instead of the dead levels and easy sand of Suez, Panama presents terrific rock cuttings and puzzling problems in engineering; instead of a fairly healthful climate, Panama has malarias and deadly pestilences. Here, then, is something for us in the records

and results of Suez, the next greatest canal in the world, in what it cost in money and human lives and human suffering, and what it has meant for the world; for these things indicate what may be ahead for us.

First, about the results to the world; here is an outline of the business that the Suez Canal has done:

YEAR	Number of Ships	Tons	Fees
1869.....	10	6,576	
1870.....	486	436,609	
1886.....	3,100	8,180,000	\$11,300,000
1891.....	4,207	12,200,000	16,700,000
1897.....	2,986	11,120,000	14,220,000
1904.....	4,237	18,661,092	23,163,000

TONNAGE

	1886	1896
British.....	6,260,000	8,060,000
German.....	320,000	1,120,000
French.....	700,000	820,000
Italian.....	190,000	590,000
Dutch.....	310,000	520,000
Various.....	400,000	930,000



"BUT FOR THE PASSING-STATION, THERE IS NO CHANGE IN THE DEAD UNIFORMITY."

In 1904, 210,849 persons were passengers through the canal. This is an analysis of the tonnage that year:

COUNTRY	Vessels	Gross Tonnage
Great Britain.....	2,679	12,164,591
Germany.....	542	2,736,067
France.....	262	1,167,105
Holland.....	223	814,204
Austria.....	135	632,323
Italy.....	94	306,395
Russia.....	82	249,801
Norway.....	72	194,278
Spain.....	29	125,116
Denmark.....	21	77,204
Turkey.....	43	65,679
United States.....	17	39,220
Greece.....	17	32,305
Japan.....	6	32,813
Egypt.....	7	7,866
Belgium.....	2	6,060
Sweden.....	2	3,812
Portugal.....	3	4,408
Chile.....	1	1,545
Total.....	4,237	18,661,092

one of those dirty, slovenly tubs that go lime-juicing around the world, and she managed to sink herself in the canal about twenty miles from Port Said. To have a steamer sunk in a 137-foot channel is bad; but this was worse, for the inconsiderate Chatham had on board 600 tons of dynamite. No contractor would essay the task of raising her; no diver would go down into the hold. So while the engineers deliberated traffic stopped, for no steamer could pass the obstruction. For eleven days the embargo lasted, and the ships accumulated at each end of the canal, until shipping stuck out from the Port Said break-water into the Mediterranean and from Suez down the Red Sea. Bitter cries went up from all the commercial world because of shipments delayed and dealings paralyzed. In a moment it was revealed that the Suez Canal was the main artery of the huge Oriental commerce, vital to the interests of millions upon millions of men. At last the engineers were forced to act. So they tenderly sent down batteries and more dynamite into



"TO ALL THE VAST TRADE OF THE BOUNDLESS EAST, PORT SAID HOLDS THE DOOR."

But you could pile up the figures without end and give no idea of the real value of the thing. No one in this generation glimpsed what it meant until the affair of the Chatham. It takes an object lesson like that to drive into these heads of ours almost any simple fact. The Chatham was a common English tramp,

the sunken Chatham and touched the whole thing off.

The roar of the terrific explosion was heard in Port Said and beyond. And the Chatham—where was she? Splinters of her covered the area of a western county. And about half a mile of the canal bank she took with

her. But the canal was cleared, the ships resumed their several ways and the commercial world rejoiced. It had learned what the canal really means to mankind.

It ought to mean much, for it cost enough. To say that every spadeful dug from it was soaked with human blood were hardly an exaggeration. In that region of earth human blood has always been cheaper than water.

who describes the first of these enterprises, and it must have been so when Darius completed the work, when the Romans repaired it, when the galleys of Cleopatra sailed through it, when the Moors of the ninth century, to whom we owe the foundations of our science, maintained here a canal eighty miles long and by it passed from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean. In the



THE ENORMOUS MAIL FROM THE OCCIDENT TO THE ORIENT IS
HANDLED AT PORT SAID.

More monuments than that to Ferdinand de Lesseps symbolize this great work and the others are not less significant because they are unseen. One of them is to the huge unprofit and huge cruelty of cheap labor. Many another such monument has been built on this same spot in this same fashion. The history of all these canals has probably been written in blood, and though all the letters are now effaced, the message is still understandable. Such is the clear intimation of Herodotus,

intervals between successive waves of civilization the desert winds invariably filled all these works with sand. When Napoleon visited Egypt his discerning mind saw at a glance the immense importance of such a canal, and he ordered it to be dug; but having many people to kill, went off about that more important matter and forgot the other. Then came 1854 and De Lesseps, who chiefly revived the plans of the ancients.

Most of the wise modern world, and chiefly

England, thought De Lesseps insane, and declared the scheme to be utterly impossible. One of the many curiosities of their contention was their childlike faith in the doctrine that the level of the Red Sea was 30 feet higher than the level of the Mediterranean. No man may say now where this fantastic notion was bred, but somebody asserted it and everybody believed it, and used it to bowl over De Lesseps. So the French had to go ahead and build the canal themselves with the assistance of Mohammed Said, Viceroy of Egypt, who was a clever ruler and an intellectual beast.

The Viceroy undertook to furnish the labor, or most of it, and that was where the evil came in. De Lesseps is dead; let us charitably suppose that he was never aware of all the horrors that followed. The Viceroy's method of obtaining labor was to send to an Egyptian village, seize all the fellahs, or serfs, tie their hands, put ropes about their necks, and march them off to the canal, into which they were driven by armed guards, and where they labored under the lash until they dropped dead.

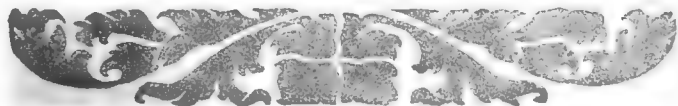
Of how many were slain, there is no record. We have tacitly agreed in modern government to the suppressing of disagreeable details. How many persons perish of famine in misruled and plundered India? How many natives are slain at Kimberley? What are our death-lists at Panama? But search among the dusty and neglected Suez reports shows this, at least, that the mortality was frightful. The digging of the canal began April 25, 1859. By 1863 the complaints about the slaughter of the serfs had made such an impression that observant and kind-hearted men began to protest. The British Government, which at first had insisted that only slaves should be employed on the work, now demanded an investigation. The Sultan went in person. He found the men dying like flies. Not only were they killed in the ditch (under the lash) but the Mecca pilgrims had kindly introduced cholera in the camps and the victims died faster than they could be buried. The Sultan was not noted for humane or generous feelings, but the horror of the situation made an impression upon even his obtuse

mind. He instantly ordered the whole labor system abolished, broke up the camps, and sent the laborers home.

Now invention and progress are the products of high-paid labor. So far the canal had been dug by hand, the earth being brought up in rude baskets. But when slave labor was abolished the contractors were obliged to supply steam machinery. In ten months 18,000 cheap laborers had removed only 4,000,000 cubic metres of material. The steam machinery and the paid labor did more than that in one month. Some Europeans came and earning by piece-work \$1 to \$1.20 a day, pushed the canal toward completion. Yet to the end the state of the native laborer continued to be deplorable. For the slave-driver was substituted the contractor's boss; for forced labor a small wage. But the deaths were many and the bones accumulated in the sand-pits. How will it be at Panama?

In 1867 the thing was done. In money it had cost for construction close to \$100,000,000. The first estimate, made by a solemn conclave of expert engineers, was \$40,000,000. The time consumed was about twice as long as was estimated. And the canal was dug with far more slaughter than ten ordinary battles cause.

Yes, the colossal statue of Ferdinand De Lesseps symbolizes the Caucasian order, method and success; also other things. European self-sufficiency, for instance, that we praise ourselves for doing what the half-savage peoples did many ages ago. Also our exceeding great competence, that it took us so long to begin to do what was not only obvious but merely imitative. And, above all, our humanity and intelligence, that we should celebrate with joy a work done so badly and bloodily, so clumsily and stupidly. It is a great statue; it fills us all with pride and happiness, but with all its beauties it seems to lack something. Perhaps the deficiency would be supplied if we were to erect by the side of it another statue of the same size representing a scrawny and naked fellah digging under the lash. For, after all, that seems to tell more truly than the other the story of the Suez Canal.





LURCHING, GROANING, DISCORDANTLY PROTESTING, WITH A FULL GALE BEHIND HER,
SHE FLEW ONWARD.

—*"The Adventurer."*

THE ADVENTURER

By LLOYD OSBOURNE

*Joint Author with Robert Louis Stevenson of "The Wrecker" and "The Ebb-Tide";
author of "Motormaniacs," "Baby Bullet," etc.*

Illustration by L. A. Shafer

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS.—Lewis Kirkpatrick, by nature a wanderer and adventurer, is stranded in London—only a few shillings in his pocket, and all his outfit lost in the selling up of his landlady's goods. Hunting gloomily through the newspaper "want" columns, he comes upon a singular advertisement, signed "Desperate Enterprise," calling for well-educated young men inured to hardship and danger. Kirk applies; and after an anxious, hungry wait, receives an answer appointing an interview with a man wearing a green tie, at a Vienna bakery. Arrived there, he finds a Mr. Smith, who puts him through a stiff examination, assures him of a favorable report, and fixes the time and place for a second meeting. On the following morning, Friday, Kirk presents himself at the designated house, where he passes a severe medical examination and, as the third test, receives a hundred-pound note, which he is to return intact on Monday afternoon. Having sewed the note into his waistcoat, he settles for the night on a park bench, for he has less than two shillings to live on. Here he falls asleep and is attacked by thieves, who kick him into insensibility just as the police arrive. He regains consciousness on Sunday in a hospital, and finds that his clothes have been given by mistake to a discharged patient named Betts. He at once seeks out Betts and bullies him into confessing that he had found the note and had spent eight pounds of it, which he could not repay. Kirk forces him to give up the remainder, and then, desperate under the necessity of completing the amount, finally makes an appeal to Homer Kittredge, the literary lion of London, who willingly provides the money. Triumphant, Kirk returns to Mr. Smith and is given a ticket to a port in the West Indies, but no clue to the nature of the "desperate enterprise." Indeed, it is not until the day after reaching Port-of-Spain that he receives directions to proceed up the Orinoco. On the same boat with him is a Miss Westbrook whom Kirk had seen, disguised as a housemaid, at Mr. Smith's. Shortly after sailing she speaks to him, begging his protection, and letting him understand that she is in some way connected with the mystery. An intimate comradeship, soon deepening to love on Kirk's part, is established between them, and lasts throughout the long journey by boat and wagon into the heart of South America. They are not separated until their arrival, on a dark night, at their destination, a sort of military camp called Felicidad. Before dawn, Kirk is up investigating, and at length finds out part of the long-guarded secret. For he comes upon an enormous, but uncompleted, land-ship, built of aluminum, and evidently designed to traverse the vast South American savannas. At the mess-tent, he is given a description of all the leaders. The ship, he learns, is the property of a queer old American woman, and the inventor is Vera Westbrook's father. In the afternoon while Kirk is working with the others on the ship, Vera and her father appear. At Mr. Westbrook's invitation, Kirk calls that evening at their tent.

CHAPTER XIII (Continued)

VERA rose, and ran over to Kirk with outstretched hands. She had realized his mortification, his forlornness, his dejection. It was an impulsive moment of sympathy, of girlish tenderness, of sweet concern for her poor lover. Kirk took her hands, and their touch transported him into a sort of heaven. He forgot the curves, the coefficients, even the interruption that had made a tête-à-tête possible. He drew her down beside him on the sofa. He bent over and kissed her warm round arm. She tried to free herself, but he clung to her hands and kissed them passionately, stopping only when she threatened to go back to her former place.

"No, you must be good," she said, glowing and trembling in an exquisite distress. "I didn't mean that at all—only I felt so sorry for you, and wanted you to forget. What a poor silly stupid you are! Besides, I wanted to be pitied too. I'm in disgrace!"

"Disgrace?"

"Papa is furious with me! I've had an awful time. I've been crying all day!"

"My poor darling!"

"Hush, you mustn't say that. You mustn't even think it to yourself. Don't you see how terrible my eyes are—all swelled up and red? I was embarrassed every time you looked at me. I kept my head sideways all I could."

Kirk said she had exaggerated; that they were the prettiest, brightest, starriest eyes——

"But no, listen."

"I'm listening."

"I've done a dreadful thing in coming out. Papa's at his wits' end. He can't send me back, and he can't leave me here, and he swears he won't take me along. I'm a little white elephant—and—and—I'm glad of it. O Mr. Kirkpatrick, he is so ill, so changed—that it breaks my heart. I'm trying to persuade him to throw it all up and go home at once. But he is so obstinate, so wilful. In England he didn't take the ship so seriously. He used to laugh at it even when he was working at the plans. It was a sort of toy

to him. He and I used to play for hours in the attic, fanning little land-ships along the floor, and laughing like children. But now it's all different. He's absolutely absorbed in the idea. And you can see yourself how ill he is. But he won't listen to a word of reason; he is going to sail in that ship if it kills him. That's where the inventor comes in, I suppose. His pride, his honor are involved—and an insane jealousy that grudges the glory to anybody else. He invented the *Fortuna*, he built it—and he has to go, too! He says that's his reward, and that he would not forfeit it for anything in the world; that it would look cowardly to turn back now, as though he had not the courage of his own convictions."

She broke off, and began to cry, rolling her handkerchief into a little ball, and dabbing her eyes with it. Kirk tried in vain to say something comforting.

"It's just this," she went on. "Either I go with him, sharing the risks and taking care of him—or we go home together directly. I have told him that a hundred times, and I'm going to stick to it. He's the only father I have, and I think he owes it to me to take care of himself. Don't you think he does? Surely one's only child is more important than a ship? But it's terrible to argue with him when he is so ill and broken. Yet I have to. For his own sake I must——"

"Can't you get the others to help you?"

"The others! That's the worst of it. They would be only too glad to get rid of him—Captain Jackson and Mrs. Hitchcock, that is. The captain's only idea is to marry the old lady, and return home—while as for her, she is so fussy and dictatorial that there is a constant clash between her and papa. She interferes in everything, and demands all sorts of impossibilities in spite of the agreement that papa was to be responsible for the ship, and was to have a free hand. But papa is too shrewd to be tricked, and he fights every inch of his ground, though it tells on him horribly, and jangles his nerves all to pieces."

"But there is von Zedtwitz."

"The doctor! It's all papa can do to keep him tractable under the constant nagging he gets from those two. He isn't any help at all. And he's the most important man of all, you know—as he is the originator of the expedition, and holds the secret. If we lost him we should not know where to sail to. And that's what Captain Jackson wants,

to goad him and insult him till he finally throws it all up in disgust. Oh, it's an awful tangle, and if papa weren't papa, I'd want him to stick right here, and force the project through. But since he's my father his health comes first, and I would willingly see everything go to pieces—gladly see it—just to get him away. But he won't look at it in that light. I can see his side of it—but he can't see mine. I have to admit this, and this, and this—while he admits nothing. Oh, dear, oh, dear, I'm the most miserable person in the whole world!"

"God knows, I wish I could help you," said Kirk.

She looked at him, her eyes shining with tears.

"I know you would if you could," she exclaimed, with a gratitude that he felt was undeserved. "You are a great consolation to me. I haven't any one but you. You—you can understand."

They drew apart as they heard Mr. Westbrook's step outside. He entered, looking very white and perturbed, and threw himself wearily into a chair. But he answered Vera's questioning glance in a voice that he attempted to make easy and unconcerned.

"It's all right—all right—my dear," he said. "I smoothed him down. I made him laugh at himself. He won't murder anybody to-night. He is a great big honest child, with all of a child's resentment of chicanery and injustice. But if they go on treating him like a dog, somebody will end by getting bitten."

Kirk rose and said he ought to be going; but to his surprise Mr. Westbrook demurred, and pressed him, with some insistence, to stay a little longer.

"I'd like to show you the plans of the *Fortuna*," he said. "Vera, get them out of the other tent; they are in the long canister beside my bed." Kirk sat down again, complimented, and not a little surprised.

He was in a state of exultation, his head whirling with intoxicating recollections that he tried to piece together into some coherency. He hardly knew how much he had gained. He was dizzy with wonder, with rapture. Mr. Westbrook spoke to him, and he spoke to Mr. Westbrook. What they spoke about he scarcely knew. He saw the old man, benignant and courteous, through a sort of mist, and he awoke to reality only when Vera returned.

The canister was opened, and a roll of

blue prints was taken from it. The prints were large and unwieldy. It was not easy to spread them out, and the corners had to be weighted down with books. The table was not big enough, and so the floor was used, Mr. Westbrook leaning forward in his chair while Kirk and Vera knelt at his feet. Their hands met more than once, and parted reluctantly. Kirk's interest in the plans was genuinely unaffected. There was the Fortuna as she was going to be, and for the first time he grasped the design as a whole. Everything was carried out to the last detail, with a precision and foresight that delighted him. There was something very reassuring to him in the sight of those plans, elevations, and working drawings. The Fortuna, at least, was not the child of a haphazard enthusiasm, built conjecturally; nothing had been left to chance. She had been evolved by a man of a trained mechanical mind, whose name in itself was a guarantee of scientific perfection.

Kirk was outspoken in his admiration. He had no intention of flattering Mr. Westbrook, and his sincerity was too transparent to be questioned. But the old man was keenly alive to the praise, and his manner thawed and grew increasingly cordial as Kirk pored over the plans, and expressed his extreme satisfaction with them. When at last they were rolled up and put back in the canister, Kirk could not but feel that he had advanced in Mr. Westbrook's opinion.

He shook hands with Vera and said good night. But Mr. Westbrook got his hat, and said that he would come too—part of the way.

"I'd like to have a little talk with you," he said. "I may not have another opportunity. There are several things, Mr. Kirkpatrick, that—that—" He did not finish the sentence. He seemed confused and at a loss how to proceed, fumbling at the shawl Vera placed about his shoulders. He led the way out in silence, while Vera, standing in the shadow of the threshold, looked after them until they disappeared in the darkness.

CHAPTER XIV

"THERE are several things I wish to tell you," said the old man, "and the first is that I think you are an uncommonly nice fellow."

"Thank you," returned Kirk, not without misgiving at so strange and unexpected a preface.

"That is a very reassuring fact," continued Westbrook. "It makes it much easier for us to come to an understanding."

Kirk wondered what he meant, but forbore to ask.

"My daughter has done a very foolish thing in coming out here. It was a wild and impulsive action, which was to some extent justified by the news of my illness reaching her, in spite of my precautions. I am horrified, less at what she has done than at what she has escaped. It was a most reckless and desperate proceeding—and it makes my blood run cold even to think of it. She has told me a great deal about yourself—about your kindness, your extreme consideration, your vigilance and chivalry. But as a man of the world I probably appreciate all that even more than she does. You have put me under a great obligation. And this sense of obligation makes it difficult for me to go on. I hesitate to risk offending a man for whom I have so strong a regard. You will forgive me if I speak plainly?"

"Why, certainly," said Kirk, not a little mystified. "Proceed, by all means."

"My daughter has unconsciously placed herself in a very ambiguous position—a very cruel position, Mr. Kirkpatrick, though, of course, I have kept the knowledge from her. It is largely in your power to stop gossip and chatter, and in appealing to you I feel that I am appealing to a man of honor. By your conduct she will be judged. Do you understand?"

"Well, no," said Kirk, "I don't. Frankly, I don't."

"Well, it is just this, Mr. Kirkpatrick. These people here will have you both under a microscope. They will misconstrue your friendship with her. Malice and envy are rife here, as they are everywhere. Does it not suggest itself to you to make some sacrifice for my daughter's sake? To govern yourself so as to nullify all criticism?"

"By doing what?"

"Nothing! I mean by staying away from us—by not calling—by losing yourself among the others, and tacitly adopting their attitude. In this way the gossip will soon be silenced, especially if you are reserved and careful in your speech. Is it too much to ask?"

Kirk's fairy castle was tumbling about his ears.

"Does it not occur to you," he asked, "that her—Miss Westbrook's—feelings may be wounded? That she may feel slighted by

the course you have outlined for me? Are you not making me appear very rude? You are good enough to put the favor on my side—but it is really the other way about. I've led a rough life, Mr. Westbrook, and her kindness has meant a great deal to me. I value it exceedingly. I cannot do anything that would lose me her good opinion."

"Do you think that I ought to tell her of this request?"

"Oh, you must."

"Then the other is agreed?"

Kirk assented sadly.

"I would do anything for her, Mr. Westbrook—anything except to seem to wound her. It is a great blow to me. I was foolish enough to—to—" He broke off. Westbrook pretended not to notice his agitation. The old fellow had a pretty clear idea as to how matters stood, and was more than displeased. He had fully determined, should he fail to carry his point, to throw over everything and return with his daughter to England. It was a hateful alternative, but he felt that he had no choice. This affair had to be nipped in the bud, and if Kirk had proved recalcitrant, the Moltke would have slipped her moorings on the morrow with the Westbrooks on board. Dear as the Fortuna was to the old man, his daughter was dearer, and he knew the folly of temporizing.

"I am trusting a great deal to your word," he said at last. "You appreciate that, I hope. You have an honest face—an honest voice. There is such a thing as keeping the letter of an agreement and violating the spirit. But I am taking it for granted that you're too sincere and too manly to be unworthy of my confidence."

"No, no, that's all right," said Kirk. "You've convinced me. I was a fool ever to think otherwise. It's the only thing to do, and—and—I'll do it!"

They shook hands under the starlight, and then separated. Westbrook slowly returned to his tent, not a little relieved at the success of his endeavors. Kirk dejectedly sought his cot, and lay half the night with wide-open eyes, in such a turmoil of longing and wretchedness that sleep was out of the question. He had won, and he had lost—and now it was all over. He had chained himself with promises, and the future was black indeed.

The succeeding days were filled with hard and exhausting work, periodically relieved. Glare, heat, clang, and sweat—noisy meals

—and long silent evenings that he chose to pass alone, far out on the prairie with no companionship but the stars. He saw Vera often, but had never spoken to her since that night in her father's tent. Every day she visited the ship, and smiled at him as she passed on her rounds with her father—a tender smile, full of vague messages for him, compassionate and beautiful, and mutely appealing. She had grown paler, more subdued, and her eyes, as they sought his, had a curious pathos that haunted him long after she had gone. Her father's prohibition had been hard to bear, and Kirk felt a somber satisfaction in the thought that he was not the only one to suffer.

The ship was progressing rapidly toward completion. The main deck was almost habitable. Doors and windows were in. Bunks, shelves, tables, lockers, racks, and other such details were taxing the energies of the carpenter's staff. The commissary department, under the direction of Mr. McCann, the paymaster, was arranging for the ship's equipment, and was accumulating mountains of stores beside her. The upper deck was now trim and smart. Four Westbrook quick-firers, using 303 service ammunition, were in position, two forward and two aft, in steel shields. The chart-room below the bridge was a miniature arsenal, the walls lined with Martini-Henrys and pasteboard boxes containing 20,000 rounds of ammunition visible through wire screens. The galley was being finished and painted; a light wire rail was in process of construction around the ship; the companionways, accommodation-ladders, etc., were receiving their finishing touches.

Every one was animated with the thought that sailing-day was fast approaching. The talk ran constantly on the absorbing theme of how many men were to be taken, and how many left at Felicidad. It got about that the number to embark would be about fifty-five. Including the sick, there were more than twice that number in camp, and a weeding-out process was inevitable. The thought of it caused no little anxiety and distress. Nobody wanted to stay behind. St. Aubyn managed to fool the doctor and get back on the active list. He was very shaky and ill, and had shivering spells when his teeth would chatter like castanets—but with indomitable courage he stuck to work, in the hope that his ill health would be overlooked and that he would be taken.

There were many conjectures as to the appointment of officers and petty officers. Every one was in the dark as to the selection, and it became a subject of constant bickering. It was often suggested, with much intemperance of language, that officers ought to be chosen by vote, and the question of leaders thus left to the men who furnished the bone and sinew of the expedition.

Indeed, it did not escape Kirk that there was a very wide-spread feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction in the ranks of the *Fortunas*, as the men called themselves. A fault-finding spirit was engendered by Jackson's dictatorial manners and exasperating petty tyrannies; and as with all mobs, demagogues arose to organize personal parties and fan the flames. The most noticeable of these was a fellow named Beale, a lanky Australian, with a most wonderful vocabulary of vituperation. He was a passed master in his nefarious business, and got together a very substantial following. It was he who suggested the vote—with the evident intention of heading the ticket. This undercurrent of politics and wire-pulling was very distasteful to Kirk. He foresaw fresh difficulties and fresh complications. When all, as he knew, was trembling in the balance, it seemed a shame to provoke further troubles, which, so far from thwarting Jackson, would be likely to aid him in his desire to wreck the expedition in port.

Kirk said this to Beale very plainly when one day the plausible Australian drew him to one side and attempted to enlist him in the ranks of the rebels. Beale was no fool, in spite of his officiousness and conceit, and Kirk was surprised at the impression he managed to make on him. In fact, Kirk turned the tables completely, and in a quiet way lectured Beale severely.

"What do you want to do?" he demanded. "Kill the expedition and send us all home whipped out? That's a fine idea, isn't it—because you don't like the coffee, and have discovered Jackson to be forty different kinds of a wild ass? I tell you, Beale, we fellows on the lower deck ought to pull together and show a good spirit. It's to our interest to do it. What are we to gain by upsetting the apple-cart? Now see here, the boys all look up to you, and go a good deal by what you say. This is a mighty critical moment in our affairs, and it rests with you more than you think to make or mar the whole expedition."

Beale, like all sea-lawyers, was as susceptible to flattery as a schoolgirl. Kirk was willing to play him to the top of his bent, for the fellow had a tremendous potentiality for mischief. The occasion seemed to justify dissimulation.

"The great thing is to get started," Kirk continued. "Let's subordinate everything to that, old man. A rumpus just now would be fatal. We couldn't spite Jackson more than by acting like lambs. Don't you see, old boy, that he would jump at the chance of backing out—would welcome it? Mrs. Hitchcock would side with him—and then where should we be?"

"There's old Westbrook," said Beale. "Westbrook and Zedtwitz. Why shouldn't they carry it on—the pair of them?"

"It's the old lady's money, you know."

"Westbrook has barrels of his own."

"But I doubt whether he would consent to assume the outlay already made. Think what all this must have cost! She would be too vindictive to make him a present of it. The ship's her property, Beale. Don't forget that."

"There's something in that," assented Beale. "But my stars, Kirk, it galls me to have Jackson put in all his little pets to strut the quarter-deck and domineer over us. There's Haines now, bragging as how he's to be first officer. The pasty-faced little squirt, I'd like to take him by the scruff of the neck and break his back. And the other favorites and toadies, all promoted and brass-bound, while we'll have to pulley-haul their dirty ropes, and 'Sir' them, and take their tomfool orders!"

Kirk knew Haines, and disliked him profoundly. He was an ex-yacht officer of the flunky species, who aped the supercilious manners of the class he had served; a drawling red-headed nincompoop, with irritating airs and graces. Kirk's face showed his disgust at such a creature being put over them.

"I care for Haines as little as you do," he admitted, "but the only right thing is to obey orders and go ahead."

The Australian ruminated.

"Well, I'll go slow, anyhow," he said, with unexpected submission. "That's the sense of talking things over beforehand. They aren't all as cool as you are, Kirkpatrick. But you're right—you're right. It's no good burning down the factory to spite the owners, is it? Well, we'll see," and he walked off, looking thoughtful.

Apparently he had taken part of Kirk's warning to heart. At any rate, there was less whispering and muttering in corners, and Beale's name was more seldom mentioned.

Kirk was uneasy, nevertheless, and debated with himself whether he ought not to report the conversation to Westbrook. But he hesitated to add this new weight of trouble to the old man's already overheavy burdens, and determined that he would wait until later on to put him on his guard.

During these concluding days of the Fortuna's preparation, there occurred another incident that demands attention. Occasionally in the course of their work, questions arose that required a reference to Captain Jackson. This was the more necessary as the captain seldom visited the ship, except after hours. The disinclination of the crew to rise and stand at attention as he passed was the reason for his keeping aloof. He attached an inordinate value to this formality, and after repeated failures to enforce it with man-of-war rigidity, he had at length retired from the contest in disgust. There was a general tendency, from Crawshaw down, to shirk the task of carrying him messages, and submitting to his overbearing and insulting manners. Kirk, as a newcomer, was slyly victimized by the little engineer; and as the former made no objection he gradually became the messenger between the mechanical staff and their majestic commander. Often he had to beard the lion in his den three or four times in the course of one day.

Now Kirk was as little in love with Jackson as was anybody else, but he was free from the vanity of considering himself degraded by obeying his superior's orders. Privately, he thought it silly to make such mountains of fuss over trifles; but he was there to do what he was told, and for the time being to subordinate himself to the will of others. Besides that, being a gentleman, it was natural for him to be polite, even to people that he did not like.

It all led to the extraordinary result of the captain's taking a fancy to him. His Majesty unbent. His Majesty, accustomed to a great deal of veiled insolence and a very perfunctory deference, appreciated the genuineness of Kirk's courtesy. He was insufferably vain and arrogant—but very human. He grew to like Kirk's open face, his agreeable voice, and his alert, respectful manner. Here was his man-of-war ideal, and as Kirk was the only one of a hundred and eighteen

who in the least way satisfied it—except Haines, and a few other particular pets—the swollen old fellow warmed to him mightily. It made Kirk feel a good deal of a hypocrite. But he was human, too; and he slightly modified some of his first opinions.

He little realized to what all this was tending. One day, as he stood to attention in front of Jackson's desk, the latter laid his hand on a closely written list of names with a humorous pretense of screening them from view.

"No peeping," he exclaimed. "This is a state paper!"

Kirk smiled vaguely. He did not know what the joke was, but it was discipline to look amused.

"You might happen to see your own name," went on the captain, pompously jocular. "Oh, yes—and in a good place, I can tell you. I am making up the list of officers, petty officers, and leading seamen!"

Kirk's heart gave a bound. He could tell by the captain's air that he had been marked out for promotion. For the first time he realized that Jackson's good-will might mean substantial favors. Strange to say, it had not occurred to him before that he was a "pet."

"You're very good, sir," he said. "I—I—had no anticipation of this. I looked for nothing better than not being left behind."

"Kirkpatrick," said the captain sententiously, "the man who learns to take orders is qualifying himself to give them. When this is made public I fancy you will be surprised."

"Thank you, sir," said Kirk.

Kirk kept this wonderful piece of intelligence to himself. He hardly knew what to hope for. He shrank from setting his ambition too high, dreading to disappoint himself. What he wanted, of course, was to be near Vera; to have the privilege of addressing her; to share, however humbly, the life of the after-guard. Quartermaster, gunner, boatswain, storekeeper—he ran over all the possibilities repeatedly with an anxious particularity.

At length the time came for all these teasing speculations to be set at rest. One blazing noon, as they were tramping back to dinner, they were diverted by a great paper poster, six feet by four, that had made an unexpected appearance in front of the headquarters tent. Here was the list for all to

read, in big black letters an inch high. It was instantly surrounded by a jostling throng, pushing and shoving to get close to it. There was a confused hum of voices—of ejaculations, jeers, protests, and growling notes of disappointment and chagrin. Kirk elbowed his way in. He was in the throes of an overmastering excitement. He dared not ask what he had been given. He expected every instant that some one would call out: "Say, Kirk! you're one of the quartermasters"—or whatever it was. On some of the returning faces he seemed to detect a savage resentment against himself—envy, anger, contempt. But perhaps that was only fancy. He got closer and closer. The letters were swimming before him, obscured by shoulders and heads. What if his name were not there at all? No, that was incredible—had not Jackson said—?

Ah, here it was!

LAND-SHIP FORTUNA.

Directing Council: MRS. POULTENEY HITCHCOCK, MR. EZRA H. WESTBROOK, DR. C. VON ZEDTWITZ.

Captain, HORATIO H. B. JACKSON.

First Officer, PERCY HAINES.

Second Officer, LEWIS KIRKPATRICK.

Kirk got no further. "*Second officer, Lewis Kirkpatrick. Second officer, Lewis Kirkpatrick.*" In his wildest imaginings he had never soared so high. It put him in the cabin—in the aristocracy of the after-guard—made him one of those glorified beings who might meet Vera Westbrook on terms almost of equality. He might sit by her side, speak to her without reproach, share her radiant companionship. Kirk was dazed with delight. He was aroused only by the sight of St. Aubyn's thin, screwed-up, woebegone face.

"Oh, chum," he exclaimed, "they've gone and left me out! I'm not to go at all. I've got to stay in this rotten hole, and kick my heels while you fellows sail away!"

Kirk attempted to comfort him, but there was not much that could be said. St. Aubyn was pitifully upset. It had cost him agony to keep at work, but there was heroic stuff in the fellow, and he had been sustained by

the hope of being taken. He had counted on it with all of a sick man's stubbornness and irrationality. And now the decree had gone forth, and he was condemned to remain behind!

CHAPTER XV

THREE days later the *Fortuna* was ready to start. Her enormous and varied cargo was all on board. Her water-tanks were full. Her accommodations were complete for the fifty-five human beings who comprised her officers, passengers, and crew. On the upper deck, lashed securely in place, were a pair of spare wheels, several spare axles, and a dozen spare springs of gigantic proportions—all by way of reserve in case of accident to the trucks on which the fabric of the ship was supported. In addition to this unwieldy mass, there were forty specially constructed bamboo-cages, compactly and powerfully built, which were intended, in conjunction with jacks, to be used in making repairs to the sustaining mechanism. The weight of the ship could be thrown on these hollow dice while axles and wheels were removed, or broken springs were replaced. Aft the foremast were two large automobiles, also lashed to the deck, about which there was as much conjecture and chatter as there was about the mysterious purpose of the expedition itself. They were big French cars, with an unusually high clearance, and racing bodies. They presented an incongruous appearance in a scene so wild and strange—so emphatic an emblem of civilization in a savage landscape as trackless as the sea. What was their purpose? Were they to serve as life-boats in case of need? The means of getting news back in the event of disaster?

These perplexing questions were answered by a phrase that was fast becoming a commonplace:

"Well, we shall soon know now!"

Tuesday, the day set for their departure, broke stormy and threatening. The barometer had been steadily going down, and the prolonged spell of good weather had come to a sudden end. The wind was whistling through the rigging of the *Fortuna* with the strength of a rising gale, and the loosened sails bellied and thundered in the blast. It had been intended to make something of a gala of that momentous morning—with speeches, the firing of salutes, and the dress-

ing of the ship in flags. At the right moment, amid cheers and salvos, she was majestically to move away, dipping her ensign in a stately farewell as she rolled south on her perilous voyage.

The reality, however, was sadly different. The wind had veered into the north and was blowing great guns. Squall after squall rose black to windward, and burst over the ship in torrential downpours of rain. Everything was wet and cold and dripping, and the lash of the storm fell mercilessly on the oil-skinned figures clustered about the decks. Felicidad was half under water, and a dozen tents had been blown down, with the promise of more to follow. To leeward there were incessant flashes of sheet-lightning, zig-zagging the horizon with streaks of fire. Everything was in confusion. Inevitable occasions for delay cropped up at the last moment. No one was very sure, indeed, that the attempt would be made at all. The captain sulked in his cabin, his dignity insulted by some unguarded word of Westbrook's. Emissaries of peace moved back and forth, arguing, explaining, smoothing down. Kirk, in raincoat and sou'wester, paced up and down the bridge, waiting impatiently for orders. The gale was in their favor, and he grudged every minute that held them back.

Beside the ship was the melancholy, bedraggled group of those who had to remain behind. Soaked to the skin, bunched together for protection, the sick and ailing sitting on packing-cases in sullen defiance of the doctor's orders to remain in camp—they presented a picture of misery and desolation not easily to be described. In vain they were told to go back, and try to keep their town from blowing into space. They listened apathetically and shook their heads. The only luxury that remained to them was disobedience. They stuck together like sheep, and passively defied the speaking-trumpet. They were determined to see the last of the Fortuna, to share at least in her departure, even if Felicidad were laid flat.

A quartermaster mounted the bridge, bearing a paper in his hand.

"Captain's orders, sir—you're to call the roll, hoist in the gangway, and see all clear forward."

Kirk went forward and roused the fore-castle. The men came pouring up, and grouped themselves about him, joined by the cooks and stewards from the ship's waist.

"J. Henshaw!"

"Here!"

"C. T. Hildebrand!"

"Here!"

"Thomas Mackay!"

"Here!"

And so it proceeded, amid the rush and thunder of the gale, the ship shaking under the repeated buffets, and the men steadying themselves by the shrouds and backstays. It was a stirring sight—the storm-tossed hair, the brawny arms folded across Herculean chests, the bronzed and bearded faces, the unflinching eyes, the universal look of hardihood, recklessness, and courage. Here were no boys, no graybeards, no weaklings. All were tried and seasoned men in the very flower of their age—broad-shouldered, deep-chested, muscular, and stalwart—the pick of ten thousand. No ship afloat ever had carried a finer crew. The pride of leadership surged within Kirk. He vowed that he would show himself worthy of his promotion, and earn the respect and confidence of his erstwhile comrades.

The captain was on the bridge, speaking-trumpet in hand. At his right stood Haines. Behind them, well out of the way, were Westbrook, Mrs. Hitchcock, Vera, McCann, Dr. Phillips, and von Zedtwitz—six black, clinging figures in mackintoshes. There was expectancy on every face—anxiety, excitement, foreboding. At last the Fortuna was to be tried, and that under adverse and dangerous conditions. Was she, after all, a gigantic folly—a preposterous conception, doomed to the most mortifying of failures? A few minutes would determine.

"I have to report that the roll is called, sir, and that all hands answered their names."

"Very good, Mr. Kirkpatrick. Get the gangway up, and lash it."

"Very good, sir."

For the first time Jackson was beginning to show to advantage. He seemed to put by that meaner self—that touchy, cross-grained, half-hearted Jackson that they had learned to know and hate—and asserted a side of his nature that had hitherto been unsuspected. Standing there on the bridge, conspicuous and masterful, he dominated the situation; his commanding figure, his harsh and incisive voice, his cool, resourceful air—all inspired confidence, and compelled some of his bitterest enemies to an unwilling admiration.

The Fortuna lay in a fairly good position for the start. It had not been thought nec-

essary to kedge her round to make a fair wind of the gale. It was blowing enough abaft the beam to insure her against capsizing; and once she was moving she could easily be set on a better course. That is, if she did move.

Seven men were sent aft to the wheel—six to steer, and the seventh to be in speaking-tube communication with the foretop and the bridge. Haines was despatched aloft with a couple of hands to con the ship. Kirk was engaged in taking treble reefs in the foresail and foretopsail—no easy matter, for the loosened sails were caught by the gale, and beat furiously as the men struggled with them. The silk was new and coarse, and the wet had made it like sheet-steel. It was only by taking advantage of every lull that the task was at last accomplished. The captain bellowed to them again and again through his speaking-trumpet to make haste. The windward sky was blackening with another squall, and he was impatient to get away before it could burst.

"All ready, sir!" yelled Kirk.

"Man the foretopsail-halyards!"

"Sheet home! Hoist away!"

The sails shook and thundered.

"Tend the braces! 'Vast hoisting! Belay! Man the jib-halyards! Clear away the down-haul! Hoist away! Belay!"

The topsail threatened to blow itself out of the bolt-ropes. It seemed incredible that it could withstand the terrific strain. The *Fortuna* did not move an inch; but her wheels, deeply rutted in the soft earth, quivered with a sort of life. The vast fabric creaked, and the backstays tautened ominously. It was a moment of suspense, of agony. Something had to give. Kirk held his breath, and waited for the topsail to split to ribbons.

"Quick with the foresail! Up with her, Mr. Kirkpatrick!"

Thirty men laid hold of the throat- and peak-halyards, and hoisted the sail with a rush. The boom crashed to leeward. The sail reverberated deafeningly, drowning for a time even the gale itself. Up, up it went, with a lusty yo-heave-oh. The throat-halyards were belayed. The loose peak was lashing to and fro, spilling and filling with a furious noise. It was stubbornly conquered, and got into position.

"Haul aft the fore-sheet!"

The sail resisted, giving way only inch by inch. It carried the weight of the storm,

and was likely to rip free and fly away. At every gust Kirk thought to see the last of it. But it was new and stout, and held firmly to the bolt-ropes. Then to his amazement the deck beneath him began to shake and pitch. By George, they were moving! Bump, bump, bump—with men slipping and staggering all about him. But he had no time to look over the weather-rail. His eyes were fixed on the captain. He steadied himself against the mast.

"Pull, you beggars, pull!" he roared, as the long cue of men flopped over, and the sheet slackened in their hands. He ran in among them himself, and laid his own weight to the rope. Four or five others jumped to help him. Every one was shouting and laughing with exultation. Kirk had a momentary view of the flat wet prairie speeding by—pools of muddy water—the diminishing crowd behind, waving their caps.

"That will do, Mr. Kirkpatrick!"

"Make her fast, boys! Now, you lubbers, what are you doing with that sheet? Here, like this!"

Then, at last, he was at liberty to see what was going on.

Reeling across the deck he attained the shrouds, and sprang up the ratlines. Yes, indeed, she was moving! Her ponderous wheels were sending up a spray of mud and earth, and every time the great hull dipped by the head there was a slush as of some mighty automobile a thousand times magnified. Under that press of sail the *Fortuna* pounded on with a wild and lumbering velocity that brought the heart to the mouth. Lurching, groaning, discordantly protesting in every part of her fabric, and with a full gale behind her, she flew onward with an indescribable jarring and bumping that seemed at every instant to threaten her destruction. Braced against the rigging, holding on for dear life, Kirk had the startling sensation of scudding over the prairie. As the squall burst the *Fortuna* freshened her pace, and dashed before it, amid rain and lightning, at a speed so terrific that there went up a cry to shorten sail. But the captain, swaying on the bridge, and searching the lee horizon ahead with his glass, held on undismayed.

Behind them were the tents of *Felicidad*, fitfully seen and half lost again in the murk and gloom. The poor deserted fellows had shrunk to mere specks. One of them was waving a tiny flag on a stick—the only at-

tempt to celebrate in any way the departure of the Fortuna. A pitiful leave-taking—that widow's mite of bunting—hardly more than a striped and gaudy handkerchief.

But the sight of it struck a responsive chord in the captain's bosom. He raised the speaking-trumpet to his lips.

"Mr. Kirkpatrick?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Break out the ensign at the main!"

Kirk bellowed a repetition of the order. A quartermaster staggered aft to get the flag from the chart-room rack. Another cleared the signal-halyards. The little ball went up swiftly and jerkily, all eyes watching it. Then, as it reached the truck, it was broken and blew out its vivid colors to the storm. It may be that it was not seen by those they were leaving; but the sight of the Stars and Stripes to the Fortunas themselves, various as were their nationalities, was salutary and inspiring. If Jackson could bother about a mere flag why should they be in such a sweat for their lives? There was no longer any mutinous outcry to shorten sail. A pipe or two appeared. There was a scramble to find sheltered places. Men grinned at one another, and even laughed outright as they were slung hither and thither by the violent and sudden movements of the ship.

And all the while, she held on her way, the men struggling at the wheel, the sails straining madly; the wind howling; the indefatigable wheels racing and plunging as they cut into the sodden earth, and tore a path to the southward. The ship yawed wildly. Kirk mounted half-way up the mast. His first feeling of dread had given way to a strange elation. It was magnificent thus to be borne along. Danger was forgotten in the exhilaration, the excitement, the thrilling delight of that mighty rush before the gale. Fear had disappeared. Standing there between earth and sky he gave himself up to the enjoyment of a sublime and extraordinary spectacle: below him, the crouching figures of his companions, the careening decks, the whirl of those steel-rimmed wheels; before him, the vast emptiness of the plains, bounded only by the sky; behind him, the fierce alternations of haze, gloom, and driving squalls, with rifts of wintry light, and bleak, passing vistas of a tempestuous horizon.

Lightning forked and flashed, accompanied by ear-splitting detonations. The heavens opened. The close-reefed sails strained furiously in the bolt-ropes with a menacing note

of disaster—a hoarse and fitful murmur—as though any moment they might tear themselves free. Jackson, with the speaking-trumpet to his lips, attempted in vain to make himself heard above the storm. Hardly a word could be understood. But his convulsed face and gesticulating hand showed that something was amiss. He gave the trumpet to one of the men clinging to the rail beside him, and made unmistakable gestures to take in sail.

Kirk slipped down the rigging, and routed out his men from the nooks where they had taken shelter. He let fly the foretopsail-halyards, and allowed the sail to beat and thunder while he applied himself to getting down the foresail. He put every man he could muster on the clew-rope and soon had the great sail on deck, where it gave them a lively tussle as it bellied and floundered. The forecastle men hauled down and stowed the jib. The Fortuna came to a gentle standstill. Her deck became solid under foot, and the relief after the peculiar jarring movement that baffled every attempt to walk was indescribably welcome.

Kirk strode aft to see what was the matter, after first clewing up the foretopsail with a dozen hands and then ordering them aloft to furl it.

The captain met him at the break of the poop.

"Very smartly done," he said approvingly.

"Has anything happened, sir?"

"No, it's only those speaking-tubes. Crawshaw will have to do something with them. The thing gives only a little squeak. Haines up there is no more use to me than if he were in a balloon. What if we ran into a hummock, or struck a gully! Find Crawshaw, and send him to me."

Kirk turned away, only to meet the little engineer himself. He was beaming from ear to ear, and this in spite of the fact that he looked half drowned, and the coat was half ripped off his back.

"Isn't she splendid!" he cried. "I've been logging her, and would you believe it, she's been doing seventeen!"

The captain grimly brought him back to earth.

"We've been running blindfold," he said. "Heaven only knows what we've escaped! See here, Crawshaw, you've got to fix those speaking-tubes better. We can't trust our lives to a tin squeal. Call them up aft, and see for yourself how rotten bad they are!"

Jackson's scornful and faultfinding tone angered Crawshaw. He pursed his lips together, and without another word went over to the apparatus.

"How long will it take you?" demanded the captain.

Crawshaw reflected.

"I'll have to rig up a sort of telephone harness," he returned at length. "One for a man here, one for the foretop, and another for the wheel. Say an hour. Yes, all of an hour."

"Mr. Kirkpatrick!"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell the cook to start his fire, and serve out hot coffee and biscuits to all hands. And——"

"Yes, sir."

"Get that storm trysail out of the sail-locker, bend it, and be ready to run it up!"

"Very good, sir."

"Oh, I say," put in Crawshaw, "I wish you'd tell Gibbs and Henderson to look over the trucks, and see how the springs are standing it. Tell them also to examine the journals, and make sure they're lubricating."

"Yes, you see to that, too, Mr. Kirkpatrick," added the captain, with jealous authority.

Kirk darted down the ladder and hastened about giving orders. The galley stovepipe began to smoke. The storm-sail was broken out and bent. Kirk moved hither and thither, an energetic second mate—routing out skulkers, directing gear to be coiled, tarpaulins lashed, and the disordered decks straightened up. He asked and obtained the captain's permission to run life-lines fore-and-aft, so that when they should be again under way the men might be able to move the length of the ship without being spilled into the scuppers. He sent one of the mechanics to report on the chains of the steering-gear, and find out how they were standing the strain that had been put upon them. Busied with these and innumerable other details the hour passed swiftly for him, and he was almost surprised when the orders came down to make sail again.

The gale was still raging, but their second start was less beset with terrors than the first. They knew now for certain what the *Fortuna* was capable of. The storm-trysail, too, was sent up first, and the wind being now on the port quarter, it steadied the ship, and as she gathered way, relieved the two other sails that followed. The sickening, jouncing,

teeth-chattering motion recommenced. The *Fortuna* plunged forward with an increasing acceleration, bumping and quivering—lunging, rolling, and sending up a spray of clods and dirt. Once more she was off, and every one on board braced and settled himself for the nerve-racking ordeal that had to last till sundown.

Eight bells were struck.

Kirk, gazing aloft, perceived Haines waving his hand to him. They had now to change places. Kirk, with the port watch, was to relieve the starboard. He sent his two quartermasters, together with five other hands, to take the wheel; two more to the bridge; while he, with Phelps and Haggitty, both dependable men with some sea experience, laid aloft to keep their watch in the foretop.

Haines and his two companions were very glad to come down. They were wet to the bone, and so chilled and cramped that their hands could hardly hold to the ratlines. To make matters worse, they were all more or less seasick with the violent whipping movement of the mast. Kirk watched them descend with some anxiety, and breathed a sigh of relief when they safely reached the deck. Phelps was put into the harness that Crawshaw had improvised. Kirk spoke through him.

"Quartermaster, do you hear me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Quite plainly?"

"Yes, sir."

"What's your course?"

"Sou'-sou'-east."

"Is she hard to hold?"

"Very difficult, sir. Bucks like a bronco. Jerks the fellows off their pins, sir."

"Shall I send you two more hands?"

"We'd be very glad to get them. Could use four, I think."

"All right—I'll see to it."

Then he called up the bridge.

"Hello! Bridge! Can you hear me plainly?"

"Every word, sir."

"Tell Captain Jackson that the helmsmen are short-handed, and that they need four more hands."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Kirk took up the binoculars that Haines had left him and swept the horizon.

From that great altitude the limitless, desolate plains seemed as flat as billiard-boards. It required very close inspection to pick out

hollows and inequalities of surface. But by dint of searching, and aided by Haggitty, whose eyes were sharper than the glass, Kirk gradually learned to detect bad places, and to avoid them. Haines had simply allowed the ship to roll over everything, lickety-split, bump, bump, bump, with a slavish adherence to his course as though any deviation from it were a crime. But Kirk tried to ease the running all he could. Under his direction the vessel yawed to the right and the left, with not only some increase of speed, but a most noticeable improvement in her motion.

"Foretop, there!"

"Aye, aye, captain."

"I'm going below, and turn over the command to the second officer."

"Very good, sir."

"You are to call me if the gale freshens."

"Shall do so, sir."

"How is it to windward?"

"Seems all clear, sir."

"Well, keep her going."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Kirk, leaning from his dizzy perch, watched the captain disappear. It gave him a strange sense of loneliness—of paralyzing helplessness verging on fear. The whole responsibility of the ship was now upon his shoulders, and he had no one to rely on but himself. He took a deep breath and pulled himself together. But if command had its terrors, it had also its delights. Swaying there in the sky, with one arm clasped about the mast, he was thrilled to think that his will was now supreme. On his skill, judgment, and caution was staked the safety of all. He redoubled his vigilance, and kept his eyes fixed on the unrolling savannas before him.

CHAPTER XVI

By four o'clock his watch was over. It was blowing as hard as ever, and the bleak, wild day was darkening fast. But the captain's orders were to press her to the utmost, and take every advantage of the favoring gale. The search-light was lighted, and its dazzling rays were projected far ahead, opening before them a path of weird and startling brilliancy. Kirk worked his way along the life-lines to the after-companion, and staggered below to the cabin that he had been allotted to share with Haines. He managed to change his clothing, and then, all dressed except for his boots, he wedged himself

into his bunk. Sleep, of course, he could not. The motion was too racking, too violent for even the pretense. But he could close his eyes, and alleviate to some degree the fatigue of body and nerves so long kept at tension.

The day's work was practically over; for although it would fall to him to stand the second dog-watch from six to eight, and then the middle anchor-watch from midnight to four, it would not be in the same arduous circumstances. The ship—blessed thought—would be still; and there would be no course to watch, no sails to worry over.

After a while—a long while—he heard the tramp of feet overhead; hoarse, inarticulate cries; the pounding of blocks; the fury of loosened sails thundering in the wind. The heavy, lurching, exasperating movement abruptly ceased. Kirk flung himself out at full length, his tormented frame free at last to lie at ease. Oh, the glorious relaxation of weary muscles! How soothing the pillow that supported his tired head! His eyes closed. Respite had come at last. The long, long day was over.

He was awakened a little later by Haines. He sat up and rubbed his sleepy eyes. Where was he? He blinked under the light of Haines's lantern, wondering dully at the unfamiliarity of the cabin. Then his recollection returned, and he jumped out, getting down on his knees to search for his rubber boots. Haines was divesting himself of his oilskins, and was raining water all over the floor. He was surly and uncommunicative, growling out that it was a beastly dirty night when Kirk asked him how it was on deck.

Kirk went up on to the bridge, and added his hearty agreement to the description. The storm was blowing with unabated strength, with now and then a lull when rain would drown the decks and overflow the scuppers. A black, wild night it was, wet and raw, with a deafening note of menace as the great gusts burst against the ship.

Pacing up and down the bridge, Kirk finally wore out the two hours of his dog-watch. Eight bells were struck, and he went below, happy to think that dinner was awaiting him. The main cabin was brightly lighted; and in contrast with the desolation he had just quitted, it appeared extraordinarily comfortable, cozy, and homelike. The long center-table had been cleared, except for a solitary place that had been set apart for him. At the end an American flag had

been laid crosswise as though in preparation for a religious service; and about it were gathered Jackson, Westbrook, Mrs. Hitchcock, and Dr. von Zedtwitz, all with their heads together, talking in low and anxious tones. In their absorption they took no notice of Kirk, who gazed at them curiously beginning to understand that some very disagreeable matter was under discussion. Their excitement, their heightened color, their angry and emphatic gestures filled him with vague misgivings. Westbrook held a crumpled paper in his hand to which he several times referred with flashing eyes and fierce whispering.

In a corner McCann and Phillips were pretending to play a game of chess, but it was evident that they were covertly watching the others. They, too, looked perturbed and ill at ease. Near them was Crawshaw, hunched over a book, in so intense a preoccupation that he seemed oblivious to the general appearance of alarm and mystery. Vera was absent, and Kirk's heart fell a little as he looked about for her in vain.

The steward brought him a plate of soup. Kirk swallowed it ravenously. He had not known until then how famished he was. The soup was followed by a curry of mutton, and some admirably cooked rice; and Kirk was busily getting away with these when he heard a rustle behind him. It was Vera, gliding to the seat beside him. She was very pale, and she leaned her chin on her hand as she turned and looked at him. She was smiling, and her soft, lustrous eyes did not drop as they met his own. It was Kirk who faltered under that tender scrutiny, oppressed as he often was, and somehow hurt within, by the spell of her beauty. It was ever a fresh revelation, a fresh torment, filling him with a jealous rapture that grudged even the sight of her to another.

"Have you heard the news?" she asked, in a voice so low that it was almost a whisper.

"News? What news?"

"There's trouble forward."

"Trouble——?"

"Hush—not so loud. The men have sent in a round robin. A deputation brought it in at dinner-time—four of them—that's what papa has in his hand. Wasn't it too bad, when we were all so happy, so delighted—and the whole thing so tremendously successful?"

"But I don't understand. What do they want?"

"They insist on knowing where we are going. If they are not told they threaten to put back the ship. The whole conspiracy was hatched in Felicidad before we started—Treacherous of them, wasn't it?—and so disloyal and underhanded! And the horrid things want to know what they are to be paid."

"It's that fellow Beale," cried Kirk. "He sounded me himself only a week ago, the rascally sea-lawyer. I might have known that he was going to spring something on us. If I were Jackson I'd put him in irons, and by George, if they want volunteers to do it, I'll——"

"There's more—listen. They say that Jackson and Mr. Haines have to resign, and that they will elect their own officers."

"Their own officers, eh? Oh, I see—Captain Beale! A nice thing that would be! Well, I hope they gave them a stiff answer."

"No, they didn't give them anything. We can't fight them, Mr. Kirkpatrick. How can we? There were thirty-seven names signed in a big, round circle. Papa has asked them to come in and talk it over. He is only waiting for you to finish your dinner to have them all in here. I don't know what he has decided to do. He would not tell me when I asked him."

Kirk pushed away his plate.

"I'm done," he said. "I can't sit here and eat with half a mutiny on our hands. Steward, clear away. Ought I to go over and speak to them? Would it be wrong, do you think?"

"No, no, let them alone. They're having an awful quarrel. I believe the captain is secretly pleased at the deadlock. He wants to do the talking, but papa won't let him. Papa is for compromise and reasonableness, and I believe he suspects that Jackson would intentionally try to make things impossible. The old lady taunts papa with being weak, and seems to think all that's necessary is for her to get up and give everybody a good scolding."

"Hadn't we better get out of the way?" said Kirk. "It makes me fidgety to sit here and feel that I am prolonging the suspense."

Vera assented, and they both rose and went over to the side of the cabin, seating themselves near the chess-players. It was the signal for the others to arrange themselves formally at the head of the table, a grim little party, with the light of battle in their eyes. The steward was sent on deck with a message.

He had been gone hardly a minute before the bell began to toll on the bridge. It had a disquieting, alarming sound. All talk and whispering ceased. There was a general air of anxiety. Then the men filed in silently, as though daunted by the brilliancy of the great cabin, and by their own presumption in invading it. An instinctive respect kept them standing. They massed together about the mainmast, some with folded arms, others with their hands in their pockets, others lounging carelessly against the bulkheads with an affected bravado—a formidable crowd, filling nearly half the cabin—brawny, muscular, and defiant.

Mr. Westbrook rose to his feet. His manner was that of a director at some shareholders' meeting—dignified, calm, courteous.

"Gentlemen," he began, in a deep, resonant voice, "I have here a petition signed by thirty-seven members of this expedition. It asks for some things that are possible, and others that are impossible. We count on your good sense and forbearance to make some kind of compromise possible. You cannot go on without us—we cannot go on without you. There must be concessions on either side. It is inconceivable that a scheme so boldly projected, so laboriously carried out, so auspiciously begun—should be permitted to perish in ignominy. You wish to know the object of our search? Well, you shall be told!"

There was a hum of eager expectancy. Heads craned forward. The loungers straightened up.

"But on one condition."

Westbrook stopped, and regarded them steadily.

"We will brook no interference with the control of this vessel. Captain Jackson will remain in command, Mr. Haines will remain first officer. We expect from every man of you his individual word of honor to obey them loyally and unquestioningly. If you are not prepared to concede this, the expedition is at an end, and we shall return to Felicidad and disband."

"Hold on a minute!" cried Beale, pressing belligerently to the front, and raising his hand for attention. "We don't think that Jackson is a fit and suitable person to have charge of us. Not only is he no seaman, but his inflated and overbearing ways——"

"Silence!" cried Westbrook. "Captain Jackson is not to be discussed. Another word, and I'll wash my hands of the whole affair."

"But——" expostulated Beale.

"I'll leave the speaker to the good sense of you men," interrupted Westbrook fiercely. "Such language is intolerable, and can only make matters worse. This is no time for personalities and insults. You have submitted a proposal—well, we meet it with a counter-proposal. That's the question for the meeting—and the only one."

Beale tried to speak, but was dragged back, struggling and expostulating, by his comrades. There were shouts of: "Shut up, Beale! Put a stopper on him! What Mr. Westbrook says is right!" The big Australian subsided as he saw his men turning against him, and folded his arms across his breast in an aggressive submission.

"Now, gentlemen," continued Westbrook, "we shall tell you everything, if in return you pledge yourselves to support our officers willingly and cheerfully. Yes or no, if you please."

There was a shout of assent that swelled into cheers. The cabin rang with hurrahs. Beale, flushed and scowling, seemed alone in withholding his consent. He stirred uneasily on his feet, and his lips tightened as though in mute protest.

"Let us hear from the nays," exclaimed Westbrook, fixing a withering glance on him. "I have not heard Mr. Beale's decision. Considering that he is our principal critic, his answer is important."

"I'm with the crowd," returned the Australian insolently. "If they are ready to put up with——"

"You're getting away from the point," cried Westbrook, interrupting him. "You mean that you give your word of honor without any reservation whatever, to obey Captain Jackson and the other officers we have appointed? Is that so?"

"It is, if you carry out your part of the bargain."

"We are ready to do that now!"

"All right then," said Beale, in a choking sort of voice.

"Then, gentlemen, I shall call on Dr. von Zedtwitz to put you in possession of the facts that induced us to embark on this costly and hazardous undertaking."

In a profound silence, broken only by the droning of the gale above, Dr. von Zedtwitz rose, and solemnly regarded the assembled crew of the *Fortuna*. With his blond beard that forked into fierce tusks; his deep-set and piercing eyes; his strong, harsh features, sug-

gestive of a mind as rugged as his face, he was a solid and impressive figure.

"Gentlemen," he began, without preamble, "fourteen years ago, under instructions from the Imperial Scientific Society of Heidelberg, I had the honor of guiding a party from the city of Quito into the unexplored region of the southern llanos. After many hardships and misadventures, we were one day set upon by a band of those savage aborigines that had made this country the dread of the explorer, and the despair of those ardent thirsters after geographical, anthropological, and etymological knowledge, to whose efforts, in every clime, we owe so sincere a debt of scientific gratitude. They stripped us of everything, though they spared our lives, and treated us in other ways not unkindly. Unfortunately, thinking to beguile them and win their friendship, I exerted myself to amuse them with my flute. It was a fatal action. I succeeded only too well. My companions they left, but me they carried with them away. Professors Engelhardt and Blumm contrived to retrace their steps and reach the outposts of civilization. But I, on the bare back of a horse, was led by my captors into the recesses of their uncharted country, playing the flute for them to dance when we rested from the chase, or camped at night on the naked prairie.

"I was carried, in the course of time, to a place called Cassiquiare, situated on rising ground to the southeast—at the first break of the prairie into low hills, which by gradations assume the character of mountains. Imagine my sensations on finding here the remains of one of those vast and mysterious cities that antedate the Christian era, and were possibly contemporaneous with Babylon and Tyre. Yes, my friends—enormous buildings of an antique epoch, moldering in decay, overgrown with jungle, in many cases mere shapeless ruins lost to all form—the wreck of a perished and forgotten civilization. One could not move in those great courtyards, nor view those fronts of fantastic carving and embellishment without an archaeological thrill—those colossal erections of vanished hands—the work of artists and architects of no mean order, who had labored in the dim past to raise what was, perhaps, the capital of an empire.

"For three years I was captive with these savages, roaming the llanos in the dry season, returning periodically to Cassiquiare in the wet—but busy always, you may be sure, to turn my personal misfortunes to a scientific

account. I early recovered some of my instruments, a few of my books, my chronometer watch. I was enabled to make observations thereby, greatly to the astonishment of the natives and to my own satisfaction. I laid these observations for safe-keeping in the only secure place I had—my head, gentlemen. I made systematic exploration of this ancient and half-buried city.

"There was one building in particular, of prodigious extent, and of notable and gloomy splendor, on which I concentrated the major part of my efforts. Deep below in the ground was a labyrinth of subterranean chambers, empty, dark, and given over to bats and reptiles. They had so long been exposed to the ravages of my friends, the Piapocos, that naught remained of their primitive occupancy. It occurred to me to chart them carefully, in the expectation that, they being laid out in a mathematical form of remarkable strictness and regularity, I might in this manner recover the architectural scheme, and know where to look for other chambers that possibly had been hidden and lost for forty centuries.

"I was rewarded beyond my hopes. This seeming labyrinth, when measured and drawn to scale, showed precision and exactness. I had now in my hand the key to the whole; and there remained only the difficulty of removing débris—which was, however, an almost insurmountable one—and of tunneling to where I was confident of striking the continuation of a certain passage. Ah, gentlemen, it was an undertaking such as few men would ever have attempted. I had no tools but my hands, no helper save a female. But I was sustained by the conviction of ultimate success. I was as positive as though I stood before a door, and had only to achieve its opening.

"We broke through. We entered, as I had thought we should, a replica of the side already open. With a thrice-torch in hand, I penetrated those cavernous interiors, and trod beneath my feet the dust of treasures of a by-gone age. Ranged about me were great chests that crumbled as I touched them; great rolls, presumably of cloth, that fell to nothingness under the breath of the outside air; enormous earthenware jars, filling galleries 110 meters long, which had contained wine and honey. I was in an ancient storehouse of enormous extent—an arsenal—a commissariat depot. In one chamber I afterward counted over seven thousand bronze axes. In another, I

galculated that there could not be less than four hundred thousand arrow-heads. And so it was with everything—the equipment of an Inca's army—for thousands, many thousands, of men.

"Do not think this examination was the matter of an hour. I was confronted with many difficulties: poisonous gases, lack of illuminating means—above all, with what I might call my professional engagements, which made irritating demands on my time. Constantly I had to play the flute. The natives were insatiable for my humble efforts. In the intervals I continued my explorations. I shall not weary you with the details of them. I will come to that extraordinary moment when I attained a high and vaulted chamber, and found myself in the actual strong-room of the citadel. Here were ingots of metal, compactly stacked in serried rows that reached the ceiling. I took one up. Gentlemen, it was a bar of gold!"

The doctor paused as though to enjoy the sensation of his announcement. Nor was he disappointed. The company, breathless and silent, had been standing like statues under the spell of a dawning comprehension. Now, with a sudden, ungovernable impulse, they broke into cheers. Again and again there arose a mighty shout that shook the skylights overhead.

"Zeddy, forever! Hurrah for Zeddy! Now, boys, all together, hip, hip——!"

The uproar was quelled by the doctor's upraised hand.

"To resume," he said. "Yes, gentlemen, a bar of gold! Even with my imperfect means of verification, I soon satisfied myself of its integrity. Then I set myself painstakingly to determine the value of my discovery. It was at best but a grude estimate that I could maig; but with scientific conservatism I erred, if at all, on the side of caution. In that vault there lie to-day between four and five hundred ingots of gold of a minimum value of forty millions of marks—or, in American money, almost ten millions of dollars!

"In the succeeding year, beginning the fourth of my gaptivity, there was a season of such excessive drought that we were threatened with starvation. Game, formerly so plentiful, had all but disappeared. The parched savannas were whitened with the bones of those immense herds that had fallen and died in ungounted thousands. We had

split up into small parties, the better to subsist; and some, including my own, boldly penetrated to the northward, hoping to do better on the banks of the river. We reached the Inirida. Here at last was my opportunity, desperate and full of peril though it was. One night I fled, and proceeded to follow down the river. I lived on what fish I gaught, and at night slept in trees to guard myself from tigers. Ten days I existed thus, with diminishing strength, and many sad reflections on my foolhardiness. Then, in my last extremity, I was so fortunate as to fall in with a party of Mituas, who were descending the stream in a canoe. These Indians brought me to San Fernando de Atabapo, whence in due gourse, and after many tedious delays, I returned to my native Heidelberg.

"As to the treasure I said nothing. I cherished dreams of some day returning; and in the intervals of my professorial duties at Heidelberg—where I became assistant lecturer on the prehistoric races of South America—I turned over many projects, which one by one I had to give up as not feasible. The problem of transporting such a mass of metal through a hostile, almost waterless desert, appeared insolvable. This colossal weight, requiring four hundred pack-horses to bear it, and an attendant army to defend it, defied every endeavor of my imagination. No means suggested itself to me by which success might be achieved. Yet I said nothing. I kept my secret buried in my bosom. But I pondered incessantly—and in vain.

"One day in Paris, at the house of our common friend, the justly celebrated and world-famed Max Nordau, I had the great honor and good fortune to be presented to Mrs. Poulteney Hitchcock. This gracious lady put many questions to me about Cassiquiare, and betrayed an interest so eager, so sympathetic, that after repeated visits to her charming salon, I at last unfolded to her my perplexities, and besought her aid.

"Thanks to this noble lady's energy and money, to Mr. Westbrook's inventive genius, and to my own humble though ardent cooperation, this daring and audacious scheme was successfully incepted. It rests with you to carry it to a triumphant conclusion; and God willing, we shall soon return to Felicidad like a galleon of old Spain, deep-laden with the plundered treasures of the Incas!"

The sixth instalment of "*The Adventurer*" will appear in the August number.



Patsy Moran and the Orange Paint

By ARTHUR SULLIVANT HOFFMAN

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

I HAVE no great likin' for thim mesilf," said Patsy Moran, skilfully lighting his pipe from the one that Tim had silently handed him and settling back comfortably on his end of a Central Park bench; "yet 'twas only me good luck saved me from bein' wan of thim."

The phlegmatic Tim smoked peacefully on without comment, but Patsy, who required no other response from Tim than his presence, continued reminiscently:

"Yis," he said, "but for good luck and a bit of me own good judgment I'd be tremblin' for me job on the polayce force this minute—dependint for the rint on whether I could git it from Hinissey for not seein' his place was open Sunday mornin' whin I was takin' a drink over his bar, or whether me sergeant had already took ivrything Hinissey had for the offinse of havin' it, tellin' him he might keep the rest if he would report me for drinkin' on duty. Sure, and in the place of that I'm me own master of mesilf, livin' free and comfortable by industrious burglin' and drivin' the polayce distracted, may the divil dance on the blue backs of thim—hiven forgive me for sayin' so!

"But they was a time whin I was timplt into wantin' a job on the force, and this was the way of it. 'Twas in me early twinties, and faith, it's the fine, upstandin' lad I was in thim days, with all the women gittin' beyond thimsilves entirely over me, and me that careless and go-lucky. It was only me good luck saved me from wan of thim the same day it kept me from throwin' mesilf away on the polayce force, and if iver a man made his way with a woman with ivrything ag'inst him—well, I'll be tellin' ye.

"It was me and Dinnis O'Toole with the eyes of the two of us on the same polayce job, good frinds as we was—sure, I loved him like a brother and he treated me like wan, bad cess to him! But we was frinds thin, and whin the word come to us that the man holdin' the wires to the givin' of that job was old Michael O'Grady up in Westchester County, Dinnis comes to me and says he, with wan of thim lady-trust-me looks from the big eyes of him: 'Patsy,' says he, 'it's frinds we are first, and wan of us is a polayceman afterwards,' he says, noble.

"Yis," says I, swellin' with pride at bein' so honorable.

"We're playin' fair and the best man wins," he says.

"Yis," says I.

"Thin," says he, 'let the two of us go up together to old man O'Grady's place in the country and settle it wanct and for all like gintlemen, lettin' him choose atween us. Are ye with me?'

"I wouldn't be lettin' ye go alone for worlds," says I, still feelin' honorable and turnin' cold at the thought of him goin' to O'Grady unbeknownst to me. 'It's the true frind ye are and I'll not be goin' back on ye.'

"Will it be this afternoon, thin?" he says.

"Sure," I says, takin' quick thought of the new clothes I was wearin' and knowin' Dinnis couldn't raise the money by afternoon for better than the shabby wans on the back of him.

"So up we wint. O'Grady, havin' made his pile, was livin' comfortable on his own place in the country and addin' to it, bein' a capacious man, by keepin' his hold on politics on the East Side. He was so rich hjs home

was a matter of a mile from the station and we wint the way on foot, takin' no sorrow of it, for the sun was shinin', the flowers bloom-in' ivrywhere, and the bees hummin' soothin' and pleasant-like—and the country's a fine place to go to whin ye can come back ag'in.

"We was trudgin' along through a bit of woods, nayther of us talkin' much by reason of thinkin' how he could git a medal from O'Grady for bein' fair and honorable whilst he was makin' the other look like the last words of a drunken man afore he falls into the ditch and quits speakin', whin who should we be meetin', drivin' along in his bit of a cart, but old man O'Grady himsilf!

"We stops him, both talkin' to wanct, but afore we could tell our business he says he must be goin' on after the mail and for us to wait for him where we was and ride home with him whin he comes back. Which we done, or begun to do, only by this time we was so nervous about each other that Dinnis wandered around in the woods and I stretched out on the grass by the roadside.

"I was watchin' him, suspicious, but pristinly I rolled over and wint to sleep, with the warm sun shinin' down on me back, knowin' me wits would carry me through with O'Grady if I didn't wear thim out with usin' thim aforehand.

"It was Dinnis woke me, and the eyes of him was bulgin' out like eggs.

"'Tare and ages!' he says, 'what's hap-pened ye?'

"'Me?' says I, blinkin' me eyes.

"'Who's done this to ye, Patsy?' he goes on, fairly yellin' at me. 'What devil has been at ye whilst I was away? Oh, wirra, wirra, man, if O'Grady iver sees ye now it's more like he will be killin' ye than annything ilse! Here,' he says, 'roll over ag'in and let me see the back of ye wanct more. Holy saints, look at that, now! "*Down with Tammany!*" across your shoulders! And runnin' crooked down from it—hold still but wan minute—no true Irishman iver done that—"Bless Boyne Water!" And down wan leg is "*Ireland for the English!*" and along the other "*Down with the Popel!*" and startin' from your hip-pocket is a blasphemous suggistion to the polayce! Ivry letter of it all in *orange paint!* Och, man, if O'Grady iver sees but wan letter of that ye're lost intirely, and by all the powers here he comes now, jauntin' along in his bit cart, though he ain't seen us yet! Keep your face to him—no, they's no time to be lookin' at it now—and crawl back where ye

can sit with your back ag'inst this tree and your legs flat out along the concealin' ground, and don't move annything but your tongue whilst he's with us! I'll do what I can, but for the love of hiven, sit tight!'

"With the first words of him me brains threw the sleep from thim and me heart stopped beatin' with the sickenin' fright of what he was sayin'. I could see immediate that thim words painted on the back of me would murder all me chancts with O'Grady—and me fine new suit, besides! Young as I was, I seen it was no time for mere thinkin'—me wits was quick to tell me that—and in less time than it takes a potaty to roll into a barrel I was scrunchin' and wormin' and wigglin' along on me back—alanna, thim poor clothes!—and was sittin' tight ag'inst a big tree with me legs flat out along the ground and niver wan of thim yellow letters showin', praise be.

"And with that, old man O'Grady, havin' come close by with his head down a-studyin', looks up and sees us. 'Whoa!' says he. 'Well, gintlemen, here I am and ready for ye. Will ye be gittin' in with me, or has your frind changed his mind, Mr. O'Toole?' he says, put out over a young man like me showin' him no more respect than not to git up whin he come.

"'Well, sor,' says Dinnis, 'it ain't his mind he's wantin' to change. Ye see, sor,' he says, givin' me a black eye right in the start of it and leavin' me no chanct to tell me own lies, 'it's not over strong he is—Moran's the name, sor, Patrick Moran—and the walkin' was a bit too much for him. The sun makes him this way, sor, but he gits all right ag'in whin he can rest his back ag'inst something for a bit.'

"Did ye iver hear the like of that from wan that was a frind! It made me so blunderin' mad that niver a word could I say ixcept to take off me hat polite, prayin' the saints they was no orange paint on the back of me arm, and not darin' to move from where I sat!

"'Sure,' says Mr. O'Grady, 'and that's a pity. What can we be doin' for ye?' he says, gittin' down from his cart.

"There was me chanct and I took it. 'Mr. O'Grady,' I says, 'sure, it's troublin' ye too much I am, sor, but if ye could just be settin' down and talkin' to me soothin' a few minutes I'd be right ag'in in no time. It ain't wanct a year I git these spells, and thin only from eatin' pickled beets with horseradish on thim,' says I, knowin' they ain't no chanct for invalids on the polayce.



"'PATSY,' SAYS HE, 'IT'S FRINDS WE ARE FIRST, AND WAN OF US IS A POLAYCEMAN AFTERWARDS.'"

"'Och, it's mesilf will do that same,' says Mr. O'Grady, 'and little enough.'

"'Just a minute, sor, and axin' your pardon,' puts in Dinnis. 'Patsy, Patsy,' says he, 'tinder as a woman, the divil snatch him!—'don't ye mind how Dr. Ryan says the wan thing ye're *not* to do whin ye're this way is to talk with annybody whativer?'

"'Ye lie, ye dirty blackguard!' I says, losin' hold of mesilf, but keepin' pasted to the tree. 'I niver wint to Dr. Ryan in me life, and they ain't anny such man annyways! Don't I know what—'

"'Patsy dear,' says Dinnis, like it was hurtin' him, 'quiet yoursilf down! Och, come away, Mr. O'Grady, sor! It's killin' him we'll be after doin'. If ye'll be takin' me into your cart I'll be acceptin' your kind bid to go home with ye where I can be settlin' the business the two of us come out for, with no trouble to me frind. It's what the doctor says is best for him—to be left quiet by himsilf.'

"'Now the black curse of Shielgyh on ye, Dinnis O'Toole!' I yells at him, bein' beyond mesilf, though not movin' me back and legs. 'And if iver—'

"'Don't be ragin' at thim as is doin' their best for ye, Patsy dear,' he says, still lookin'

sorrowful, 'for if it's much worse ye're gittin', I'll have to ask Mr. O'Grady to hilp me roll you on to your stummick and pound your back like Dr. Ryan said!'

"'It's a wise man that knows whin a fool has the best of him. I give up; besides, the two of thim was already movin' toward the cart. I comminced callin' Dinnis all the evil names that come to me—which was all they was—but I seen him touchin' his head with his finger and whin I shut me mouth to listen, he was sayin' to Mr. O'Grady, says he: 'Oh, no, sor, he don't mean nothin' by all that. 'Tis only the fit that's on him and they's no offinse to be took. Other times he's a daycent man, though—'

"'And with that they climbed in and away they wint, leavin' me blind and chokin' with me anger.

"'I was so busy cursin' to mesilf that it was some minutes afore it come to me to look at thim blamed letters on me back. And thin, so hilp me, I was afraid to look! Sure I was that it was Dinnis himsilf put thim on me—it stood to reason no one would be wanderin' round the country with a can of orange paint waitin' for some Irishman to come along and go to sleep on his stummick so he could paint

nefarious writin's on the innocent back of him! At the thought of thim I fell to swearin' ag'in prodigious, and was just goin' to draw up wan leg and read it whin I heard some wan singin'. A woman's voice, and a sweet wan, it was—and I begun prissin' me headlines to the ground closer than iver.

"Thin I seen her through the trees comin' down a bit of a lane into the road, and faith, few is the women I've laid me eyes on afore or since could equal that wan! Her hair was blacker than annything ilse icipit her eyes, and the red cheeks and lips of her would 'a' made the berries in her pail look like they was snowballs. And as saucy as ye please, she was.

"She spoke to me social as she wint by in the road, bein' nayther afraid nor too much the other way, and I could see the looks of me was by no means hurtin' her.

"A fine afternoon to ye," she says, goin' right along on her way.

"Sure," says I, "and if ye'd said that same afore ye come, I'd 'a' been answerin' that it was not like to be!"

"Och," says she, laughin' a bit of a laugh

that made me heart feel like a repeater. 'But is it in trouble ye are?' her voice fillin' out with kindness so I nearly forgot the paint that was keepin' me where I was.

"I was till you come," I says, laughin' back at her, "and now I'm like to git in it worse than iver," I says.

"Och," says she, "go long with ye! Can't I be stoppin' long enough to be civil but ye must begin blarneyin' like ye'd known me all me life long?"

"Sure," I says, still settin' tight ag'inst me tree and all the earth me legs could cover, "I've knowed ye iver since I first met ye, and that's all anny wan has done. And as for blarneyin', was they iver a man laid eyes on ye without tellin' ye what he saw?"

"Yoursilf," says she, laughin', with the dimples comin' all over the face of her.

"Mesilf indeed!" says I, and I could see she was bein' drawn to me by the way I was settin' there indifferent whilst she stood in the road. 'Wasn't I just sayin' I saw a worse trouble for me than anny that have gone afore?"



"IT'S A WISE MAN THAT KNOWS WHIN A FOOL HAS THE BEST OF HIM."

"She give me a look out of thim black eyes of hers that set me strainin' at the tree-trunk I was leanin' me back ag'inst. 'Meanin',' says she, 'the trouble of gittin' up on your feet whin a lady speaks to ye?' she says, tossin' her pretty head and leadin' me on.

"'Faith,' I says, 'I'd be up on me feet and down on me knees the same minute if—' says I, 'if—' I says, surprised at where I'd got meself to and castin' round for anny kind of sensible reason for bein' a bit of stickin'-plaster on the face of the earth whin they was a girl like that callin' to me from the road.

"'Ye seem to be in trouble ag'in,' says she. 'It's like to become a habit with ye, and where's the glib tongue was waggin' so easy a minute gone?'

"'It ain't me tongue's at fault,' I says, meanin' to blame it on me heart and quiet the poor girl, only just thin I begun noticin' how many of thim big black ants they was crawlin' around the ground and wanderin' over me hilless form. It's me that hates bugs worse than the blissed St. Patrick hates snakes and 'twas me immediate intintion to jump straight up in the air, brushin' the little divils off me with all me hands and feet, but I raymimbered thim murderin' yellow letters printed up and down the back of me, and callin' up all me will-power, I set where I was. Mind ye, it was fair wild I was with thim—they was eight of thim animals on the wan leg of me—but such will the pride in him do for a man, and the love of women! And good come of it, for it was wan of thim lunytic ants scourin' up the toe of me shoe and down the sole of it, not havin' sinse enough to go around instead of climbin' over, that give me a idea; and so quick was all this that 'twas but a sicond after she was done askin' that I outs with the answer.

"'It ain't me tongue,' I says, wan eye on her and the other wan on the biggest of thim ants what was ballyhootin' round the bottoms of me trousers, debatin' would he be explorin' inside, 'and hiven knows it ain't me heart that's keepin' me here, but me foot,' I says. 'I sprained me ankle on that stone forninst ye in the road and would ye mind throwin' it as far as ye're able into the woods?' says I.

"'Och, ye poor man!' she says, comin' toward me as I knowed she would. 'And why ain't ye takin' off your shoe afore your foot swells in it?'

"'Bring a stick with ye!' I says, the wan big ant havin' disappeared from me view and another wan startin' to hunt for him.

"'Do what?' says she, but doin' it. 'Be careful of yoursilf there!' she goes on, for I was movin' me legs back and forth like they was pendulums, but keepin' thim tight to the ground and not alarmin' the ants to speak of. 'It's goin' for help I'll be,' she says, still comin' toward me.

"At thim words me stummick collapsed with fright of me bein' picked up and her readin' thim mortifyin' letters on me, and right on top of that she come close enough to see it was low shoes I was wearin' and both me ankles as trim and tidy as iver they was.

"'Ye big gomeral, ye was lyin' to me!' she says, stoppin' short.

"'Yis, I was,' says I, 'but in the name of hiven give me the stick!' I says, the sicond ant havin' gone over the idge of me trousers' leg. 'And what might your name be, so I can be thankin' ye?' I says, reachin' for the stick. 'And won't ye set down and rist yoursilf?'

"'Take it!' she says, throwin' it at me. 'And it's none of your business and I want no thanks from the likes of ye and I won't!' says she, answerin' ivrything at wanct.

"'Thank ye annyways,' I says, beatin' me shins with the stick without movin' me back from the tree, 'and ye will and what is it?'

"'The saints in glory be among us!' says she, watchin' me whippin' mesilf. 'What ails ye?'

"'It's punishin' mesilf I am for lyin' to ye,' I says, 'but I misdoubted would ye believe me if I told ye the truth.'

"'Ye might be tryin' the truth wanct to find out,' she says, forgittin' to stay mad from bein' a woman and curious, and lookin' prettier ivry minute.

"'Will ye set down frindly-like, thin, and what was it ye didn't say your name was?' says I, brushin' a ant off me shoulder and shiverin' at the thought of him gittin' down me neck.

"'I'll be stoppin' a minute, havin' time on me hands,' says she, her curiosity killin' her, 'and me name is just what ye said I didn't say it was, me not knowin' yours annyway,' she says.

"'Oh, mine,' says I. 'The last of it's Moran,' I says, tellin' her the truth by reason of knowin' she wouldn't believe it, 'but that don't matter since it's just like ivry other man's—your own at the word from ye. Me own name is Patrick,' I says, 'but Patsy's easier. And I'm not wantin' the last of yours the day, seein' as it's not likely to stay so unless

all the single men loses the power of speech and can't make signs. And if I'm not knowin' your own sweet name,' I says, wonderin' was it the old granddad ant ticklin' me over me knee, 'there's naught left but to call ye mavourneen and other things that come out of the heart of me,' says I, givin' her a look and sighin' painful.

"It's Katy, thin,' says she, dimplin' so I had to keep me eyes on me own back to ray-mimber thim purgatorial letters on it, 'and ye needn't be beatin' yoursilf anny more with that stick,' she says, 'if ye'll be tellin' me the real truth intirely.'

"Niver mind that, Katy dear,' I says. 'I can't forgive mesilf for lyin' to ye and it keeps the bugs off, but will ye be offinded at the truth if ye have it?' I says, me wits furnishin' me with a splendiferous reason for bein' a porous-plaster.

"If ye can stand tellin' of it wanct, it's me will be tryin' to put up with the hearin' of it,' she says, smilin' at me and showin' the white teeth of her so I was minded to git up with all that outrageous printin' on me and take me chanct of lookin' a fool.

"Thin here it is,' says I, solemn and trembly-like, 'in three words. I've seen the world, Katy darlin', and the most contimptible creature in the whole of it is him that makes a fool of himsilf runnin' round after a woman, bleatin' like a sheep whin she takes notice of him, and squealin' like a litter of pigs whin she pretinds she don't. I was but the makin's of a man whin I took me solemn oath that if iver the heart of me wint out to a good woman and a pretty wan, divil the step would I be traipsin' after her, leastways till she'd come to me first. Lad as I was, I knowed 'twas only a good woman would have sinse to see that belike I was the better man for not bein' a fool afore marriage, and the less likely to be

a divil afterwards. 'Twas a big oath I took, and niver in all thim years was they need of it, but this day, Katy darlin', I says, makin' me voice rich and sweet, and lookin' at her in a way I'd learned was worth doin', 'but this day, Katy darlin', the time has come on me! The minute me eyes was blissed by the sight of ye comin' down the lane I begun sayin' over and over to mesilf, "Patsy, me boy, Patsy, me boy, if ye move but wan inch from where ye are, ye'll spind all the rest of your life after ye're dead in purgatory!" And mesilf answers me back immediate, "And if ye let that girl go by, ye'll spind it in a worse place, and God pity ye!" Faith, Katy dear,

I'm cursin' the day I made that big oath, for it's glad I'd be to put me face in the dirt at your little feet, mavourneen,' I says, thinkin' right in the middle of it what the bedivilled back of me would be lookin' like if I was to do it, 'but I know ye'd not be havin' me break me oath and I'm too much of a man for that, annyways,' I inded up, sighin' tremindous.

"It was a long speech, but a good wan, and it made the pretty face of her red as thim red flowers, whativer

the name of thim is, and her lookin' at me like she was tryin' to see into me heart itsilf.

"Are ye a lunnytic?' says she, gaspin' for breath.

"Yis,' says I, shakin' wan of thim divil-chasin' ants off me bare hand, 'but not till ye come,' I says.

"And thin she comminced to laugh, though I couldn't be tellin' was it from the quick wit of me answer to her or just by reason of her bein' a bit hysteric over the man's strength of me courtin'. But me own face I kept lookin' mortal sorrowful, though the whole of me was squirmen' all over with the ants I could feel on me, and was they real or nof I don't know, but they might as well 'a' been.



"ARE YE A LUNYTIC?' SAYS SHE, GASPIN' FOR BREATH."

"But not all of it—thim armies of bugs and thim fool paintin's on me back that kept me nailed down to wan spot like I was a lid to it—wasn't holdin' me from makin' me way with a woman. She was pretindin' to be a bit proud at the first, but I ixplained to her how me settin' still was but a complimint to her and if she would be humorin' me oath for the wan day, after that I would be crawlin' around for her like all thim other fools did, which suited her complete and tremindous. It wasn't long afore she come over close enough for me to be holdin' wan of her hands, me still usin' me free wan to knock off thim owdacious ants.

"And now, Katy darlin',' says I, 'it's business I'll be havin' in these parts to-morrow and belike after that, and,' I says, 'ye didn't git all the berries they was, did ye, mavourneen? Couldn't ye be comin' by here after more of thim to-morrow?' I says, squeezin' the soft hand of her, encouragin'.

"And do ye think Katy O'Grady has no more to do than go wanderin' about waitin' for some wan that will forgit he iver met her?' says she.

"Whin I heard 'O'Grady' me blood quit circulatin'.

"Do ye think that?' she goes on, lookin' at me, pleadin'.

"I ain't thinkin',' I says. But I was, and at wanct me wits told me that if she was old man O'Grady's daughter, here was me chanct to beat Dinnis out after all by workin' on the poor girl's heart and makin' an alley of her.

"And is it Mr. Michael O'Grady is your father?' I asks, careless-like.

"The same,' says she, 'and do ye know him?'

"Thin I told her as much of the truth as I thought would be doin' her no harm, but also narratin' imprissive how Dinnis had been after persuadin' me to take a bit of a nap, me bein' tired from workin' so hard, and thin wint and slipped off to the old man, tellin' him I was just a frind who'd come along for company, which would 'a' been true if it had happened, and maybe it did.

"Annyways, I wint to work in earnest and if I'd been makin' love to her afore, after that I fair drawed the heart out of her. It was almost like makin' love to old man O'Grady himsilf, though the face and winnin' ways of her was enough in thimsilves. I'm not the man to be boastin' of such things, but it was but a short time till I could see mesilf in a polayceman's uniform arrestin' Dinnis for

bein' alive, goin' home ivry night to me father-in-law's sumpchus risidince in the country and sindin' out the servants to kill all the ants they was on me estates.

"Thim ants was wonderful ristless, and by this time I could feel crowds of thim scramblin' round all over me underneath me clothes, playin' they was Coney Island and Wall Street and eliction night all to wanct. I niver knowed they was so many ants, and ivry wan of thim was barefoot and diggin' his toes in. The cold chills run up and down me back and me stummick felt like it was a Charlotte Roose. Ivry wanct in a while wan of thim would bite me, meanin' no harm, but just investigatin'—and me all the time nailed down to the seat of me own trousies be thim painted and blasphemus letters I was settin' on, niver darin' to move me back from the tree for all the ants nor all Katy's inticin' ways. Anny other man would 'a' run screamin' and clawin' from the place, but me will power is me strong point, and I stayed where I was, makin' love to a woman and the polayce force, and lyin' like the father of all lies to prove all thim I'd told afore and was intindin' to tell later on. But I will say this: If I was thrown into the tormints of hell this minute I would but wave me hand easy-like and make enemies on ivry side by findin' fault with the feeble way they was doin' things.

"Katy was makin' it no easier for me. 'Give ye a kiss, is it?' says she, replyin' to wan of me suggistions I'd made whilst tryin' to siparate two of thim ants what had met on a street-corner and was havin' a free-for-all on me bare skin. 'Come over and give ye a kiss, is it? And ye settin' there mumblin' about a oath ye took whin ye was drivin' the pig home in the Old Country! And did ye take anny oath about makin' the woman do the runnin' after? Och, Patsy dear, if ye was meanin' the half of what ye've been sayin' to me—and faith, 'twould not be runnin' after me to move over but the few feet they are atween us!'

"Can ye guess bein' put like that, and me with the back of me lookin' like a plate of alphabet soup! And wouldn't '*Down with the Pope and Tammany!*' be a fine card for the daughter of Michael O'Grady, and her blushin' and waitin' for me to come and kiss her!

"At the sound of some wan comin' along the road I begun givin' thanks to all the saints, wan by wan and all togither, and Katy come to her feet, grabbin' up her berry pail, but



"SO HILP ME HIVEN, THEY WASN'T A MARK ON ME!"

afore she could reach the road she give a little squeal:

"'Och,' she says, stoppin' in her tracks, 'it's me father himself!'

"And him it was, and Dinnis O'Toole, walkin' arm in arm as thick as ye please.

"'I'm glad of that same,' says I. 'Now do ye be leavin' it all to me, Katy darlin', and we'll give Mr. O'Toole what he's deservin', bad scan to him, and me oath would 'a' been busted to smithereens if they'd waited but the wan minute more!'

"Just thin old Mr. O'Grady claps his eyes on her. 'And what are ye doin' here, now,' he calls out to her, 'gabbin' with a man what's a stranger to ye? If I wasn't knowin' him too sick to move, I'd be boxin' both thim ears of yours!'

"'Sick?' says she, lookin' first at me and thin at him.

"'Yis,' says the old man, close to her by now, 'he was so sick in the head of him that his frind Mr. O'Toole here—me daughter Katy, Mr. O'Toole—had to leave him here like the doctor said, till he come to. And are ye feelin' a bit better, Mr. Moran, and no offinse to ye?' says he, lookin' down at me ag'inst me tree.

"'Sick!' says she ag'in, disgusted, but barely noddin' to Dinnis, who was bowin' and scrapin' to her with the eyes of him stickin'

out of his head. 'Why,' says she, 'he was tellin' me he'd took a oath—I was but passin' the time of day to him as I wint by,' she says, seein' she was makin' trouble for herself. 'He said he'd took a oath to—to—but——'

"'Oath?' says Dinnis, laughin', the spalpeen! 'Faith, I'm bettin' all me hopes of Paradise I can be guessin' it was wan of two things! Come, now, Patsy me boy,' says he, actin' like he was payin' me a frindly compliment, 'which wan was it? Have ye been swearin' off ag'in on gallivantin' after the girls, or is it the liquor ye put your oath on this time? Sure,' he says, turnin' to the others, 'it's his tinder conscience makes me like him, and if the girls would be leavin' him alone and he wasn't so good-lookin', he'd make less trouble for the hearts of thim. As regardin' the liquor, now, I'm not sayin' but what——'

"'Ye're a murderin' liar, Dinnis O'Toole!' I yells at him whin I could catch me breath from the treach'ry of him, mixin' the truth with black lies to ruin me chancet with Katy and the old man! 'If I could be gittin' on me feet I'd break ivry bone in your sneakin' body!' I says, chokin' with the rage that was on me and cursin' the paint on me back that kept me from killin' him.

"'Oh,' says he, swellin' up the chist of him, 'words is easy things, but I'd be makin' ye eat

thim ye've just spoke if ye wasn't out of your head with the sickness, and can't ye take a bit of jokin' from a frind?' he says. 'And what is the matter with ye, annyways?'

"Hell was hiven be the side of that minute. Here was that big lyin' gomach insultin' me and spoilin' me last chanct with Katy and the polayce force, and me growin' in the ground like I was a toadstool! I could see she was talkin' to Dinnis a bit from spite, believin' I'd been de sayvin' of her and thinkin' me a coward and a lunnytic besides that, and O'Grady himsilf, the old spancelled goat, was regardin' me like I was two lunnytics and drunk wans at that. Dinnis, the wretch, was smilin' wan of thim sweet smiles of his and whisperin' to Katy confidintial, seein' himself on the polayce force foriver by reason of bein' married to O'Grady's own daughter. And that not bein' enough to tormint me, I begun feelin' thim ants ag'in crawlin' all over me, furious.

"All to wanct me quick wits and me good judgmint come back to me and I seen that havin' nothin' to choose from, they was but wan thing to do. I couldn't in anny way look more of a fool than I was lookin' already and I might as well be showin' Dinnis up for another, and maybe, by destroyin' his chanct with the both of thim, I could build up me own ag'in. And annyways, whin ye've fell from the elivinth-story window they ain't no more can happen ye after hittin' the ground.

"Listen, Mr. O'Grady, and you, Miss O'Grady,' says I, lookin' up at thim, and with the sound of me own voice I seen how fine me plan was and that Dinnis was as good as done for. 'I'll tell ye the whole truth from the beginnin' and ye can judge atween the two of us!'

"At wanct Dinnis quit whisperin' and wint a bit white in the face, but I wint right on, keepin' me eyes on all three of thim and tellin' thim all of it—how Dinnis betrayed our agree-mint and painted thim blasphemous letter-in's on me, so he could ruin me with his lyin' tongue whilst I was helpless—me Irish pride keepin' me from movin' so anny wan could see me back—clean down to the lies just off the

oily lips of him, but omittin' about Katy and wan or two other things.

"It done me good to see O'Grady beginnin' to scowl at Dinnis as I wint on with me story, though Katy laughed a bit wanct or twict. As for Dinnis himsilf, ye couldn't tell what was goin' on inside him, but his face was red and his lips twitchin' so I thought he was on the edge of cryin'.

"But the impidence of him! The minute the last word was out of me mouth he steps up to old man O'Grady, bold as ye please, though his mouth was still trimblin' round the corners.

"'Mr. O'Grady,' says he, his voice shakin', 'whin ye are through listenin' to me ixcited frind Mr. Moran, I'll be askin' another word with ye about whin I'm to join the force. And at the same time, sor,' he says, sinkin' his voice so Katy couldn't hear him, but I could, bein' nearer, 'and at the same time, sor,' says he, easy and cheerful, 'I'll be askin' your permission to pay me court to your daughter!'

"Old man O'Grady spun round on him and give him a look like he would bite him, and Dinnis turned his back and run, throwin' himsilf down on the ground a little ways off and rollin' about with his face covered with his hands and his body shakin' like his troubles was murderin' him. The old man turned to me wanct more:

"'Git up, thin, and let's see thim letters on ye, me frind,' says O'Grady.

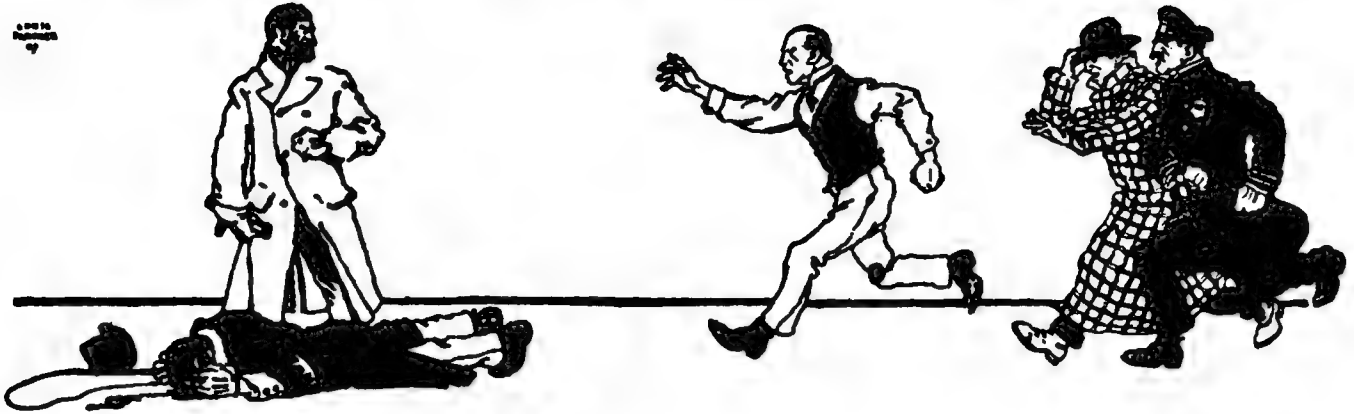
"'Faith,' I says, blushin', 'they're that humiliaytin' I ain't seen thim mesilf yit, but the shame's none of me own for all that, though I'm wishin' Miss O'Grady would be lookin' the other way,' I says, gittin' up slow by reason of wan of me legs bein' asleep, and turnin' me back round to him.

"Just thin Dinnis let out a laugh like he was a lunnytic entirely and the nixt minute O'Grady busted out himsilf and Katy joined in with thim, laughin' so it made me weak with the shame of it!

"I made wan grab at me coat, tearin' it off me and twistin' round at the same time to see the backs of me legs, and—*so hilp me hiven, they wasn't a mark on me!*"



Little Stories of Real Life



The Error of Circumstance

By Joseph Kocheli

MOST of the day "Big" Kerrigan had driven "2059" through a wild storm of hail and slush, and the last hour he had been obliged fairly to cling to his brake. The front of his heavy, high-collared ulster, his draggled beard, and the big mitts encasing his stiffened fingers rasped and crackled under their iced coating with his every movement. When the car swung around the last curve of the run, the wind caught him at such an angle that it nearly pulled him from his grip, but he bent over a little more and pushed the car along with all the speed she would take. A thousand yards away blinked the lights of the sheds, at the end of the trip, where it was warm, and where there would be coffee black and hot.

Then, just before the last crossing, he jammed on the brakes so hard that Jimmy Allen, the conductor, busy inside with the count of fares, was carried completely off his feet and sprawled upon the floor.

"What in blazes!" he muttered as he got up dazed and with his sleeve rubbed a spot clear on the frosted window behind the platform. He peered out, but it was too dark to see, so he impatiently pulled open the doors and stepped out behind Kerrigan.

It was a woman on the track ahead, struggling against the wind, with head down, to get across from their right, for whom Kerrigan had stopped. They watched her for a moment, then in the same instant they both no-

ticed a cab tearing toward her from the left. They both yelled, and the motorman clanged a tattoo on the bell as rapidly as his stiffened leg permitted, but the driver seemed neither to hear nor to see.

The woman looked up startled, made as if to dash ahead, faltered, and turned back; then in bewildered fright she slipped to her knees close to the side of the track on the right, and in another second Kerrigan had sent the current full into the car so that it leaped ahead and pushed its big, round nose in just between the woman lying there and the hoofs of the horse that would have trampled on her. A moment after, from a jumbled mass of splintered wreckage, the horse kicked free and bolted into the night, and the driver scrambled to his feet unhurt from where he had been pitched into the street, and came at Kerrigan with a curse.

Jimmy Allen had swung down, picked up the woman and carried her to the curb, and when he came back the other two were clenched in a wild struggle.

With the heel of his left hand under the other's chin and one knee doubled against him, Kerrigan broke his hold, shoved him away, and stood panting. Suddenly the driver stooped and snatched up his whip, which a near-by sputtering arc light disclosed at his feet. Then, even in the act of straightening up, he lashed Kerrigan across the face.

Kerrigan howled as he felt the cut. He rushed in and struck out furiously with his right, forgetting the brass controller it clenched. The driver ducked, but caught the blow fairly between the eyes. He stiffened,

then crumpled up limply, like a rag, and Kerrigan bent over him, horrified, watching entranced a thin line of blood creep slowly down the upturned face.

A crowd collected. Men ran over from the car sheds. Others near by, who had heard the crash of the collision, came hurrying to the scene. Over the way, a man pulled open the door of a saloon and half shut it again as the cold air struck him. But he noted that something unusual had happened and turned and spoke to others in the room. Then out of a little entrance at the side there emerged a policeman, surly at having been disturbed, pulling at his belt.

As he pressed his way through the crowd from one side, Kerrigan rose hurriedly from the heap on the road, plunged through the other side, and ran. Some one shouted that he had killed a man, but he had gained a block before the shrill blast of a whistle behind him told that they had taken up the chase.

He threw off his heavy coat and doubled his speed, searching out as he ran the places where the lights from the street lamps fell the least. He abruptly changed his course, as he thought of the near-by river-front. It was lucky he did so. From the direction in which he had been traveling came an answering blast, and the sharp distinctive rap of a police night-stick on the flagging. He gained a great space stretching along the river edge where rows upon rows of trucks and carts were stationed for the night in the open.

He dashed among them. There he had to move more slowly, picking his way. Between the last row of carts and the water a narrow path extended for a distance, and realizing that, he tried to run more quietly. It was the warehouse district, and possible night-watchmen had to be avoided.

A huge barrier of a lumber pile rose before him. It would have to be surmounted. He dared not make his way around it outside the line of trucks. The tapping of many police sticks ahead and to the rear, beyond that line, told him that they had guessed his way of escape.

Unobserved the storm had been rapidly clearing away overhead. When he had clambered half-way up on the projecting ends of the boards, the moonlight filtered through the clouds and silhouetted his figure sharply, suspended as he was. He loosed his hold and dropped quickly back to the ground, but they had seen him. A reaction from the terrible overstrain swept over him and left him exhausted. He doubled back along the path for a moment, then dragging his feet wearily, he crept in among a number of large trucks.

He got into one and pulled himself forward, crouching under the overhanging seat. He was no more than half conscious of the search that was drawing in a narrowing line about his refuge. He felt that he did not care.

He heard their curses as they searched. He was giving them a bad night's work, and he was somehow glad of it.

When they reached his truck they saw him immediately. With a hoarse shout two of them sprang up on the tail end. When they saw that he was barehanded, they slipped their pistols back into their pockets. With a beastly snarl they came at him, their long clubs ready.

Then the answering lust of battle flared up passionately in Kerrigan, and when they had come half-way he dashed

at them full breast to breast. Perhaps there was still a way of escape. But though this unexpected move sent them blundering back off the truck in a tangle, he saw that there were too many others scattered around below



THEN HE HAD NO FURTHER CHANCE.

for him to cope with. They swarmed about like a pack of hounds, and he realized that it would go hard with him for the fight he had made. Well, he would make them pay.

He had wrenched the club from one of the men he had tumbled off, and standing tensely waiting for them, his back to the driver's seat, he held them irresolute. A head and arm rose cautiously over the edge of the seat behind him, and while they rushed him from all sides, a night-stick thudded against his skull, and then he had no further chance.

After a while, when they had done their duty as they knew it, they dragged him, pitifully mud- and blood-bespattered, to the precinct station. From a distance they saw that outside in the glare of the lights from the windows had gathered a crowd. Word of their coming was passed along. Some one met them at the door.

"He's in there—the man he hurt," he volunteered as they dragged Kerrigan up the steps. So the man had not been killed, and was there to enter a complaint—well, they had had their satisfaction for their trouble. It was a job well done.

A young surgeon from an emergency hospital near by passed by them on his way out. He glanced at their captive, and then stopped and followed. He would be needed.

They yanked Kerrigan through the doorway and stood blinking in the light inside. Two of them pushed him forward, but he swayed and they had to hold him up. He stared dully before him.

He had killed a man and fought the police. They had beaten him, and would throw him into a cell, and maybe beat him again. He had nothing else to expect. He was dimly conscious of the crowd around him. A woman's voice cried, "Oh, my God!" and there seemed to be some commotion.

The police captain was leaning over the desk. Before him stood a woman, the one who had cried out. She was pointing at the pitiable prisoner, and sobbing. She clung to the arm of a man who, at her gesture, turned a bandaged face to Kerrigan and started toward him. To Kerrigan it seemed that his voice came from afar off, muffled, through the folds of the white linen strips, and he had a dull sense of having heard it before.

The man turned back excitedly to the police captain.

"It's wrong, cap', I tell you; it's wrong!" he exclaimed. He motioned at the woman. "I'd have killed her but for what he did. I

was hurrying along close to my home, and I'd have run her down, cap', my own wife."

Kerrigan heard the talk of many voices breaking out at once, and then they hushed. The people were all looking at him. He had drawn himself away from hands that regretfully slipped from his shoulders. He stood up with an effort, and tried to see clearly through the ruddy mist gathering before his eyes.

This was the man who had struck him with the whip—what came after that did not seem to matter. And the woman was his wife. That's what had brought them there to speak for him. And they would let him go; he was slowly trying to grasp it all. Of course they'd let him go. The woman was the driver's wife; that seemed to count.

What if she had been some other woman—? The pitiful injustice of the price he had paid . . .

A groan tore from his heaving chest. With clenched hands he raised his arms impotently before him, and fell forward on his face unconscious.

"Gran'ma's"

By Charlotte Wilson

IT was the cackling of the speckled pullet that did it. Until that moment I had supposed myself to be an ordinary grown person, passing by a cluttered yard in a grimy suburb, where a few draggled chickens were scratching about, and a black-and-white goat was engaged in the commendably orthodox pursuit of devouring the label on an old tomato can. I have never heard, even in a fairy-tale, of a magician's assuming the form either of a speckled pullet or a black-and-white goat. Nevertheless, the speckled pullet cackled, and behold! it was—it *is*—a summer morning, and I am just waking up at gran'ma's.

It is one of the finest things in life to wake up in the morning and find that I am at gran'ma's. There is a golden meaning in the air. For the first radiant instant I am quite bewildered; then I remember it all—my arrival last night with gran'pa in the wagon, the blissful feeling in my cramped legs as he lifted me down, the shepherd dog's joyous yelp of welcome, gran'ma's smile-wrinkled face as she came down the steps to take me in her arms, and—oh, vividest vision of all!—the glimpse, as we passed under the

honeysuckles on the porch, of the lighted supper-table, laden with all the delectables sacred and peculiar to gran'ma's. It all comes back to me as I lie looking about the little chamber, all aglow with the sunlight that bursts through the cracks in the shutters. Gran'ma is gone from my side, and there is the finest aroma of coffee creeping into the chamber; and by these tokens I know that she has slipped out long since to get breakfast, leaving me sleeping. The air is sweet with linden-blossoms, and full of the busy, cheerful noises I love so: the "po-track! po-track!" of the guinea-fowls, the hysteric cackle of an over-zealous pullet, the pompous, foolish enthusiasm of a strutting gobbler; the clatter of dishes in the kitchen; the noise of the iron pump; the cow-bells with their cheerful morning tinkle, so different from the pensive little thread of sound that tangled itself among my heart-strings last night; the whistling and laughter of the negroes, and one of my uncles singing, already far afield.

I lift the corner of the curtain and peep out, with happy eyes blurred with sleep; it is all a blaze of sunshine across the yellow dog-fennel. My heart leaps in answer to the invitation; I must be up, and dressed, and out, at once! Yet it is so pleasant here in the little sun-bathed chamber, with the drowsy fragrance of the linden-blossoms, where the bees are humming outside! How well I know the pictures on the wall, every one! One is a little picture of deer feeding; and I always associate it with a song gran'ma sings called "The Spotted Fawn." As I lie looking at it, I seem to hear gran'ma's sweet, solemn, quavery voice singing the song:

On Maccatua's flowery marge
The Spotted Fawn had birth;
And grew as fair an Indian girl
As ever blest the earth.

She was the red chief's only child
And sought by many a brave;
But to the gallant young White Cloud
Her plighted troth she gave—

and so on to the catastrophe. The tune is a sort of dirge or chant, weird and moving; and the total effect is heartrending, and much to my taste. So I lie and watch the spear of sunlight that strikes across the tawny deer in the picture, until my eyes close again, and I am in danger of floating back into that dim region of golden dreams whence I came, taking the Spotted Fawn with me; when, of a sudden, I hear the rattle of the tin milk-pails, and the sound brings me bolt upright at once.

Should I miss the milking, one of the events of my day would be lost. So I hurry into my clothes, putting a stocking on wrong side out, and leaving unbuttoned the difficult and inaccessible buttons between shoulder-blades; give a dab or two with the brush at my tangled curls, and, as a heroic measure, prepare to wash my face in order to get the happy sleep out of my eyes. The very water at gran'ma's is different; for we use water out of a mere prosaic well, while gran'ma gets it out of a rain-barrel at the corner of the house. It has a faint, pleasant, pungent odor; and as I plunge my face into it I see in imagination the water tumbling down the gutter and foaming into the barrel as I have often delightedly watched it do in the fragrant fury of a summer rain-storm. But I am glad it is not raining this morning; I am glad that the sun is dazzling across the dog-fennel, and that the path down to the cowpen is dusty and white and soft—ah! transporting thought! Suppose gran'ma says I may go barefoot—"barefooted," I always say. A little girl may not go barefooted at home; but at gran'ma's—

I emerge at last upon the sunlit porch,



I PEEP OUT WITH HAPPY EYES BLURRED WITH SLEEP.

just in time to see a ruby-throated humming-bird dart away from a honeysuckle spray, over gran'pa's head. Gran'pa is sitting there with his chair tilted back, mending harness and singing a funny tune to himself. He is trying to look very preoccupied and unconscious, but I know the tune is for my benefit; and as for the harness-mending, I regard it, as I do all the other work about the farm, in exactly the light in which I am later on to regard the comic-opera peasants—merely as picturesque adjuncts to the main business of my entertainment. (Indeed, when I come to see otherwise, the glory will have departed from gran'ma's; but I am spared that knowledge.)

As I slip into the place gran'ma has saved for me at the breakfast-table, I inquire anxiously whether they have gone to milk yet; for I hear a warning clatter of the pails, and my uncle's receding voice singing in exact imitation of the negro intonation:

O! nebber min' dat win' an' rain,
A-ridin' on dat gravel-train!
Put me off an' I'll a-git on again—
O! a-gwine on to Glory!

And then, as the same irresistible strain comes back in a glorious liting, still receding whistle, ending in a still more distant clatter of the pails, I know before gran'ma tells me that they have just gone, and that if I make haste with my breakfast I may watch them. And then, indeed, I am torn between two desires; for before me is a saucer of oatmeal, and a little pitcher of thick yellow cream—the cream at home, of course, is white—and a plate of gran'ma's biscuit, and a dish of gran'ma's own golden butter, and oh! crowning joy! a cup of actual coffee, mild and rich with cream, which gran'ma assures me will "do me good"; whereas at home I am never allowed to drink a drop.

Oh, appetite of first innocence, when eating is still an experience, and the grossness of

that rapture is redeemed by its intensity! At gran'ma's breakfast-table I take the delighted response of the palate with the primal greed and innocent sense of proprietorship with which I lay hold upon any other joy. I am not of those who have eaten of the tree of knowledge of the digestible and the indigestible, and become as pessimists; who have thought a raw turnip to be sin, and behold! it was sin. Indeed, it is not only from gran'ma's sunny breakfast-table, and from her savory dinner-table, where chicken and dumpling is but the sumptuous prelude to a crowning glory of lemon-pie; and from the sweet dark supper-table, lighted by a solitary kerosene lamp, where the smell of the lindens and honeysuckle without blends with the poetry of hot biscuits and honey and pear preserves within—it is not only from these lawful pleasures that I seldom take harm, but it is the rarest thing in the world that my foragings in orchard and berry-patch, and along the very roadside, leave behind them a reminiscent pang. The primitive man, "dependent," as my school-books of later years are to inform me, "upon roots and herbs for subsistence," could not have found more things, and more

unlikely things, to eat than I do. I peck at "peppergrass" as persistently as a canary; for the pods and stalks of the wild oxalis, which I call "sour-grass," my appetite is insatiable; I roam the fields chewing sassafras bark, though I am dimly aware that I do not like the taste of it; and I have an odd, unchildlike consciousness, sometimes, that even after I am grown up, the flavor of "mint" will always take me back to the shady lane where it grows—one of the dearest haunts of all, where the birds sing all day long and the grapevines swing from tree to tree. I should drink

the milk of the milkweed if it were not bitter, and I must have tasted it at some forgotten time to know that it is. I do not know how it happens that I never eat anything



AT HOME I AM NEVER ALLOWED TO DRINK
A DROP.

violently poisonous, for I have been warned against most of the things I do eat—being, with all my outward docility, the kind of child who catches a bee in her sunbonnet to find out if it will sting, and eats things to see if they are dangerous—nibbling away with the dubious lips and introspective gaze of the taster. But if, by chance, something in the mixture does prove disastrous, there is still balm in Gilead; for on such occasions gran'ma gives me Jamaica ginger, weakened with water and sweetened—which I like better, if possible, than any of the offending substances I have eaten. At home mother sometimes gives me Jamaica ginger, but it is a stinging, unattractive dose; for she gives it sternly unsweetened, objecting on principle to offering a reward for affliction.

But at last I tear myself away from the breakfast-table and its delights, and hasten down to the cowpen, where the pretty, thin, shaky little calves, wabbling around on their tentative legs, are huddling about the gate. I am never weary of petting and admiring them. But gran'pa or one of my uncles discovers me and calls to me that I may come in—an invitation I have been shyly awaiting. I draw the bolt and make my way across, past meditative Bess and Cherry and Star and the rest, chewing their cuds and regarding me with a calm and hostile disdain. I will not show that I am afraid, nor would I forego the journey; but my small gingham breast shelters the highest quality of courage, for I have a vivid expectation of being whisked aloft on a pair of sharp horns at any moment, until I am safe at gran'pa's side. Sometimes he lets me milk; but I never penetrate far into the mysteries of the art. He prefers to have me stand by—and I am well content—watching the two strong white streams shooting down into the foaming pail. When at last the bars are raised, and the long file of cows winds down the sumach-bordered road to the pasture, I roam away to seek other diversions.

It would be long to tell how I spend the

day—the longest, goldenest, brightest day in all the world. I am free to roam where I please: the pastures, the meadows, the garden,

the woods—where once in a while I catch a flash of bright eyes and gray tail as a squirrel whisks to the opposite side of a tall live-oak, and where there is always the exhilaratingly awful possibility of stepping on a water moccasin or a rattlesnake. I never grow lonely and never tired—unless it be with the happy weariness of eyes and feet that sends me to rummage in the old bookcase in the little dark room where a picture of my mother as a very little girl hangs upon the wall: a very round-eyed little girl, holding in her hand a flower-stalk out of which several distinct and novel



I CREEP INTO MY UNCLE'S ARMS AND
NESTLE THERE.

species of flowers are romantically blossoming. Ah, the smell of the old volumes, and the delightful sensation of knowing I may read what I choose! I usually choose some immoral work I am forbidden to read at home, because it is "too old for me"—"Bracebridge Hall" or "David Copperfield," for instance—and more often than not I take it out under the "big basswood" behind the house; and while the white butterflies drift across the dog-fennel, I read, and read, and read, to my heart's content.

And then I am off again across the orchard, or perhaps to the field where my uncle is plowing; there to sit on the fence-rail, in a perfect affliction of happiness, sniffing in the odors of the new-plowed ground, while my uncle's voice as he sings at his work comes back across the furrows, and my eye follows the jaunty figure, in flannel shirt and blue overalls, with a passionate ardor of hero-worship. Then, some time in the long brightness of the day comes the dinner-horn; and later on, through the endless hours, a great dark green watermelon is brought cool and dripping from the milk-trough, and we all assemble under the honeysuckle on the porch and discuss its merits as we eat; one uncle being the partizan of the melon we had yesterday, and the other crying up the merits of to-day's, and I, teasingly pressed for my

opinion, torn as usual between my two allegiances. The uncle who pets me is my idol; but the uncle who teases me appeals strongly both to the feminine respect for a man who snubs one, and to the infantile passion for a tormentor; and though I am ever loyal to my hero, I am occasionally in sore straits between the two. And while we eat, the chickens and turkeys crowd noisily around the steps, quarreling and scrambling over the seeds; and Bruce, the collie, sits at the teasing uncle's elbow and exhibits his acquired taste for watermelon with great gravity and decorum.

And then, at last, as the day wears on, I begin to feel the approach of that time longed for and dreaded—the ineffable country evening, with its loveliness, its loneliness, its unspeakable sweetness. The odors begin to rise; the sun sets across the lane where the mint grows,

Attracting as to an eternal home
The yearning soul—

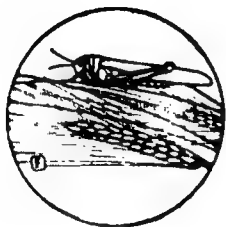
with one tall, blasted tree in the field across the road silhouetted black and stark against the west. The far-off tinkle of the cow-bells begins; the first whippoorwill sends its lovely cry piercing swiftly through the dusk. I want my mother, my home—something, I know not what. In a sort of disconsolate ecstasy I follow the men down to the cowpen

again for the milking; this time I sit silent upon the fence in the darkness, listening to the foaming milk, and to the contented sighs of the cows, and to the whippoorwill calling, calling, calling. And I look off at the black encircling woods round about me, and up at the fathomless opal blue of the sky, and at the stars looking down. And when the milking is done and supper is over, and the "smoke" is made on the porch to keep off the mosquitoes, and the chairs are drawn out, I creep into my uncle's arms that open for me, and nestle there, silent, the whole evening through—grateful for this dear, partial refuge from the insupportable sweetness of the night.

Then, when bedtime is announced, how cheerful and quaint and comforting the old sitting-room looks, with its pictures I cannot remember ever seeing for the first time—pictures of Jesus and Mary and the Beloved Disciple, standing wrapped in purple draperies upon clouds of silver. And how good it is to know that I shall sleep with gran'ma in the little chamber, and not alone with the Spotted Fawn as I awakened; and I lift the curtain after I am ready for bed and take a scared peep out across the dark, ghostly yard, where the bees were humming and the dog-fennel was all adazzle this morning. And then, safe in bed, I cuddle close to gran'ma. The smell of the lindens is still in the chamber. And outside the whippoorwills call, and the owls hoot, and I fall asleep.

After Summer Rain

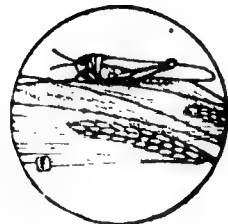
By V. F. BOYSON



THE wind passes by
The still trees and plain,
Cool with rain,
To the sky.

Comes a rift across the wide cloud spaces,
Cloud-waves breaking, breaking, breaking,
Showing dream worlds in the making,
Changing, passing, passing, leaving for last traces
Wonders of rainy gold and swan-soft whiteness
Lifted far and fair
In the luminous air
Till the blue has won.

Sheer through the living, sparkling brightness,
In rainbow gleams across the distance,
On the near trees' wet boughs, young leaves, shadow, fire, and earth scent,
Streams the sun.





A Row of Books

By JOHAN BARRETT

IN the May number of *EVERYBODY'S* Mr. Brand Whitlock arraigned the justice and efficacy of our penal system in an article entitled "What Good Does It Do?" He has, in terms of a different medium, expressed the same convictions and asked the same question in his novel "The Turn of the Balance" (Bobbs-Merrill). The article, if one may so express it, was his brief in a case in equity; the novel is his bill of particulars. It assumes to lay bare for the inspection of its readers a typical cross-section of life in an American city of the middle West, illustrating in concrete form his claim that "there is no criminal class; there is simply a punished class, or a caught class." It has, and one must assume that it was intended to have, the effect of a big slice cut at random from the social layer-cake; a slice which happens, quite by accident, to compose into a story. Its real interest is sociological, not fictional. Its real achievement is its enabling us to focus the everyday human in the professional thief. It has the temerity to extend itself over some six hundred pages of print, yet so sprinkles them with intrinsically interesting material as to make them readable.

There is, however, another new book which, while it belongs, broadly speaking, in the same fictional category as Mr. Whitlock's novel, towers head and shoulders above it both in its artistic qualities and as a plea for justice. This is Maxim Gorky's "Mother" (Appleton). It also presents, as it were, a rough chunk, hewn out of life just as it lay and allowed to speak its own message. But it is a chunk of a very different ore, fused and crystallized in the heat of an inspiration far more elemental. This method, this "chunk" method, is essentially modern; it was first developed by European writers; and, skilfully used, it is an intensely effective adaptation of art to the purposes of propaganda. Mr. Whitlock used it with only half-hearted courage and to gain a hearing for an altruistic enthusiasm. Gorky has employed it

with defiant and inspired passion to voice the bitter knowledge of his own experience and that of his inarticulate fellows. His narrative (one can hardly call it a story, so completely does it disdain the factitious aids of plot and climax and dénouement) gives us the history of a Russian mill hand in his struggle for social and intellectual independence. But the artist in the author has not allowed him to discard these traditional supports without supplying an element of cohesion to replace them. And this element, as the title indicates, is the wonderful study of the protagonist's mother. This character is the artistic center of the work; and this ignorant old peasant, who belongs to another and a less rebellious generation, who understands nothing of her son's studies, or plots, or self-dedication, and yet gives herself heart and body to his aims, invests the whole grim, plodding tragedy with a pathetic and appealing beauty.

It is eloquent of our attitude toward reading in these helter-skelter times that one instinctively qualifies one's recommendation of any book which, whatever may be its charm of atmosphere or exhalation of personality, does not come quickly to its particular point and have done with it. Yet there are, surely, thousands of us to whom any book which expresses the leisure that we lack is a boon, and to whom quiet intercourse (even in print) with a non-strenuous personality is a rest-cure and a refreshment. Such a book was "The Belovéd Vagabond," already referred to in these notes and well worth referring to again; and such a book, on totally different lines, is Charles D. Stewart's "Partners of Providence" (Century). This represents the attempt of a young pilot's "cub" on the Missouri River of the '80's to tell how he played a part in a romantic episode of the frontier. But the story is only the rudimentary backbone that prevents the narrative from being an invertebrate. The boy is as shrewd, as curious, as inconsequent as any

other cub. He is off on every tangent. His stubby finger is in every pie. And as we follow him, laughing and rejuvenated, the whole river, with its rough, haphazard, kaleidoscopic life, unfolds before us and takes on the form and color of reality. The story is, of its kind, one of the very best things of the year.



But the fact remains that the great number of readers have, in the conditions, neither the opportunity nor, any longer, the inclination to yield themselves to a book. Except, indeed, in the sense in which we yield ourselves to an electric car—in order to get to some definite place as quickly as possible. We take a book, as we take a headache powder or a strychnin tablet, for a definite purpose at a particular moment; and in both cases we now have the formula of ingredients and the directions for use plainly printed on the outside of the package. Such books are not legitimate subjects of criticism. The only office of the reviewer in their respect is to try them and declare whether, in his opinion, they work. Take, for instance, "Poison Island" (Scribner), by A. T. Quiller-Couch. This is a literary strychnin tablet, one-thirtieth grain. Its exhilarating action is almost instantaneous. It is an exciting and realistic tale of mysterious (and, incidentally, impossible) horrors in the mid-Pacific, told with "Q.'s" quick and accurate grasp of character and complete absorption in his own inventions. Or, take "Felicity," the story of the making of a great comedienne (Scribner), by Clara E. Laughlin. This is a mild and perfectly safe sedative, which will induce, without any after-reaction, a grateful consciousness of sensibility and sentiment. It cannot, however, be swallowed hastily, but must be allowed to melt on the tongue—four hundred and odd pages of it.



From a certain point of view, and very casually speaking, we may, I take it, classify the returns that we draw from the common run of current fiction under the two heads of entertainment and companionship. We may, for instance, draw entertainment (and that of the liveliest order) from a story whose characters concern us no more than the tumblers at a circus. Or we may find the pleasure of almost actual intimacy with characters whose story, in outline, has neither dramatic force nor sympathetic appeal. The choice is a matter of temperament; or, if one is fortunate enough to have a catholic taste, of mood and the moment's need. "Growth" (Henry Holt), by Graham Travers, is a novel that belongs so indisputably in the second division and yet offers such pleasant company in spite of its limita-

tions, that it is worth while to read it, though necessary to read it at the right time. It introduces us to an interesting coterie of students and their elders in the Edinburgh of some fifty years ago, when the first waves from the religious upheaval of the Oxford Movement were breaking on the rocks of the Scotch kirk. It induces us, for no other reason than pure liking for the individuals themselves, to follow their lives for some years, and although the story dwindles to a deferred and negligible conclusion, its impress will linger most agreeably as part of our conception of the old city.



There are few things that impress themselves more pleasantly upon our minds than the shock of being "agreeably disappointed." When, for instance, circumstances throw us into the company of an acquaintance whose uttermost depths we had thought to have fathomed, and the result is a revelation of unguessed possibilities. There is some such fillip as this to one's enjoyment of Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick's amusing story called "The Kinsman" (Macmillan). One discovers, almost at the beginning, that the story, whatever it is to be, turns upon the startlingly perfect physical resemblance between a good-for-nothing, self-complacent cockney clerk and his distant cousin, a gentleman of means and breeding from Australia. And one almost shies at the clank of the familiar mechanism. The assumption, one feels, has been worn until it is positively baggy at the knees, and one hesitates to put it on. But already something about this cockney Mr. Gammage has caught one's attention, and the further one follows his unspeakable career the more laughingly does one acquiesce in his ability to compensate one for the poor excuse his chronicler offers for the introduction. The plot wears the cap and bells quite frankly from first to last. But Mr. Gammage and his lady-loves are flesh and blood beneath the motley.



It might now be a good plan to take a turn through that part of the literary field where the short-story crop is waiting to be harvested—or would it be more appropriate to say picked? since one does not harvest garden truck and the common or garden short story makes up an overwhelming proportion of the season's yield. In fact, while the total visible supply is more abundant this spring than for several years, there is but one volume that may be classed with the grains rather than with the vegetables. This is Israel Zangwill's "Ghetto Comedies" (Macmillan), a collection of some fifteen studies and stories of London and New York types. They are comedies only in the sense of being based upon

the humor of pathetic things or upon the pathetic incongruity of tragic ones. But it is here that Mr. Zangwill's humor excels. His forte is the *Jew d'esprit*, not the *jeu d'esprit*, as those who recall "The Celibates' Club" will confess. No more tenderly clear-sighted picture, for instance, was ever given us than that of the bafflingly guileful guilelessness of the expatriated Hebrew in the first story of this volume, "The Model of Sorrows."

But the humbler tales, no less than the radishes and lettuces, have their uses and their welcome. F. Hopkinson Smith spins a characteristically genial lot of his half-reminiscent yarns in "The Veiled Lady" (Scribner); yarns that he has spun from a glimpsed face or a chance word, caught in passing up and down the world. As always, his writing carries with it the cozy suggestion of drawn blinds, a crackling fire, and the personal presence of the narrator. And Robert W. Chambers, in "The Tree of Heaven" (Appleton), has let his versatile enthusiasm play for a while in the ghostly precincts of the Society for Psychical Research. His tales vary greatly in the measure of their convincingness, but several of them are quite successfully and satisfactorily creepy. "The Pickwick Ladle" (Scribner) includes a half-dozen stories by Winfield Scott Moody, which are striking chiefly on account of their novelty. They deal with the joys and perils of the chase of antique furniture and oriental porcelains; and what they lack in crispness of construction they make up in the presentation of the happy hunting-grounds and the esoteric jargon of this engrossing hobby.

This by no means exhausts the supply. "Tiberius Smith" (Harper) is the title of a volume of Munchausen-like tales by Hugh Pendexter, told in a vein of sustained high-pressure slang that is more amazing than the adventures of their hero. "Smith of Bear City" (Grafton) is a book of Western stories written by one George T. Buffum, who has made very bad fiction out of some very good facts, under the mistaken impression that the only difference is one of diction; very much as some people keep a special voice to read aloud in. Finally, there is a little volume of stories for children, translated from the Da-

nish of Carl Ewald, and called "The Spider" (Scribner). It is written in the attitude of respectful seriousness toward nonsense that children love, and at the same time illustrates very subtly the author's ideas in regard to educational candor.

OTHER BOOKS

"Ackroyd of the Faculty"—(Little, Brown). A story of considerable merit by Anna Chapin Ray, depicting a difficult adjustment between the professional democracy and the social exclusiveness of a university town.

"Langford of the Three Bars"—(A. C. McClurg). A story of cattle thieves and the open range, written by Kate and Virgil D. Boyles, and a pleasant variant of the conventional ranch fiction.

"Where the Trail Divides"—(Dodd, Mead). By Will Lillibridge. Another cowboy fiction, but with an Indian hero and a grandiloquent manner that suggests a cross between the Last of the Mohicans and Pizen Spider Bill.

"As The Hague Ordains"—(Henry Holt). An interesting volume which purports to be the diary of a Russian lady attending her husband in the Japanese war prison at Matsuyama.

"Studies in Pictures"—(Scribner). By John C. Van Dyke. A handbook on the European galleries for the conversational guidance of the traveling Philistine.

"The Efficient Life"—(Doubleday, Page). By Doctor Luther H. Gulick. One of the best of the recent horde of guides to health, which we read with enthusiasm and forget with alacrity.

"The Truth about the Congo"—(Forbes). A reprint of Prof. Frederick Starr's articles in the *Chicago Tribune*, giving his opinions based upon a year's residence and investigation.

"The Ferry of Fate"—(Duffield). By Samuel Gordon. A story of two Jewish students of southern Russia, which works itself laboriously into an unimpressive tragedy.

"Under the Sun"—(Doubleday, Page). A volume of impressionistic but enjoyable chapters upon various cities of India, by Percival Landor. More confidently recommended to travelers than to stay-at-homes.





Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree."

The following appeal of a Western editor is still going the rounds, although it is to be hoped that by this time the writer's only trouble is in having his vest made large enough:

"We see by an esteemed contemporary that a young lady in Chicago is so particular that she kneads bread with her gloves on. What of that? The editor of this paper needs bread with his coat on; he needs bread with his trousers on; in fact he needs bread with all of his clothes on. And if some of his creditors don't pay up pretty quick he'll need bread without anything at all on, and this Western climate is no Garden of Eden."

"They thought more of the Legion of Honor in the time of the first Napoleon than they do now," said a well-known Frenchman. "The emperor one day met an old one-armed veteran.

"How did you lose your arm?" he asked.

"Sire, at Austerlitz."

"And were you not decorated?"

"No, sire."

"Then here is my own cross for you; I make you chevalier."

"Your Majesty names me chevalier because I have lost one arm! What would your Majesty have done had I lost both arms?"

"Oh, in that case I should have made you Officer of the Legion."

"Whereupon the old soldier immediately drew his sword and cut off his other arm."

There is no particular reason to doubt this story. The only question is, how did he do it?

"Don't you want to buy a bicycle to ride around your farm on?" asked the hardware clerk, as he was wrapping up the nails. "They're cheap now. I can let you have a first-class one for \$35."

"I'd rather put \$35 in a cow," replied the farmer.

"But think," persisted the clerk, "how foolish you'd look riding around town on a cow."

"Oh, I don't know," said the farmer, stroking his chin; "no more foolish, I guess, than I would milkin' a bicycle."

Shortly after two o'clock one bitter winter morning a physician drove four miles in answer to a telephone call. On his arrival the man who had summoned him said:

"Doctor, I ain't in any particular pain, but somehow or other I've got a feeling that death is nigh."

The doctor felt the man's pulse and listened to his heart.

"Have you made your will?" he asked finally. The man turned pale.

"Why, no, doctor. At my age—oh, doc, it ain't true, is it? It can't be true——"

"Who's your lawyer?"

"Higginbotham, but——"

"Then you'd better send for him at once."

The patient, white and trembling, went to the 'phone.

"Who's your pastor?" continued the doctor.

"The Rev. Kellogg M. Brown," mumbled the patient. "But, doctor, do you think——"

"Send for him immediately. Your father, too, should be summoned; also your——"

"Say, doctor, do you really think I'm going to die?" The man began to blubber softly.

The doctor looked at him hard.

"No, I don't," he replied grimly. "There's nothing at all the matter with you. But I'd hate to be the only man you've made a fool of on a night like this."

A wizened little Irishman applied for a job loading a ship. At first they said he was too small, but he finally persuaded them to give him a trial. He seemed to be making good, and they gradually increased the size of his load until on the last trip he was carrying a 300-pound anvil under each arm. When he was half-way across the gangplank it broke and the Irishman fell in. With a great splashing and spluttering he came to the surface.

"T'row me a rope!" he shouted, and again sank. A second time he rose to the surface.

"T'row me a rope, I say!" he shouted again. Once more he sank. A third time he rose struggling.

"Say!" he spluttered angrily, "if one uv you shpalpeens don't hurry up an' t'row me a rope I'm goin' to drop one uv these damn t'ings!"

"What I want," Francis Wilson told an amateur dramatist, "is a bright, frothy tragedy—something crisp and snappy."

"How do you mean?" asked the would-be author, slightly puzzled. "Can you give me an idea?"

"Oh, yes," said Wilson. "Here's one. Just a little thing in one act, you know."

"When the curtain goes up two persons are discovered on a sofa, one a pretty young woman, the other a nice-looking young man. They embrace. Neither says a word. Then a door opens at the back and a commercial traveler enters. He wears an overcoat and carries an umbrella. You can tell at once by his manner that he is the husband of the young woman. At least that would be the natural inference of every discriminating playgoer."

"The husband takes off his coat, draws a revolver, and in the midst of the silent embrace of hero and heroine, fires."

"The young woman falls dead."

"He fires again. The young man falls dead."

"Then the murderer comes forward, puts on a pair of eyeglasses, and proceeds to contemplate his sanguinary work."

"Great heavens!" he exclaims, "I am on the wrong floor."

In a New York street a wagon loaded with lamp globes collided with a truck and many of the globes were smashed. Considerable sympathy was felt for the driver as he gazed ruefully at the shattered fragments. A benevolent-looking old gentleman eyed him compassionately.

"My poor man," he said, "I suppose you will have to make good this loss out of your own pocket?"

"Yep," was the melancholy reply.

"Well, well," said the philanthropic old gentleman, "hold out your hat—here's a quarter for you; and I dare say some of these other people will give you a helping hand, too."

The driver held out his hat and several persons hastened to drop coins in it. At last, when the contributions had ceased, he emptied the contents of his hat into his pocket. Then, pointing to the retreating figure of the philanthropist who had started the collection, he observed: "Say, maybe he ain't the wise guy! That's me boss!"

Tactful and delicate, even for a Frenchman, was the reply made by a Parisian who had not found "a life on the ocean wave" all for which one could wish. He was sinking, pale and haggard, into his steamer-chair when his neighbor cheerily asked:

"Have you breakfasted, monsieur?"

"No, m'sieur," answered the Frenchman with a wan smile, "I have not breakfasted. On the contrary!"

A pompous Bishop of Oxford was once stopped on a London street by a ragged urchin.

"Well, my little man, and what can I do for you?" inquired the churchman.

"The time o' day, please, your lordship."

With considerable difficulty the portly bishop extracted his timepiece.

"It is exactly half past five, my lad."

"Well," said the boy, setting his feet for a good start, "at 'alf past six you go to 'ell!"—and he was off like a flash and around the corner. The bishop, flushed and furious, his watch dangling from its chain, floundered wildly after him.

But as he rounded the corner he ran plump into the outstretched arms of the venerable Bishop of London.

"Oxford, Oxford," remonstrated that surprised dignitary, "why this unseemly haste?"

Puffing, blowing, spluttering, the outraged Bishop gasped out: "That young ragamuffin—I told him it was half past five—and he—er—told me to go to hell at half past six."

"Yes, yes," said the Bishop of London with the suspicion of a twinkle in his kindly old eyes, "but why such haste? You've got almost an hour."

A Boston lawyer, who brought his wit from his native Dublin, while cross-examining the plaintiff in a divorce trial, brought forth the following:

"You wish to divorce this woman because she drinks?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you drink yourself?"

"That's *my* business!"—angrily.

Whereupon the unmoved lawyer asked:

"Have you any other business?"

Uncle Toby was aghast at finding a strange darkey with his arm around Mandy's waist.

"Mandy, tell dat niggah to take his ahm 'way from round yo' waist," he indignantly commanded.

"Tell him yo'self," said Mandy, haughtily. "He's a puffect stranger to me."

While an Irishman was gazing in the window of a Washington bookstore the following sign caught his eye:

DICKENS' WORKS
ALL THIS WEEK FOR
ONLY \$4.00.

"The divvle he does!" exclaimed Pat in disgust. "The dirty scab!"

A Jew crossing the Brooklyn Bridge met a friend who said, "Abe, I'll bet you ten dollars that I can tell you exactly what you're thinking about."

"Vell," agreed Abe, producing a greasy bill, "I'll haf to take dot bet. Put up your money."

The friend produced two fives. "Abe," he said, "you are thinking of going over to Brooklyn, buying a small stock of goods, renting a small store, taking out all the fire-insurance that you

can possibly get, and then burning out. Do I win my bet?"

"Vell," replied Abe, "you don't egsactly *vin*, but the idea is worth de money. Take id."

A certain young society man was much given to telling exaggerated stories and was rapidly gaining a reputation for untruthfulness which worried his friends and particularly his chum, who remonstrated with him and threatened to disown him if he did not mend his ways.

"Charlie," said he, "you must stop this big story business of yours or you are going to lose me as a friend. Nobody believes a word you say, and you are getting to be a laughing-stock."

Charlie admitted that he was aware of the fact but complained that he could not overcome his fault, try as he would. He suggested that had he but somebody beside him when he started to elaborate upon his tale, to tread on his foot, he was sure he could break the habit.

A few days later they were invited to a dinner party and his chum agreed to sit next to Charlie and step on his toe if he went too far. All went well until the subject of travel was brought up. One of the company told of an immense building that he had seen when on a trip up the Nile. This started Charlie, who at once began to describe a remarkable building he had seen while on a hunting trip on the northern border of India.

"It was one of the most remarkable buildings, I presume, in the world," said he. "Its dimensions we found to be three miles in length, two miles in height, and"—as his watchful friend trod on his toe—"two feet wide."

No amount of persuasion or punishment could keep Johnnie from running away. The excitement of being pursued and of being brought back to a tearful family appealed to his sense of the dramatic and offset the slight discomfort that sometimes followed.

Finally his mother determined upon a new method. She decided, after many misgivings, that the next time Johnnie ran away no notice whatever should be taken of it. He should stay away as long as he pleased and return when he saw fit.

In a few days the youngster again disappeared. His mother was firm in her resolve and no search was made. Great was poor Johnnie's disappointment. He managed to stay away all day, but when it began to grow dark his courage failed and he started for home. He sneaked ignominiously into the kitchen. Nobody spoke to him. Apparently his absence had not been noticed. This was too much. As soon as opportunity offered he remarked casually, "Well, I see you've got the same old cat."

With "Everybody's" Publishers

WE have been asked so often, "How do you get the material for your magazine, anyway?" that it has occurred to us that our readers, as a whole, might like to hear the answer. You know that, with about twenty items to a monthly table of contents, we use in a year only 240 contributions. And when we tell you that a stream of something like 13,000 manuscripts not directly solicited by us flowed into our office last year, you may think that all we needed was a dipper. But it isn't really so easy. For one thing, we have to be careful where we dip.

These manuscripts are read by editors who know a good story or a good idea whether it bears the name of John Smith or Booth Tarkington, and who, above all else, are perpetually hopeful of making "discoveries." When they find something that they consider good, they pass it on to the rest, each editor voting. If the final decision is negative, the writer gets a courteous and interested letter, and an invitation to try again. This is one way to keep the stream flowing. If the manuscript is *almost* good enough, the editor becomes a volunteer prescribing physician, and suggests a way to make it right.

Names alone do not count, and a good per cent. of our best contributors have been "dipped" up when their names had no value. More than twenty per cent. of the stories that we bought from May, 1906, to May, 1907, and thirty-three per cent. of the poems, were by unknown authors. That doesn't agree with the picture of editors flipping the stories of obscure writers back into the mail-basket, does it? Yet, since we want the best material obtainable, we must seek out, too, the trained writers. To be sure, their volunteer contributions make up no inconsiderable proportion of the 13,000, but to help matters along, we have one editor whose chief business it is to ask experienced writers to submit manuscripts for consideration. We have, besides, an agent who works to the same end among English authors. But we seldom order a story, and never without the provision that it may be returned if not up to our standard.

But this stream that flows in by way of the morning mail, even when swelled by the tributaries of solicited manuscripts, proves deficient in certain qualities essential to a good popular monthly. It is the articles that give a magazine its distinctive quality. And when it comes to getting articles that shall be timely and vital, that shall deal with the big problems of the day, we have to do more than select and solicit. We have told you how "Frenzied Finance" was suggested to one of the publishers by a newspaper clipping, and how our editor-in-chief camped outside Mr. Lawson's door for three days till he got a hearing. You know, too, how we sent Mr. Russell around the world to report on "Soldiers of the Common Good." Most of our shorter series and single articles on important subjects have also originated in the office, or have been carefully developed here from outside suggestions. For our editors are constantly alert to suggestion from any source—newspaper, letter, or conversation. We suggest to one another, and then follows a process of weighing, discussing, and reweighing. We have a card on which our employees outside of the editorial department may make suggestions, to be paid for if available. And, on the same terms, we invite all our readers to submit ideas for consideration.

A subject once agreed upon, we must find a man to handle it. And there's the rub. "The Players" is always written by the same man, the book reviewing goes to another, and the editors lend a hand, but for the rest we do not employ a fixed staff of writers. Author, subject, and method have to be fitted together—and it's a constant puzzle, often taking a long time to solve. For instance: we decided upon a series on Overcapitalization, a subject that we believed was immensely important. We decided how we wanted to treat it. But we could not decide on a man. The right man must be unprejudiced, must understand financial conditions in the United States both broadly and minutely, and must know how to describe them so that all could comprehend. It was

actually weeks before we found him—in Mr. Will Payne.

Really a good deal more complex than dipping, isn't it?

VACATIONS

HAVE you ever stopped to think of the remarkable change that has taken place in the last few years in the matter of vacations? Nowadays nearly everybody gets his annual outing. Business men have come to realize that it is good business for employers and employees alike to get away from the grind, if only for a little while.

Perhaps no one needs the annual change so much as the housewife, with her never-ending round of unvarying duties—seeing the same faces, however beloved, day in and day out; the same dishes; the same pictures; the same carpets; the same books; the same neighbors; the same church. It's a wonder she doesn't join a union and go on a strike.

Fortunately, her man has waked up to the fact that the burdens of life bear hardest upon her. He is more and more insisting that she get away a few weeks every year for a complete rest. It is well. Only infrequently will you run across a man who hasn't sense enough to give and take vacations. His family is to be pitied. Now and then you find a man who knows the value of an outing and insists that wife and children have theirs, but says he just can't afford to go himself. His wife should refuse to budge without him. That type of man can always be brought round.

America is destined to be, if she is not already, the greatest nation on the footstool. Reading and travel will do wonders for America during the twentieth century. And the travel that will do the most good is not globe-trotting but travel in our own country. Whenever an Eastern man goes West, or a Western man East, or a Middle States man East or West, North or South, he is binding the tie that blesses. Whatever business or profession a man is engaged in, a trip to any other section of his country enriches while it entertains him.

Friend, have you ever seen Washington's Tomb or Bunker Hill, Grant's Tomb or the Statue of Liberty? Have you toured the Great Lakes or sailed down the Mississippi? Did you go to Niagara on your wedding-tour? Have you seen the Mardi Gras at New Orleans or the Rose Carnival at Pasadena? Have you driven through the orange groves of River-

side? Have you stood appalled on the brink of the Grand Cañon? Have you seen Yosemite and Yellowstone? Have you—but what's the use?—the catalogue would fill an entire magazine. The point is—make your plans to see your own country. Not rushing round like a lunatic, trying to take it all in at one gulp, but leisurely, giving yourself time to digest what you see, and above all to get acquainted with your countrymen. What's that?—you can't afford it? You can't afford not to do it.

While the railroads are getting hammered for so many things, it is well to remember that they more than any other agency have developed our country, and that with their inexpensive and comfortable tourists' trains and their extensive advertising, they are to-day doing more than any other agency to educate America broadly and to refine her. But, you say, they are doing it to make money. So they are. So all of us do what we are doing to make money. We need it in our business. Fortunate we, if, while we are making money, we have the satisfaction of knowing that we are also helping along a good work; and the railroads and summer resorts certainly are doing that very thing. Shouldn't the man who is tempted away from his work long enough to take one of these trips, and who returns with a beautiful memory, a bigger knowledge, and a new zeal—shouldn't such a man be grateful to the railroad or the summer resort that spent money to place the tempting advertisement where he would see it?

Have you any idea of the amount of money that is spent in this kind of advertising? Let's see. We have in this July EVERYBODY'S 15 pages at \$500 a page; that's over \$7,500 in one magazine one month. When you add what all the magazines carry and multiply it by twelve months, you will begin to get some idea of the enormous sums spent in this sort of advertising. Our magazine is hardly the best measuring stick, however. We carry considerably more than the average. You see, we believe in this business especially because it permits us in our advertising pages, as well as in our editorial pages, to help along what we conceive to be the common good. On that account we have worked harder to get this business than the other magazines. Would you mind just thumbing through the fifteen pages, if only as a favor to us and a compliment to our advertising patrons? Incidentally, you may solve your vacation problem.